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PIONEER TRANSPORTATION IN AMERICA

ITS CURIOSITIES AND ITS ROMANCE

BY

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ILLUSTRATED BY FERNAND LUNGREN

PART ONE

MAN invented legs a long time ago — and for long they sufficed him. Until he had contracted the progressive disease of civilization, the "problems of transit" touched him not at all. Did he wish to go anywhere — well, "who was holding him?" He had no dream of feeling abused that an electric go-devil was not in waiting to waft him five blocks. The locomotion God had given him was a "pass over the whole system" — and no trouble to get it renewed. For every subsequent invention in land transit — with the sole exception of the horse, which made him a master and left him no less a man — he has had to pay more than the thing was worth. For very joy of life there is nothing motive like Shanks's mare — and I have proved them all. Nor is there any other so enduring. When his fleetest mount could not come within lazo-range, the old-time frontiersman caught the wild stallion by "walking it down." Twenty years ago I came afoot, in 143 days, 3,507 roundabout miles across the continent, where thousands had tramped more directly forty years before — and had, though in hardness, "the time of my life." In these degenerate days, that passes for a fair walk; but it was child's play to such wanderings as those in (1528-36) of Cabeza de Vaca and his three comrades, over at least 10,000 miles. And they in turn were mere tenderfeet beside Andres Docampo and the Donados, Lucas and Sebastian, who trudged fully 20,000 miles of the transcontinental wilderness in the nine years following their escape from Kansas in 1542.

But when man began to wish to take his impediments with him, or to fetch from afar the things he did not need — then, in very truth, his perplexities began. Fictitious necessity bestrode and bitted him, and has never relaxed its spurs from his flanks. Since that time, the lion's share of his ingenuity and energy has been spent to move something somewhere; until, now, he can hardly move himself without organized assistance.

We may be pardoned for "seeing big" the miracles that have been wrought under our own eyes — steam, electricity, and their peers. But these are only parlor magic beside the fundamental discoveries. Since the world began, there have been but, perhaps, five economic inventors of the first degree —

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and you and I do not know the name, nor within a thousand miles of his geography, nor within a thousand years of his date, of any one of the chiefest four — and are shaky even as to the fifth. It is significant that four of the five fundamental inventions have to do with transportation — and are, in fact, its very cornerstones. If railroad, telegraph, telephone, and electric car were tomorrow wiped off the slate of man, civilization would go on, tearful but undiminished. In a decade we should have learned to live and prosper and flatter ourselves, even as our grandfathers did, without them. Whereas, if the props of those five unidentified savages were knocked from under us, all civilization would incontinently collapse to utter barbarism. The stark and shivering Prometheus who first rapped careless stone to stone, and caught the ephemeral seed of their impact, and planted it in dry leaves, and saw the red flower leap to bloom — can you think of a single item of our daily life that could proceed if his invention had perished with him? At a millionth of a cent royalty per fire, he could now have a Rockefeller for breakfast every morning.

Probably next in time to this greatest of all inventors was the mute, inglorious Edison of some million years ago who, first of men, observed that wood on water has the faculty of carrying not only its own weight, but something more. He was the great-grandfather of the navies of the world — as well as of all the intermediate devices that ever floated.

After him by the calendar, but second only to the firemaker in importance, was the savage who invented "help." Sorosis might demur at a statue to him, for his first pack-animal was unquestionably the lady he had wooed with a club, and dragged insensible to be the solace (and stevedore) of his humble cave. But we may be reasonably assured that so ingenious a gentleman was not much longer in perceiving that the wolfish dog attracted by his spare bones, and the (possibly still five-toed) horse in the plain, were both wasting energies he could "use in his business"; and that with a withe around their neck and a cudgel to their back he presently persuaded them "what they were here for." At any rate, the man who first domesticated animals (wives included) and saved his own back by way of theirs, was, next to the man who discovered fire, the greatest benefactor of mankind.

Fourth here — and perhaps in time, and perhaps in importance — was the man who first noticed that a round object rolls more easily than a square one. He was the pre-inventor of wheels.

The fifth and last structural invention in the history of mankind was the canning of words. Speech itself, man did not "invent." It grew on him as naturally as finger-nails — like which it is now too much manicured. Before it was learned to be crystallized, man already "talked too much, particularly in summer, when the days are long" — but it was all lost; the wheat with the chaff. The fellow who first took thought to tie his words so they should not get away, forever — with those little black hobbles wherein they hop across the page — he was the last essential inventor. The later device of putting his letters in the treadmill of type was merely an "attachment." And even this fifth savage is not to be forgotten in a study of transportation. Fancy a railroad running, if alphabet and printing-press were abolished.

Any transportation beyond that of the personal burden seems always to have been solved first by way of water. In proof of this, it is enough to suggest that every American tribe which had waterways had devised means of navigation — including the carriage not only of the individual, but of his belongings — whereas only three groups in all aboriginal America had, at the Discovery, achieved transportation by land; the Northerners with their sledge-dogs, the Plains nomads with their pack-dogs, and the Incas with their llamas. Each of these was already an ancient traffic when Columbus sailed. The Eskimos and Labradorians had brought their complicated dog-teams down to a point practically as fine as that with which we are to-day familiar. The little camels of the Andes had been domesticated, differentiated, and organized in innumerable trains throughout that greatest upland in the world; and as for the Plains Indians, their system was fully as finished.

But from Labrador and Alaska to Peru is covering a good deal of geography to find the only three examples of primitive American land freighting. On the other hand, almost every tribe within this vast delimitation had some adequate water transportation — the birch canoes of the East; the kyaks of the North Pacific; the huge carved dug-outs of the northwest coast; the

ONE OF THE EARLIEST AMERICAN PACK-TRAINS

"the Plains nomads with their pack-dogs"

California "bark-logs"; the identical *balsas* of bound bulrushes in California and on the great Bolivian Lake; the catamarans and *piraguas;* the *zangadas* or calabash rafts of the Mexican west coast rivers; the Nicaraguan *bongos;* rafts, floats, bullhide boats, and other devices to beat distance and carry baggage whithersoever the water-nymphs had paved the laziest highway. Nor need we altogether fall back on primitive man for this proof. Our own Western transportation had grown to enormous volume by water before it arrived at anything worthy of mention by wheel or pack-saddle — the enormous commerce of the Far West and Northwest of the fur-trading days, and on the Mississippi even earlier, as well as later; the fur traders' canoes, with a 2,000-mile run; the Missouri keel-boats cordelled laboriously up-stream, and dropping down-stream asleep; the fifteen-ton Mackinaws; the two-and-a-half ton bull-boats, the huge flat-boats, and the final high-water steamer. One could take up such books as Dr. Coues's "Larpenteur," and Chittenden's "History of the American Fur Trade of the Far West" for a scholarly picture of the days that, if now forgotten, were quite as important and quite as epochal as our own — and without which we should not to-day reach from ocean to ocean.

In our bigness it does not pay to despise the day of small things. Though they had centuries in place of decades in which to do it, there is some piquancy in remembering that in the total history of transportation in America more treasure has been carried on mules and on "Peruvian sheep" — more even on men — than on railroads! The billion-dollar silver grists of Potosi, Bolivia (the first great bonanza in history; discovered 1545), and of Cerro de Pasco, Peru, all came to the mill in 100-pound loads on the backs of the spiteful llama; and the equal treasures of Zacatecas, the world's second bonanza, discovered 1548, went forth on burros, or mules a 150- or 300-pound *carga* at a time. Every dollar of these billions from the mines of Mexico, Peru, and Bolivia clambered from the bowels of the earth on the sturdy back of a miner — even as Humboldt, a century ago, found the peons of the Valenciana "packing" their 350-pound loads of ore up notched logs 500 feet to daylight.

If I have not sooner dubbed Mexico "the land of the patient back" it is never too late to do so. The *Cargador* is as much an institution above ground as in the mines — and this is true, not only of Mexico, but of all the Spanish-American highlands. I have seen Indians carry 200 pounds of produce twenty miles to market. I have seen them carry heavy people on a chair all day. In La Paz I watched and followed one short, barrel-built Serrano who "toted" a piano six blocks, and did not stop until he set it down in the courtyard to which it was destined. It hardly need be said, of course, to any athlete, that in carrying these terrific loads the Mexican or Peruvian Indian has more sense than our stevedores, and does not think to "unionize" his back and call "scab" to the stoutest muscle in the body. A broad strap over the forehead brings the neck into partnership with back and hands. This same economy seems to have been solved by natural man almost everywhere, and to have been forgotten only as common sense is civilized out of us. There is no Indian mother, for instance, in any tribe I have ever known, so stupid as to carry her baby in the back-breaking way to which our blessed woman of to-day adheres — with a leverage against her that is enough to strain a much stronger spine.

This biped transportation early attracted the attention of the European invader. In his monumental "Monarquia Indiana," written in 1610, Torquemada says, with as much truth as quaintness:

> They lived by the travail of their hands and ate their bread with Sweat right plentie. For the Asse they drove was their proper Body, and they treated it as it merits, as the Holy Ghost saith . . . bearing their Burthen on their Pickaback, and the Staff in their hand. Whose Aliment was sundry dry Tortillas and a little cold Water. For they had neither Horse nor other Animal to bear it for them, save in Piru the sheep [Llamas, which were not sheep but small camels] and in the land of Cibola sundry big Dogges.

Castañeda, member and crabbed chronicler of Coronado's great expedition, describes clearly enough the transportation he saw in use among the "Querecho" and "Teya" Indians of the buffalo plains in 1541: "They go like Arabs, with their tents, and their droves of dogs harnessed with saddle-cloths, and pack-saddles, and a cinch. When their load shifts, the dogs howl for some one to straighten it for them." Benavides, in 1630, calling these Indians the "Apaches Vaqueros," or Buffalo Apaches, says: "I cannot refrain from mentioning something rather incredible and ridiculous, which is that

THE DIAMOND HITCH

"to any one who loves 'art for art's sake' it is saddening to find how few, nowadays, . . . can tie the diamond hitch"

when these Indians go off to trade the whole *rancherias* go, with their women and children. They live in tents made of these buffalo hides, very thin and tanned; and these tents they carry laden on pack-trains of dogs, harnessed with their pack-saddles. The dogs are medium-sized, and it is customary to have 500 dogs in one pack-train, one in front of another; and thus the people carry their merchandise laden, which they barter for cotton cloth and other things they need."

If you will ask your best-read neighbor to guess how many kinds of animals have been used for transportation in America, he will probably fall short of fifty per cent — for they number not less than eleven. As pack-animals we have the record of dogs, mules, burros, horses, oxen (the longest journey of packed oxen being, probably, that of the Death Valley party of 1849-50; their wagons had to be deserted among the labyrinthine cañons of southwestern Utah, and they made the grisly journey to the coast, using their oxen as pack-beasts), llamas, Asiatic camels, and men. As draught-animals, dogs, burros, mules, cows, oxen, horses, buffaloes, Asiatic camels, white-tailed deer, reindeer, (in the late lamented Klondike experiment), and elephants (in Barnum's serious experiments in plowing and teaming in Connecticut, half a century ago). My recollection is, that ostriches have also been ridden and driven in California, where there are several large farms of them.

The first horses that pawed the ground in North America (mainland) came with Cortes in 1519. There were sixteen horses of the captains, and five mares (and Bernal Diaz, the "human-est" historian in all history, takes pains to specify the "Gentle Sect") — the sorrel mare of Pedro de Alvarado, Cortes's right hand; the silver-gray mares of Alonso Portocarrero, and Juan Velazquez de Leon, and Diego de Ordaz (the first man who climbed Popocatepetl), and the chestnut

mare of Juan Sedeño, that had a colt on the way from Cuba.

In the times of the Conquest, more than three and a half centuries ago, everything was high — except money, which was worth only about three times what it is now. Gold and silver were the "cheapest things out." Hernando Pizarro could n't afford iron in Pachacamac, so he shod all his cavalry horses with silver — except a few that he shod with gold. And I have myself seen in Peru, only a dozen years ago, not only four-by-six-foot mirror-frames of silver, but the huge try-kettles (which our grandmothers had of brass or copper), there made of sterling silver, half an inch thick, two feet deep, and three feet wide at the bulge.

And as silver was the cheapest thing, horses were the most expensive. All, of course, came from Spain — there were no horses in the Western Hemisphere before the Conquest — and all of that same blood which makes the wild mustang of the Southwest a marvel to the stranger who is not aware that it is nothing on earth but an Arab barb, superficially degenerate by wildness and inbreeding.

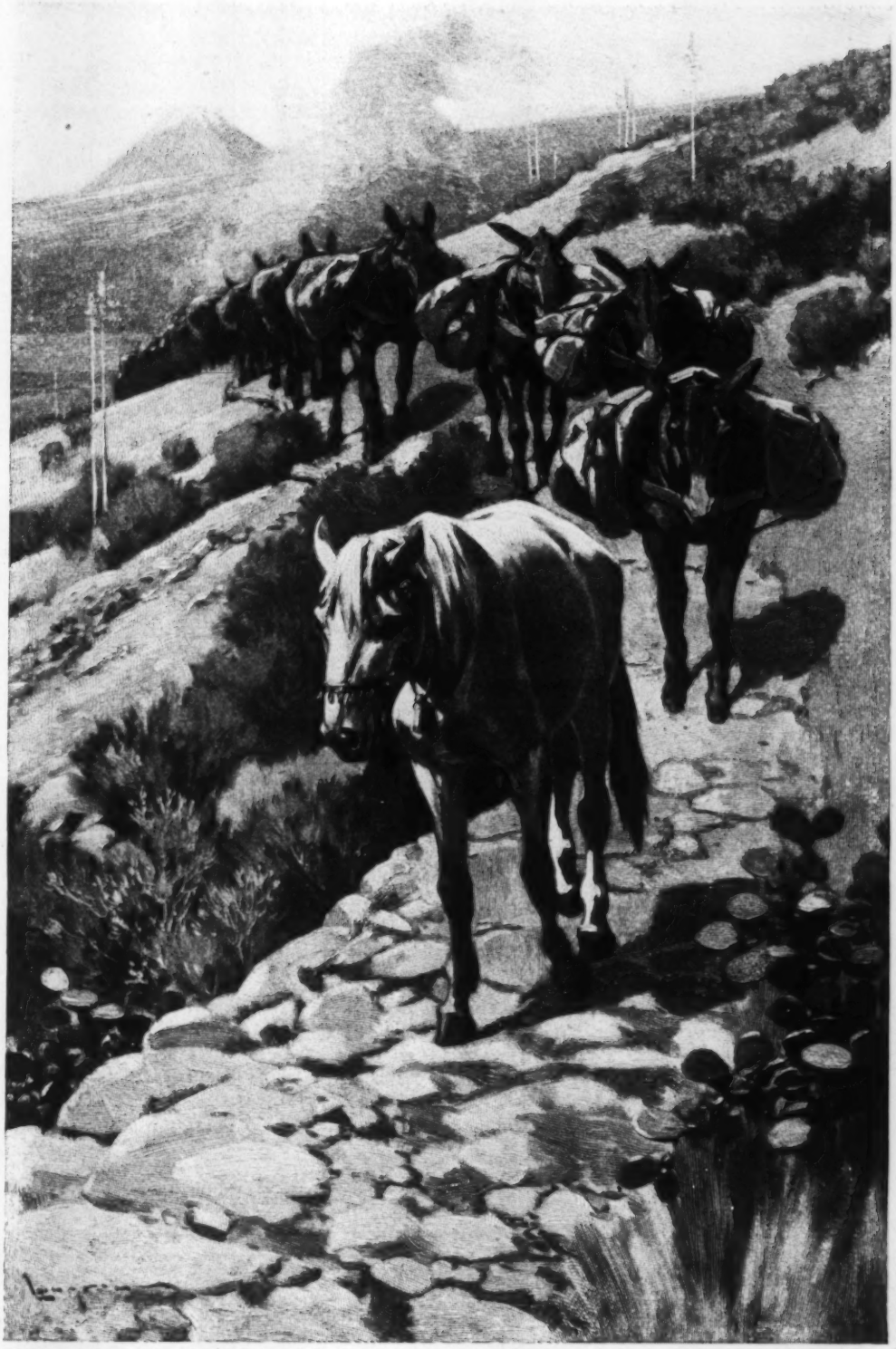
In the early years of the Conquest, there were no horses for sale. When a conquistador died and his estate had to be administered, his steed fetched $4,000, $5,000, or even $6,000; and for a considerable time the market never fell below 1,000 pieces of eight. In one of the wars between Pizarro and Almagro, a cavalier who saw a negro slave leading a horse down the street, and fancied the horse (slaves being a mere "boot"), offered the owner $10,000 for the two "as they stand" — and was politely refused.* Yet less than a century later the learned Jesuit historian Ovalle writes: "I have seen sold, in Chile, around Santiago, war-horses, well-broke, for the king's army, at two dollars."

The increase of horses, cattle, and other domestic animals imported by the Spaniards to the New World, was marvelous. The *Gaceta de Mexico* for October, 1728, reports that in the month, around the city of Puebla alone, there had been sold 16,000 mules, at $10 per head, and 10,000 horses at eighteen, twenty, and twenty-four reals — $4.50 to $6 each. In 1742, when Admiral Vernon threatened the Mexican coast, one *hacendado*, Don Fernando de la Campa, Conde de San Mateo de Valparaiso, offered 1,000 saddled horses for the defense of Vera Cruz — and promised 50,000 more if needed! The figures of this increase astounded the most experienced travelers; and some of the sharpest polemics in early American history were leveled by experts against European arm-chair historians who fancied that the horse, ox, and other beasts had "deteriorated" in America. The world certainly had never before seen any such multiplication. What it amounted to is indicated by the fact that vessels and whole fleets sailed for Spain, laden exclusively with the hides of cattle — already in 1587, Acosta noted the exportation of 109,794 hides, from Santo Domingo and Mexico alone, in one *flota*. The prices to which these animals fell are even more significant if we compare them with prices that ruled at the time of the Conquest. In 1780, good work-oxen could be bought in the City of Mexico at $10 the yoke; and in Guadalaxara for $6. In Nueva Galicia a good horse could be had for $2, and a mule for $3 — and it was not uncommon to buy a *manada* of twenty-four mares with their stallion for $25. In Chile, at the same time, one could buy a good trotter for $1. After this, it seems almost gratuitous to remark that many Mexican gentlemen owned 50,000 head of cattle and horses apiece, and some far more; or to recall the fact that one Mexican cavalier, Juan Orduña, about 1650, had on his hacienda in one year a "crop" of 36,000 calves.

Gentleman and scholars wrote the histories then as now, and were concerned with polite things; but I hope some day to "cut the trail" of that son of nobody who brought to the New World its first mules and burros. For he merits the taller monument.

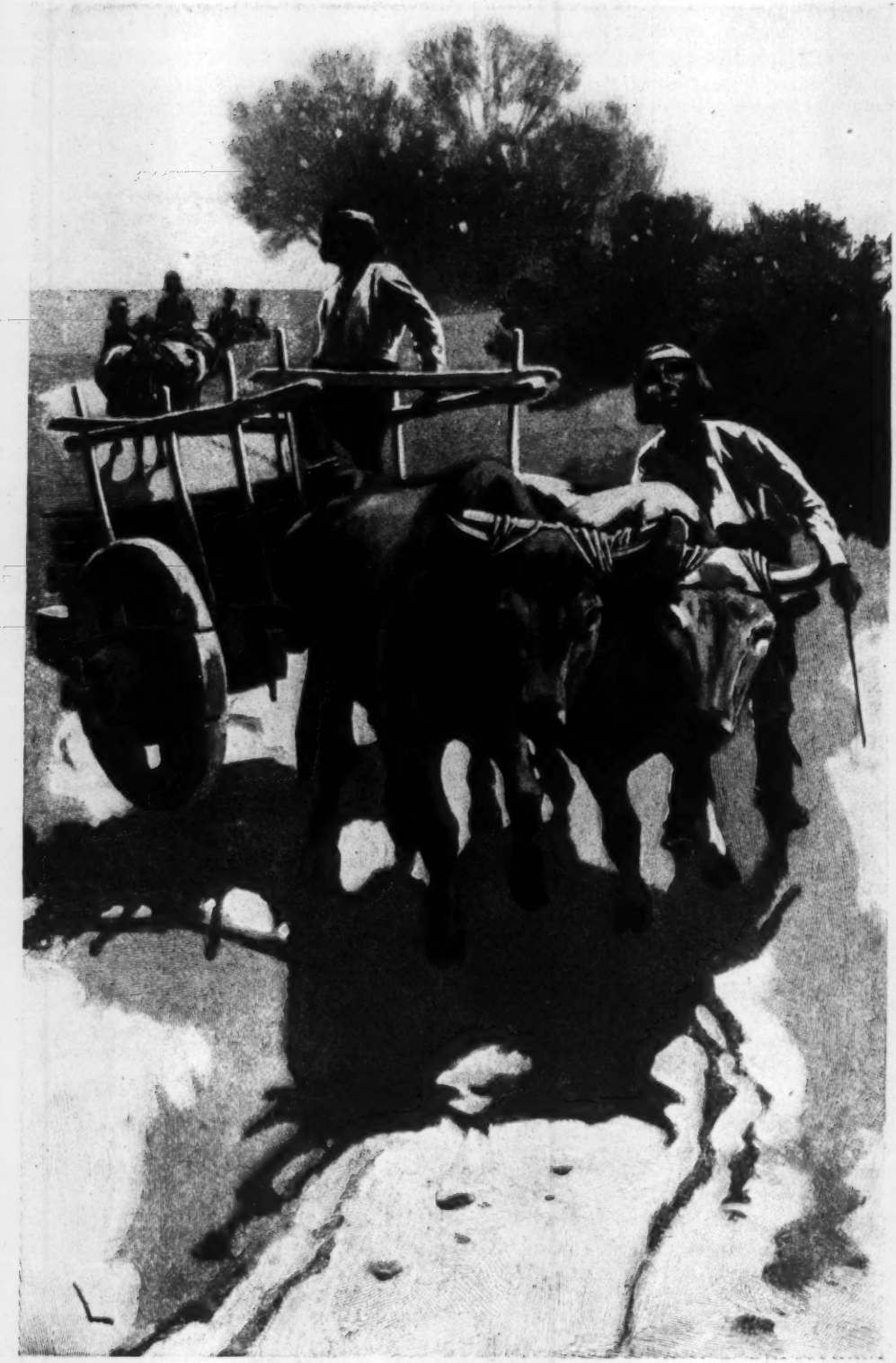
The Inca Garcilaso de la Vega — who was not only the Peruvian Prescott (being as readable, and about as scientific as our chiefest of the romantic school of historians), but also the very first native American poet (and his exquisite little volume of Virgilian verse, printed in Sa'amanca in 1581, is one of my treasures) — supplies the most flavorsome early note I remember as to the burro in America (Commentarios, I, 327): "The first Burro I ever saw was in the Jurisdiction of Cuzco [Peru], in the year a Thousand, Five Hundred and Fifty and Seven. It was bought in the city of Huamanca, and cost 480 Ducats. My father, Garcilaso de la Vega, had sent to buy it, to breed. In Spain it would not have been

* Equivalent to $30,000 now.



THE ROMANTIC CALZADA OR "SHOD" MULE-PATH

"that endless centipede, with the old Mulera (a white bell-mare) for the head"



THE OLD CARRETA

"the only wheeled vehicle, probably, ever built in North America which never had a nail or a scrap of iron about it"

worth six ducats, for it was a played-out runt. Another was bought later by Gaspar de Sotelo, a man of noble family and native of Zamora, whom I knew, at 840 ducats. Since then they have been bred in great numbers for the pack-trains, and wear out fast, owing to the roughness of the roads."

In the aggregate history of mankind, there has been vastly more transportation by pack-train than in any other land-fashion; and as much is true even of this hemisphere. Here, it was not only the first freighting done by Europeans; it still holds good across all the changes of four centuries. Taking the Americas together, there are to this day more miles and more towns served by the pack-beast than by railroads — though, of course, nowhere near so many people. For an enormous area, where rails will never run, this primitive four-footed freight-train will doubtless persist for centuries longer.

America is the only country that ever stepped from the Stone Age to the Age of Steel, as it were between two days. There is no other region of the globe which, in aggregation of circumstances, was ever so revolutionized in its politics in a century as was the New World in a generation in the item of transportation alone — to say nothing of the scores of other changes no less radical. When we remember that this half of the habitable globe had not, 400 years ago, a horse, ox, cow, mule, burro, sheep, goat, cat, or hen to its name; and that all the domestic animals that we value, except the dog, came upon it in an avalanche, and in an incredibly short time possessed it and became integrated with its daily life, we may realize that this, in itself, was an unparalleled change. That it was accompanied by equal subversions — religious, linguistic, educational, and commercial — is beside the present purpose. The Spanish introduction of the horse, mule, burro, and ox to America marked the longest stride so many people, in so short time, have ever taken in the arts of transportation.

The first, the simplest and the longest-enduring of all land-transports employed by Europeans on this continent, the pack-train is still the most interesting. With all respect to the bull-whacker, the stage-driver, and even the engineer, there is, perhaps no other motive art equal to that of the muleteer made perfect. An art it is; and if the life of the man whose frown makes a dark afternoon in Wall Street depended on his securing a load to the uppermost parts of a mule, his further continuance would not be worth the blank margin of a sheet of postage stamps. To any one who loves "art for art's sake" it is saddening to find how few, nowadays, within the confines of a contented nation, can tie the diamond hitch or untangle a twisted burro-train on the mountain trail.

Even with our own pioneers, the pack-train was the first medium; and in Spanish-America its development was incomparably greater. There, pack-trains were not uncommon whose ordinary commercial route was 1,500 miles. Not to mention innumerable other special cases, Captain Anza's wonderful expedition from Sonora to San Francisco, Cal., in 1774, was far more than this distance; and Coronado's unprecedented inland tour, from 1540 to 1542, at least three times as far.

The largest official pack-train in history was that organized for the siege of Granada, nearly 420 years ago, by a lady we all know a little of — and much too little. Isabél la Catolica was no mere romantic young thing, school-girling her jewels to buy the way to the New World. Long before that, she had proved herself one of the greatest of queens both in war and in mercy. In April, 1486, when her third baby — Catalina, later the ill-fated Katherine, wife of Henry VIII of England — was four months old, she provided (for the final siege of the stronghold of the Moors) all the commissary for 12,000 cavalry and 40,000 infantry. And to convey these provisions and the munitions of war she outfitted and maintained a pack-train of 60,000 mules and burros — and incidentally a field-hospital lavishly provided with doctors, surgeons, apothecaries, and the remedies of the day.

The most competent pack-train in history — the smallest for the work it did, and the "biggest for its size" — was that organized by General George Crook in his first Arizona campaign, 1871-1875; reaching its perfection, with the height of that unequaled Indian chase, under "Old Tom Moore," chief of transportation — the wiry and grizzled veteran whose sermon I shall never forget to the text: "Mules? *Mules?* Pardner, I want you to remember that *God made mules a-puppus!*" — and such packers as "Hank 'n Yank," Jim O'Neill, Jack Long, Long Jim Cook, Chileno John, José de Leon, Sam Wisser, Lauriano Gomez, and others of the best frontiersmen that ever pulled a

diamond hitch; with the mountain-bred mules and burros seasoned by years of the toughest trails of America, but with the best care ever given an army's animals — that endless centipede, with the old Mulera (a white bell-mare) for the head, was, everything considered, the most absolutely competent military transport I have ever known either in the field or in the documents; and I think it quite safe to say also that there is no record of any other operations of war or mining or commerce in which the same number of animals did so much hard work over so bad country, so economically and with so little deterioration. It was of a piece with all Crook's work — the most searching, the most personally conducted, and the least trumpeted campaign ever conducted on our frontier; or, so far as I can find, on any other.

The first great commercial highway in America, and for more than three centuries incomparably the most important, was that romantic *calzada* or "shod" mule-path from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. This is not forgetting the "military roads" of the Incas, which the romantic historian (who never saw them) invariably compares with the great Roman highways — to which they are about as comparable as a Boston alley to Pennsylvania Avenue. They were extraordinary works for aborigines, and greatly facilitated the remarkable operations which distinguished the Incas as the only American Indians that ever made what can in sober language be called a military campaign; but they were merely improved trails for the passage of the llama; and while subject to much traffic, they had no commercial rating which we can count. The Vera Cruz road (first laid out by Cortes in 1522, and improved in later days to the tune of $3,000,000) was a more or less stone-paved highway nearly 100 leagues long, from the sea-board to the capital which, for three and a half centuries, was the largest city in all the Western Hemisphere; and over its rough meanderings, for that long span of time, pottered up and down a commerce so vast in value as to seem incredible to any "American" generation except this present one. Down its declivity from the Tierra Fria of the great plateau to the pestilential Tierra Caliente toiled the enormous revenues to which the output of the bonanzas of Zacatecas, Guanajuato, and other great silver mines swelled the royal *quintas* (fifths); besides the vast riches of indigo, sugar, cochineal, sarsaparilla, and jalap from Mexico, the cacao of Peru and Ecuador, the copper of Coquimbo, and the silks and spices of China and the Philippines (from the "Acapulco ship"). There are reasonably well-known railroads in the United States which, to-day, do not haul half as much value in freight in a year as yearly shuffled down the Vera Cruz *calzada* 300 years ago; and, so late as 1824, Bullock notes seeing a thousand pack-mules in a single train loaded with silver — each mule carrying $2,000. Until the railroad from Mexico to Vera Cruz was finished (in 1873), the traffic was conducted almost entirely by pack-trains. Rates for freighting ranged from twenty-six cents to $1.25 per ton per mile — or for the journey, $25 per mule — just a slight advantage over the figures which ruled in the "packing" days of our West! At the height of its activity the Vera Cruz Trail enjoyed a commerce of more than 50,000 tons a year — or 350,000 mule-loads. Wheeled vehicles were but little used, and only for passengers, the fare being on an average about $50. The wheeled conveyance most in use was the *carroza*, a ponderous coach drawn by eight or nine mules, with two postilions. A more common conveyance, for those so worthless as to be unable to ride horseback, was the *litera* — a litter on shafts swung to the saddle of a mule in front and one behind. This litter was wide enough for two persons, and long enough to lie down in. *Carroza* and *litera* were also in use on the rougher and more dangerous trails from the capital to Acapulco as early, at least, as 1649. There were four chief stage routes in early Mexico: That from Vera Cruz, via Puebla to the capital, eight days; that from the capital to Chilpanzingo and Acapulco, ten days; that from Mexico to Oaxaca and Guatemala, about thirty days; and that from the capital to Durango, and north into New Mexico, time indefinite.

With so enormous a freight traffic as never trampled any other American highway (a century ago, the commerce of the Acapulco and Vera Cruz trails was $64,000,000 a year) it is easy to comprehend — even without the particular statistics — something of the innumerable host of mules and the army of *arrieros* that made that stony pathway vociferous in the days of its glory. The *arriero* was, in early America, the cornerstone of commerce; and to this day in the

vast portion of Spanish-America away from the railroad lines, or radiating from them, he is hardly less indispensable. A humble profession, it was one which had its ethics and its pride, and it was the most picturesquely dressed corps in America. I cannot recall the record of any *arriero* that ever robbed his employer; and every early American chronicler who came in contact with these trained muleteers was astonished, as well at their honor as at their proficiency. Nor were they without the dry wit which has never yet been known to fail their countrymen. The old days, alas, are nearly forgotten when every orthodox pack-mule wore a motto on the broad crupper which held the pack from preceding him downhill — just as every man's knife and belt, and every woman's shears, were humanized by some legend woven or engraved. As examples of these pack-mule mottos, two may be given:

Entre la muger y el pulpero
Que queda al arriero?
"Between women and wine,
What's left for the arriero?"

No hay tal cama
Como la de la enjalma.
"There's no bed like that of the packsaddle."

Next to the Vera Cruz *calzada* in the richness of its traffic, though far short of it in length, was the narrow trail between Panama and Portobello. Over this tangled path passed the treasures of Peru on their way to Spain, and the luxuries of Spain on their way to Peru — that is, such of each as escaped the gentlemanly attentions of the English heroes, whose only concern with the New World, for a century after its discovery, was in the rôle of pirates. No wheels whatever traversed the Isthmus. Everything went mule-back or man-back. It would be too long to give the figures of the enormous treasure that crossed this peevish barrier between the oceans, during its long centuries as a highway; but when that minor English pirate Dampier — and author, as nearly all these highwaymen of the seas were — busied himself with this locality, the transfer of bullion for the King's Fifths averaged $24,000,000 a year, besides the far greater export of money on account of the owners.* In actual tonnage, of course, neither the Panama nor the Vera Cruz trails compared with our overland freight routes of half a century ago; but they probably hold the record for value of freight, since only merchandise of high rating was transported — most of it valued not by the ton but by the pound or ounce. The necessaries of life were neither imported nor exported in those days, but produced and consumed in the country. Precious metals and precious stuffs went out; silks and other luxuries came in; and it is not out of the way to presume that no other overland commerce in history has been worth so much per pound.

In its palmy days, the Vera Cruz trail used 70,000 mules a year! It need hardly be said that such an industry was, in itself, the making of cities. The chief reason for the extraordinary growth of Puebla — which had no equal in all American history (until the second Los Angeles loomed up within this generation) in the rapidity of its increase; beginning in 1531 with thirty-three settlers, and in 1678 having more citizens than New York City had in 1800 — was this huge overland traffic, a large part of which was tributary to that "City of the Angels." Soon after the founding of Puebla, however, a town grew up on its outskirts — at the junction of the great roads to Vera Cruz, Oaxaca, and Guatemala — which took a remarkable preëminence. Few travelers stopped in it, as it was so close to the second city in all North America; and it is remarkably little known to print; but Amozoc merits fame as the city of the first, the longest continued, and the best blacksmithing in American history. On this site had settled in 1527, two Spaniards, one with a little store; the other, Pedro Jaime, with an anvil and forge. He was not the first blacksmith in the New World; but, so far as I recall, the first to set up a wayside smithy; and around him and his descendants nucleated a corps of Vulcans who not only shod that innumerable multitude of pack-beasts, but invented a handiwork that shames our modern jewelers. The best swords, machetes, knives, shears, bits, spurs, and other smithing of steel inlaid with silver and gold, in all the New World came from these forges, though they were generally credited to Puebla. The temper of the Amozoc blades became as famous, in the New World, as that of Toledo; and after the handicraft of Eibar (Spain), there is no inlaying of precious metals upon steel so quaintly beautiful as that of the old Spanish

* In the twelve years ending with 1791 there were shipped from Vera Cruz $224,052,025 in coined silver dollars.

and Indian smiths of Amozoc. To this day the little town — apparently not so large as it was a hundred and fifty years ago, when it contained 100 Spanish, and 586 Indian families — is a reproach to our "art workers" in iron.

The first vehicles in the New World were two sticks — for while we have no record of the snow-country sledge earlier than the sledge form, it undoubtedly began even as did the grass-sledge of our own prairies — the *travois* (or "*travaille*," and other forms), which was merely two poles attached first to the sides of a dog, and, since the conquest of America, to the sides of a horse, dragging on the ground behind, and coupled together at the rear with anything from a simple thong to the basket or hide receptacle. This primitive conveyance — on which a light load could be moved faster than in an express wagon of our day — had a wide range of use, from the Great Lakes down into (at least occasionally) Texas. Its origin was Indian, but the rough-and-ready frontiersmen who pioneered the West for us, found it a good thing and passed it along. Larpenteur, that veteran of the fur territory, carried his babies in a *travois* a long journey, including the passage of a river in flood; and in the 'Seventies, Lieutenant Yeaton, wounded by the Apaches in Texas, was carried four days over the snow in one. To-day the *travois* is dodo; but less, I think, on merit than because of that very human trait — imitation of our alleged betters. While it will not carry nearly so heavy a load as a Studebaker wagon, it will go twice as fast with the same horse, and over a thousand places where no wheels could turn. I have often thought my Pueblo friends, for instance (who never used it) might profitably revert to the *travois* instead of the $75 American vehicle which so large a proportion of them now own. But it is useless to argue against civilization — with an Indian as with a New Yorker. My Tiguas see the superior race with wagons, therefore *they* have to have them — precisely as they have to have not only sewing-machines, but the best; and one agent, in one trip, in one Pueblo town, while I lived there, sold ninety-four $80 oak cabinet sewing-machines to the Indians. On a visit from which I have just returned, I found that a special *compadre* has purchased a hay-baler, and is baling not only his own alfalfa, but that of the pueblo, and the neighboring Mexicans. And speaking of transportation, I saw in his house the first whole roll of baling-wire I ever saw in either territory outside of a store. Perhaps the connection is not clear to the stranger; but for a generation, refuse baling-wire (discarded from alfalfa or straw) has taken the place once filled by rawhide. Without one or the other, wheeled transportation would not have lasted in New Mexico for ten years. Aside from the roughness of the trails, the unspeakable aridity of the climate desiccates everything; and a vehicle falls to pieces almost before its paint is dim. Rawhide and baling-wire "held the territories together," so far as transportation was concerned, for three centuries. Outside the city liveries and the few well-to-do Americans, you will find neither running gear nor harness which does not owe a great proportion of its cohesion to these blessed ties.

Nor must I omit here a reference to the only wheeled vehicle, probably, ever built in North America which never had a nail or a scrap of iron about it — the old *carreta*. This was a rude ox-cart (too heavy for any other motive power). Its two wheels were made each of three pieces of cotton-wood logs, on a wooden axle without tires; its body and tongue of stakes hewn from the same soft timber. The date of its invention we do not know, but it runs back at least into the beginning of the seventeenth century. In the remoter parts of New Mexico, a good many were still in use in my time, and I have heard them two miles away shrieking down the road — for there was no axle grease, and wooden wheels on wooden journals, down-grade, give vent to a protest as far audible as any sound I know of. The last one I ever saw in use was in the Indian pueblo of Laguna; and at last, a dozen years ago, it disappeared from the scenes of its activity to crown some curio store.

There were all sorts of royal regulations as to the horse, mule, and other conveyances — aimed alike to foster the *cria* of these animals in the New World, and to prevent "luxury." A *cedula* of 1533, for instance, forbade any one, who had not a horse, to ride upon a mule — save and excepting clergy of a Holy Order and persons under fourteen and over seventy. In the early days (1528) there was a royal ordinance whereby the selling of a horse to an Indian was a capital crime; and the same law forbade the use of mules, "in order that more horses might be bred."

Four or five centuries before our first overland mail couriers, there was a famous post-service in Peru — the *chasquis* or runners, who kept up rapid communication between all parts of the Inca "Empire." This courier service was established long before the discovery of the New World, and lasted for generations after the Conquest. The *chasquis* were stationed at every league and a half, and were expected to make fifty leagues every twenty-four hours, performing the functions not only of the primitive postman, but of a rude parcel-post. It is a historic fact that they brought fresh fish from the ocean one hundred leagues inland in a little over two days. They were an institution of the remarkable Inca polity, but were adopted and given official recognition by the Conquerors; and, so late as 1593, there was passed a law of the Indies that the *chasquis* should be paid regularly, and not delayed on any pretext whatever in their runs — a rather early enactment to forbid "obstruction of the mails." No less remarkable, so far as speed and endurance are concerned, but not organized nor officially protected, were the Tarahumar couriers of Northern Mexico and the Yumas of western Arizona. Some of the feats of these tall and wiry runners, even in my own time in the territories, seem almost incredible.

(*To be concluded.*)

A BRAND FROM THE BURNING

BY

GUY WETMORE CARRYL

AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE MADDENING GIRLS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY EVERETT SHINN

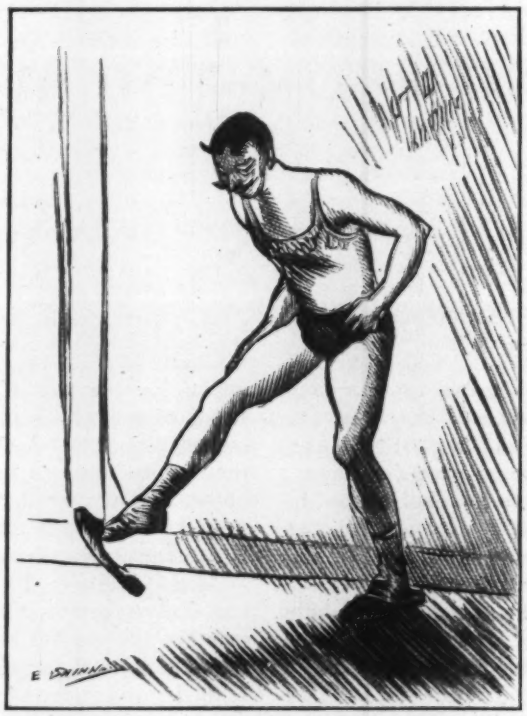
IN one of the tiny dressing-rooms of "Bertram's Palace of Vaudeville" Felix, camped upon his father's trunk, had not opened his thin lips for twenty minutes. His eyes, round, candid, and very blue, turned at fifteen-second intervals to the little clock which hung upon the opposite wall, and then came back to the figure of the juggler, prinking before the mirror. As little as possible Felix resembled a guardian angel: as much as anything that is what he was.

The juggler who in private life was Jean Martel, but self-styled for program purposes, L'Eclair (by reason of supposedly incomparable swiftness of execution), was the victim of an inordinate and scantily justified vanity. It was the not illogical outcome of his life — a life lived in the glare of more or less brilliant footlights, and to the accompaniment of cheap orchestras and cheaper applause. He was a mountebank by instinct as well as by profession, and supplemented his somewhat uncertain facility in the manipulation of knives and silver balls by airs and graces which suggested a heavily-built kitten. If he suspected, as he could hardly fail to do, that the tall, green bottle, labeled "Pernod Frères," to which he had daily recourse, was impairing year by year the accuracy of his eye and the steadiness of his hand, he did not take the initiative in any attempt to remedy the evil. That was left for Felix, who had assumed the duties of guardian angel where his dispirited mother had laid them down — who could have said with what infinity of gratitude? — in the rear of the *saltimbanque's* tent at the Fête de Neuilly, three years before.

The death of Madame Martel had brought about one immediate and stupendous change in the life of the juggler and his son. The grief of L'Eclair, at first grotesque in its extravagance, vanished into thin air at the

discovery of her unsuspected savings, hoarded, franc by franc, during eleven years of wandering through France from *fete* to *fete*. The astonishing total was one of sixty louis, enough to place his fondest dream within his grasp. In America things were different. *Là-bas, on ramassait la galette avec une pelle!* In the ecstacy of this reflection L'Eclair strained Felix to his heart. Their troubles were at an end, he cried: they were through with peasants, *fêtes*, and little harvests of reluctant sous. *L'Amerique — ce qui valait la peine, en fin, mon brave!* And that night L'Eclair was very pitifully drunk, while Felix watched beside his pale, still mother, and planned out the future in his grave, unchildish mind.

One week later they had taken the momentous step, and thereafter, for three years, a life but little different from the other had gone forward. It was not wholly evident that one gathered gold by shovelfuls in America. From town to town of this boundless new country to which they had come they made their way, playing to unenthusiastic audiences in the cheap variety halls, descending, now and again, to a tent at one or another of the innumerable county fairs, at the worst a trifle better off than they had been in France, at the best *almost* successful. In the beginning Felix was not only the actual but the apparent assistant, and had his position on the stage. But the consuming vanity of L'Eclair could brook no sharing of the public attention with another. He was jealous even of Felix, who was presently banished to the wings, where he could assist and yet not be seen. The boy now spoke English like a native, and off the boards supervised his father like a tyrant. His attitude toward the juggler was a curious admixture of idolatry and distrust. In his professional capacity L'Eclair was a god in the eyes of his son, agile, dexterous, and beyond comparison dazzling in his pink tights and spangled trunks, and with the gloss of pomatum on his flat, black hair: in private he was a child, to be petted, rebuked, or flattered, as the case might be — but always to be watched, lest absinthe should steal away his earnings and the means of winning them. One lesson Felix had learned at the time of his mother's death: he never let a coin slip by. The nature of L'Eclair was sporadically generous. Now and again, in a burst of maudlin affection induced by his pet beverage he would press a bill or some silver upon the boy, and, however trifling the gratuity, it went to swell the fund which Felix was hoarding, and which never left his person. And if he did not stop at this, but filched occasionally, when the tall, green bottle had the upper hand, did not the end perhaps justify the means. As well as might be, Felix lived up to his lights. They were not brilliant lights nor very white, but then again it was not the least complicated of businesses to be guardian angel to L'Eclair.



"kicked off the shabby carpet slippers"

In the end, the miracle, long-expected and long-deferred, had come to pass. What Mecca is to the Faithful, or the Salon to the Quartier Latin, "Bertram's Palaces of Vaudeville" are to the acrobat, the ballad-singer, and the knockabout comedian. An engagement to appear upon the boards of one or another of them is illumined by a significance all its own. It means the top rung of the specialty ladder, the Pisgah from whose dizzy

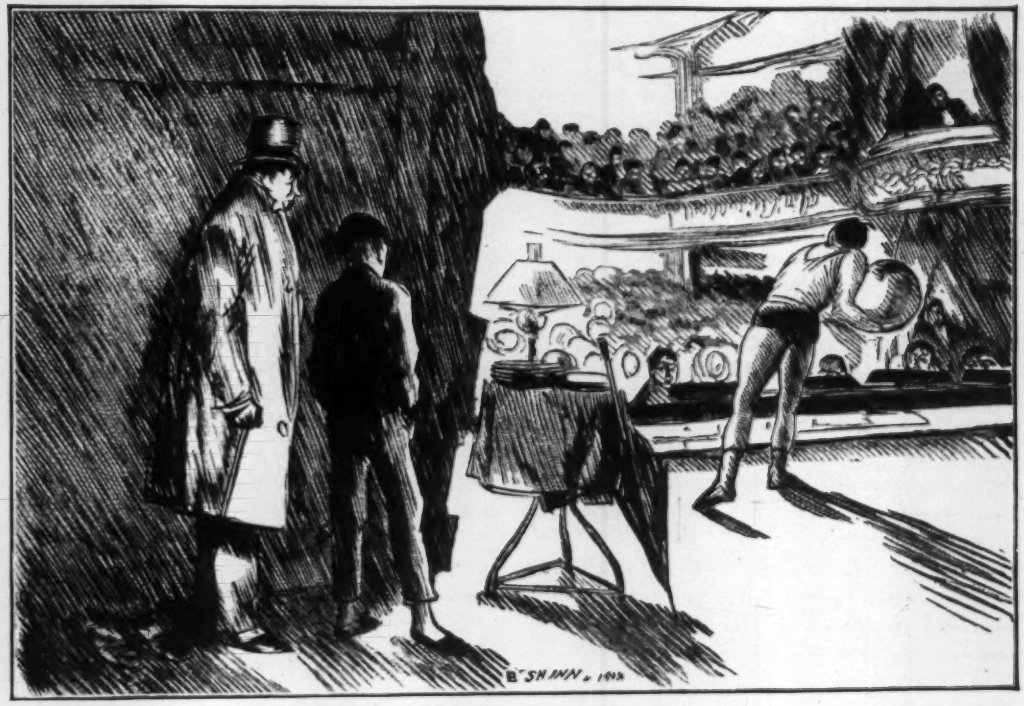
summit one first looks forth upon the Promised Land of musical comedy. It means recognition. It means that one has arrived. On the night when the contract for a two weeks' engagement was signed L'Eclair was very pitifully drunk again.

A curious type was Mr. Peter Bertram, a type manifestly irreconcilable with preconceived ideas and precedents alike. Only at rare intervals did he show himself behind the scenes of the theaters which bore his name. He was a quiet, inconspicuous man, inclined to stoutness, with a good manner, and a pleasing infrequency of speech as far as possible from suggesting the theatrical manager of tradition; and in his narrow, black ties, his severely simple clothes, and his commonsense, square-toed shoes, one traced no remotest hint of kinship with the brilliant illuminated signs which in twenty cities proclaimed the existence of "Bertram's Palaces of Vaudeville." As a matter of fact, the appearances were only in part deceitful, for the contrast between his public and his private life lay deeper than surface indications. With a humor dry almost to grimness, he found in his own case an analogy to that of the clown, who, oftener than not, has small cause for laughter behind the paint and powder with which it is his business to divert his audiences. Life had not been kind to Peter Bertram. The great chain of playhouses which had come into being under his direction, and the resultant fortune which piled up giddily as the years went by — these, as men measure success, should have made him grateful. And grateful, in a sense, no doubt he was. But, while giving lavishly with the left hand, his providence had taken greedily with the right. Another Peter Bertram, and the frail, slender mother, who had given her life for his, slept, side-by-side, in Mount Auburn, and, even as his twenty theaters rang daily with laughter and applause, the proprietor's great house in Cambridge stood hushed and dimly lighted, peopled by inconspicuous, respectful servants, by crowding memories of the twain he had lost, and by the reveries of this one lonely, sad old man.

Yet professional pride held him linked to the vast amusement enterprise for which his name stood sponsor. Lacking the inspiration of his supervision, it must have failed, or, at the best, fallen lamentably below the standard he had set. For Bertram was a man of the people in the most auspicious sense of the term. From the moment when he had opened a tiny, unpretentious variety theater in Boston he had staked all upon his conviction that the American public will support, if not enthusiastically, at least consistently, what is wholesome, sane, and decent. Withal, he shrewdly gave it credit for a garish taste, a predilection for green marble, mirrors, paintings, red velvet, and a multiplicity of colored lights, and catered boldly to this, without overshooting the mark. The chain of theaters which now marked the achievement of his ideals were well named "palaces." They were superlatively gaudy, but it was a solid, clean gaudiness, and what went forward on their stages was free, on the one hand, from impropriety, and, on the other, from mediocrity. For the rest they were crowded, at every performance, to the doors. It is an argument to which a manager has no need to appeal. It speaks for itself.

Yes, it was nothing short of a miracle that L'Eclair had secured an engagement at Bertram's Boston playhouse. He could not have been expected to understand the dilemma of a sub-manager who finds his program for the forthcoming week two numbers short, and who turns, therefore, to the proffered services of an unproved juggler, as the mariner upon a sinking vessel to a dubiously stable bit of wreckage, as a means of salvation. For Felix and L'Eclair there was something surprising, perhaps, but nothing illogical, in the circumstance. It meant, simply, that ability, long neglected, had at last been fittingly recognized. Felix had no doubt whatever of the genius of L'Eclair. It was still more certain that L'Eclair had no doubt whatever of his own.

But Felix, if his optimism mistook the cause of this good fortune, was keenly alive to its importance. To have achieved a two weeks' engagement at the Boston house was only the first step in the triumphal progress which he was planning for L'Eclair. It remained to secure the rest, to follow this engagement with one at each of Bertram's nineteen other theaters, and to make that tour but the first of two — of three — of ten — of tours *ad infinitum* — so that every year should be simply a kind of glorious, glittering merry-go-round for the juggler, with gold beyond the dreams of avarice, and with applause beyond the hopes of pride. This, in somewhat simpler form, was what Felix was thinking now with an uneasy perception that the possibility of it all hung upon the



" stood watching the juggler over the boy's head "

impression to be made upon the audience even then assembled. In fifteen minutes L'Eclair would make his first bow under Peter Bertram's management, and then —

Felix glanced for the eightieth time at the little nickel clock. It was ticking more slowly than his heart !

"V'là " exclaimed the juggler. "It is near the time, *mon brave*. Let us go out."

They made their way through the narrow hallway, and emerged upon the stage. The lower drop was down, and through it the glare of the footlights struck in little patches, where the paint was thin. From the front came the sound of the orchestra, of people laughing, and of a man's voice singing a patter song at an incredible rate of speed. Behind, they were setting the full stage for L'Eclair's act. The walls of a marble palace slid downward, lisping, from the flies and were trundled smoothly forward from the sides. With mathematical precision they leaned together at their edges, under practised hands, and were clamped properly in place. Following them, a great, square rug was lowered on pulleys, and spread dexterously on the stage. Men went rapidly to and fro, directed, now and again, by a snap of the stage-manager's fingers or an explicit motion of his hand. It was a live silence, a triumph of mute method.

Pausing only for a glance of rapt admiration at a setting so magnificently more elaborate than any in which his father had ever had the fortune to appear, Felix turned to the duties in which practice had long since made him perfect. The juggler's little tables, covered with silver-fringed plush, and loaded with his knives and balls and cubes, as Felix had arranged them, three-quarters of an hour before, were standing in a group at the rear of the stage. The boy knew to a nicety where each should be placed, and so set them carefully, touching the properties with something like a reverent caress, and dusting each in turn with a square of well-worn silk. For one little moment he wished that they were larger, more imposing. So far, they had fully served their purpose, but here, on this wide, deep stage, they suddenly looked even smaller and dingier than they were. But what of that ? Was not L'Eclair to be paid fifty dollars a week — twice as much as, in the best of circumstances, he had ever earned before ? Soon, they would be able to afford a new outfit. One must not ask too much at first. Then Felix took his station in the wing.

L'Eclair, who had been waiting there, twirling his mustache, and giving complacent pats to his elaborately arranged hair, suddenly kicked off the shabby carpet slippers which protected his satin shoes. The drop rose, and the scene, which had been till then in a kind of twilight, was flooded with brilliance.

"*Bonne chance!*" whispered Felix, picking up the slippers.

L'Eclair skipped nimbly forward, kissed his finger-tips, executed a fantastic pirouette, and sent a silver ball whirling high into the air. The act was on.

Fresh from a consultation with Keyes, the local manager, Peter Bertram stepped, at this moment, to the wing and stood watching the juggler over the boy's head. Presently he frowned. It was a type, this, which he disliked. L'Eclair was in the neighborhood of forty. He had a small, testy face, and his eyes were like a mackerel's, cold, fixed, and selfish. The charity of distance, which so kindly softens the crudity of make-up, was lacking here, and his very features were less insistent than the black with which he had thickly penciled his lashes, or the purple-pink upon his cheeks. His rose-colored tights crinkled ungracefully upon his legs and arms. What was worse, he was distinctly shabby, distinctly below standard. The tinsel on his spangled trunks and at his wrists and neck was tarnished, as were the fringes on his little tables, and the silver of the cubes and balls. Curiously, the glossiness of his elaborate hair, and the pretentious twist of his mustache were an added offense in the eyes of Peter Bertram. He felt as if in these particulars lay an attempt — an attempt akin to that of cheap perfumery — to divert the attention of the observer from the absence of essential cleanliness and propriety. To his fastidious thinking, all that redeemed his business from the reproach of commonality was his insistence upon perfection in every detail. Failing in this conscientious particularity, he became, in his own estimation, the vulgarest of showmen, at one with the charlatans of the circus, the dime museum, and the county fair. He had a conscience toward his audiences. He liked to hear their laughter and their applause, to know that he had made these possible, that his sense of what was right and proper had brought into being a refuge from the sordidness and care of the workaday life outside, and that every day, in each of twenty cities, a thousand people forgot their worries, griefs, and disappointments in the amusement which he furnished them. But greater than this pleasure was the thought that he was party to a fair exchange, that his public expected the best and only the best at his hands — and went home satisfied.

But L'Eclair was not the best. He was not even tolerable. On this same stage Prince Koto had built his glittering pyramids of crystal, Flanagan had balanced cigar boxes and a lamp, and Quattromonti had performed his miracle with the brimming wine-glass. Therefore, when Bertram announced a juggler, it should be a better thing than this smirking, shabby mountebank, with his stale tricks, his soiled costume, and his dingy properties. Bertram thrust his hands into his pockets.

"I must haul Keyes up for this," he said to himself. "What was he thinking of?"

L'Eclair had been busy with the largest silver ball. It had slipped more than once, and, even at the best, what he made it do was not remarkable. At the end, he held it balanced for an instant on his outstretched wrist, and then, with a little cry of "Houp!" sent it flying straight at the head of Peter Bertram, in the wing. The manager had forgotten that he was not alone, and was stepping back instinctively, when the hands of the boy in front shot up and caught the ball deftly as it flew.

His attention thus directed to Felix, Bertram leaned forward, tightening his lips at the corners, and with a curious little quickening of his pulse. There was something vaguely, hauntingly familiar in the crinkling of this crisp, ruddy hair, in the resolute fling of these narrow shoulders, in the confident poise of these straight and slender legs. Where had he seen the like before? An impulse touched him, and, leaving his place, he made his way around behind the back-drop, past great, dim piles of indeterminate properties, and came into view of the stage again, at the opposite wing. His elbow touched the support of a portable electric reflector, and with his right hand he reached up and turned the button. A straight shaft of powerful light struck sharply across the stage, and fell full on the face of Felix. A tiny, unenthusiastic ripple of applause stirred in the auditorium. L'Eclair was wiping his hands upon a handkerchief. Even in that moment of his amazed surprise Peter

Bertram noted, with a sniff, that it was unbelievably soiled.

Feature for feature, line for line, the boy at whom he was staring was the breathing image of Peter Bertram, 2nd, asleep, these twenty years, in his little grave! Even so his thin hands were wont to close, his eyes to shine, and his mouth to quiver, in moments of excitement or eager attention. Even so he drew his breath slowly and then let it escape in a short, quick sigh. Even so his plain, small, freckled face would be lit with a something more intimately appealing than the beauty it conspicuously missed, and his figure would settle into easy attitudes, or stiffen into tense, with a grace that charmed more surely than the strength it lacked. Peter Bertram's memory, swept instantly backward twenty years, retraced the way slowly, gathering visions as it came. "Laddie" — so he was wont to call him — would now be thirty-five — a man! In the golden prime of life, college-bred, as his father was not, strong, accomplished, confident, fitted by the magic wands of wealth and inherited ability to succeed where, by reason of countless limitations, the elder Bertram felt that he had failed, he would take no share in this gaudy business of specialty. A representative of that wonderful product of evolution, the American second generation, he would glorify and hallow the fortune sordidly earned, by proficiency in some nobler calling. He would be a lawyer, a physician, an author, or a painter, secure from the dwarfing fingers of necessity in the dollars reaped by the earnest, adoring, proud old man who could feel at last that he had contributed, even indirectly, to the sum total of the world's scholarship and refinement. Nay, more, he would turn to his father with a compensating smile ——

"bastily replaced the cork . . . and fretfully called, 'Entre!'"

"Dad — dear old Dad," he would say perhaps, "*you* made this possible."

A sudden fullness swelled in Peter Bertram's throat, and he drew his breath sharply, winking hard to keep back the smarting tears of age. It would have been worth while, that—well, well worth while! But now. . . .

Out of the haze of preoccupation the face of Felix came back to him — the image, unspeakably appealing of what he had loved most dearly in the world. There was no need to tell Peter Bertram how different from the future he had dreamt of for his son would be that of the boy in the opposite wing. He stood on the wrong side of the footlights, the side where the unmerciful brilliance of electricity and the damning intimacy of proximity turned a smile to a smirk, illusion to sordid reality, gold to tinsel, and a jest to grim and deadly earnest. What was more, at this moment Felix was less to be pitied than it was likely he had ever been or would be again. The stage of Bertram's theater, cheerless though it might be, was yet clean, decent, and respectable — almost homelike in comparison with others given over to variety. In his mind's eye Bertram could see the dinginess and squalor with which this boy must long since have become familiar, as, from town to town and from playhouse to playhouse, he followed his unspeakable father. For there was no such thing as giving L'Eclair the benefit of the doubt. The oily hair proclaimed his vanity, the cold, dead eyes his selfishness, and every feature his slavery to drink. In them all one could read the lot of his associate as in an open book. Down — down — down — down! The fresh flowers of youth blighted and blackening, one by one, the boy-dreams not only unfulfilled but for ever made impossible, the eyes soiled, the lips soiled, the heart and soul soiled, the boy a man before

his time, and the man ruined before the man was fairly born. Down — down — down!

Peter Bertram looked up blindly. The drop had fallen — and the applause was over before it had touched the boards! L'Eclair was shuffling into his slippers, and calling, under his breath, upon his gods — who compensated in number for what they lacked in potency. Felix was gathering up the balls and knives, his small teeth nicking his lower lip in an effort to control its tremor. The intuition beyond his years which his experience had given him told him without equivocation that L'Eclair had failed.

"'Ver' well,' he said. 'W'en you pay?'"

To perceive, with Peter Bertram, was to think, and to think was, almost simultaneously, to act. It had been the essential secret of his success. While other men were casting up the chances of profit or loss he would be proffering terms; while they were bargaining he was blotting the signatures on contracts. Now, he walked directly across the stage, deliberately avoiding a glance at Felix as he passed, and, a moment later, having inquired of the stage-manager which was L'Eclair's dressing-room, he tapped upon the door. The juggler hastily replaced the cork in the tall, green bottle, hid the latter beneath the table, and fretfully called, "*Entre!*"

"L'Eclair?" said Bertram.

The other wheeled upon him, with an exclamation of surprise. He had expected Felix.

"You speak English?" asked the manager.

"*Ee*-nough *to* un'erstan'," replied the juggler, with no evidence of friendliness. "Oo you are? W'at you wan'?"

Peter Bertram stated his case. He was a man of few words and his instinctive contempt for L'Eclair lent his speech an added curtness. Moreover, he had measured his man. It was to be an appeal to cupidity, pure and simple. No hint of his true reasons, no least suggestion of sentiment, nothing but what was most likely to accomplish his purpose as promptly and as conclusively as possible — the suggested crackle of new bank-notes, the metaphorical ring of gold. When the short, stiff speech was ended, Peter Bertram had offered L'Eclair five thousand dollars to surrender Felix absolutely, and one hundred dollars a month so long as he should see fit to keep out of America. Then he folded his arms, and looked the juggler in the eye. His face showed somewhat less emotion than that of a graven image, but his firm, strong thumbs were deep-sunk in the under surface of his arms. It would have been worth the same sum over to L'Eclair to have known this simple fact. Even as it was, he seemed to have some small suspicion of his opportunity.

"W'y you wan' 'im?" he inquired.

"That 's neither here nor there," retorted Mr. Bertram. "There 's my offer — to take or to leave. Speak quick, my man. I did n't come here to talk."

L'Eclair's mind was very busy. For your mountebank is like the hunted wild things in that his instinct teaches him to take instant advantage of every unexpected shelter, of every unforeseen means of escape. He had failed. Even his vanity could not blind him to the realization that he had undertaken something which it was beyond his power to negotiate, and with this knowledge had come a great disgust for the whole business of juggling. After all, what difference did it make, whether he understood or no? All that was of importance was this: — a man (presumably insane) was offering him five thousand

dollars to do what he had often meditated doing without inducement — get rid of the boy. And a hundred dollars a month, all his life! For why should he wish to return to America, when he could live at ease in Paris, drink absinthe in front of the Cyrano, fling his heels and his money about at La Galette? Poof! He at least was not insane. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Ver' well," he said. "W'en you pay?"

"There is no time like the present," said Mr. Bertram. "I will have my attorney draw up the papers, and I will meet you in Mr. Keyes's office to-morrow at noon to sign them. There is a steamer sailing on Wednesday. See you take it. I shall have you watched."

L'Eclair bowed. As the door closed behind the manager, he executed a brilliant pirouette, and snapped his fingers.

"*Quelle veine!*" he said aloud. "*Nom d'un nom d'un nom d'un nom — quelle veine!*"

This time as Peter Bertram crossed the stage he looked eagerly for Felix, and, when he discovered him a in far corner locking the juggler's property-trunk, went slowly toward him. It was the slack hour of six, when half the thin audience has come too soon and half remained too long. The scene-shifters and the stage-manager had gone to supper. Into the cool, dim world of behind-scenes penetrated no hint of the winkings and shimmerings of the big biograph in front, which was splashing a vast square of white canvas with yachts, Italian cavalry, skirt dancers, express trains, and storm-smitten surf. The darkness of the empty stage was emphasized by a single electric light, the scenery hoisted out of sight or stacked abjectly against the brick side-walls. At the rear, where all the paraphernalia called for in the course of forty consecutive acts per day was systematically piled, Felix rose slowly from his knees. He had taken twenty minutes to the task of putting away the knives and cubes and silver balls, against the evening performance. He was accustomed to do the work in five, but he was in no hurry just now to meet L'Eclair.

"*Laddie!*"

Who of all Peter Bertram's acquaintances would have known his voice, as, in the semi-gloom, he spoke the word? It broke the silence, and trembled with the agony of twenty years!

Felix came forward wonderingly, until the two stood face to face.

"Are you calling me, sir?" he asked quietly, looking up into the manager's eyes.

Bertram laid his hands upon the narrow shoulders.

"How old are you, my boy?"

"Thirteen, sir."

"Ah? Younger than I thought. I should have said fifteen, at least. You are tall for your age. And your name?"

"Felix Martel."

"And you love your father yonder — the juggler?"

"Why not, sir?" said Felix, with a smile and a little shrug which told his birth. "He is my father. Kind? Yes — he is kind. You are Mr. Bertram?"

"Yes. How did you know?"

"I saw you. I asked. They told me. You — you have been in to see my father? You don't like the act? You are going to send him away?"

He would have drawn back, but the firm hands on his shoulders held him still.

"That was not what we were talking of," said Peter Bertram, gravely. "Listen, Felix. Once I had a little son, a boy like you — yes, very like you. He — he died, Felix, and since then I 've been very lonely, very lonely indeed, my boy. Well, then, I 've been talking with your father, and he — and we think it would be better for you not to keep on with this sort of thing. You must go to school and to college. You must play football, and — er — all kinds of games. You must ride horseback. You must learn to be a gentleman. And so, Felix, you 're to come and live with me, in a big house, where you 'll have about everything you want. You see, your father — well, your father is too busy to take care of you that way, so I 've promised to do it. You 're to take the place of the other one — of the boy who died. Do you think you can do that, Felix?"

"I 'd *like* to do it, sir," said Felix, "but you see I can't. My father — well, my father does n't take care of me so much, Mr. Bertram, *I* take care of *him*. And he could n't get on without me, never in the world. So you see how it is. He is — he ——"

He stepped back now, and offered the manager his hand.

"Thank you, just the same," he added, formally. "I 'd have liked the horseback rides, all right."

Then he walked rapidly away toward the juggler's dressing-room.

What happened therein no outsider ever heard or knew. There were a few loud words, then a subdued murmur, then one sharp, instantly stifled cry from Felix, as L'Eclair had recourse to such an argument as one might have deduced from a look into his eyes.

The documents were signed, and the door had closed upon the jubilant recipient of a certified check for five thousand dollars, and an assured income of twelve hundred a year for life. The attorney folded the papers, and took his leave. Mr. Keyes, the local manager, caught a look from his superior's eye, and melted through the nearest door. For an instant Peter Bertram drummed noiselessly upon the table with his finger-tips, his eyes upon the slender figure in the window with its back toward him.

"Felix," he said, presently. "Felix!"

The boy turned.

"What is the matter with your wrist? It 's bruised, my boy — terribly bruised. It was n't that way yesterday, when you shook hands with me, out there. Did you — did *he* ——"

Felix flung up his chin.

"Don't make me tell, Mr. Bertram," he answered. "He 's gone now, anyway, so it can't make any difference."

Peter Bertram's lips tightened suddenly, as they had tightened when first he perceived L'Eclair's assistant in the wing.

"If he had love and loyalty for *that*," he whispered in his heart, "what may he not have for me, in time?"

Then he opened his arms.

"Laddie," he said, "you may be hurt and sorry now, but I 'll make it up to you, my little son, so help me God! Try to love me, my boy, my boy! Try to forget him, Laddie!"

"It 's hard, at first," said Felix, wistfully. But he went into the old arms that awaited him.

THE SNUBBING OF ADNAST

BY

F. H. LANCASTER

"HOW much coffee did you say you wanted?" The strong young voice sprang from out the dimness of the store and rang against the warehouse opposite. The magnate in the middle of the road shouted an impatient repetition:

"Twenty-five cents!"

Ha! but that storekeeper, telling a man the price of nails and a woman the price of calico, that storekeeper could n't *hear*, no! He called again:

"Ah, M. Reneau. Combien café, dises-vous?"

"Je dis" — the sheep magnate slapped down his lines and jumped out of the wagon. He strode into the store. "Je dis vingt-cinque sous." Hien! but he was mad, yes. He, the richest man on Bayou Bienvue to have to get out of his wagon and come into the store for twenty-five cents' worth of coffee!

"Adnast," he thundered, "donnez moi mon café." Ha! Ernest could hear now. He deserted the purchasers of nails and calico, he served the magnate with eager courtesy, he attempted soothing apologies, he bowed him out with compliments to his horse. But no. The old fellow went off in a huff — with his coffee.

Ernest went back to business bothered, badly bothered. A sheep magnate is a sheep magnate, not to be slighted or in any way set aside. But it was not because M. Reneau numbered his sheep by the thousand that Ernest Lefebre's heart sank so. A merchant may lose the wool trade and yet live — there remain charcoal and logs. But if a man lose his sweetheart, what is there left to live for? M. Reneau was Victorine's "papa"!

Victorine was lost then? But, yes! There was no uncertainty about that. She was as proud as her father — and beautiful besides. She would never forgive that slight. Never forget that unlucky twenty-five cents' worth of coffee. Ernest measured off the five yards of calico, he bowed thanks for the thirty cents doled out to him, he bade his customer a cheerful "bon jour," but his heart was breaking.

Tenez! He had worked his way up by inches from the peddler's pack of his boyhood to a store of his own. Rigid economy, patient saving of cents and half-cents. He sold tobacco, but smoked none; sold meat, but ate none. Beans, boiled, were his bread and his meat, and he boiled them himself in the little room back of the store. Ah, and now that the long years of scrimping and saving were coming to a close; now that he had painted his store the bright yellow he had dreamed of — bright yellow, yes! with red trimmings — and had built and almost paid for the three-room annex; now that the trade of coal-burning and logging and wool was rolling in to him on a full flood of prosperity; *now* he had spoiled it all. Lost the gains of his lifetime in one moment of inattention; lost the girl he had loved for thirteen years. He knew that he had lost her. Knew it as surely as he knew that M. Reneau would tell at home of the slight that had been put upon him.

And M. Reneau told.

Ha! it takes little to excite your 'Cajan girl's imagination if she be young and beautiful, very little. Victorine saw in "un coup d'œil" the whole humiliating scene. *Her* papa sitting in his wagon, calling for twenty-five cents coffee, and the coffee not coming! "Tout les diables!" Saw him having to get *out* of his wagon and go into the store to get that twenty-five cents' worth of coffee! Hien! but her voice was shrill when she said what she thought about it: "Outrageux!" And about Ernest Lefebre: "Insolent, miserable bête!" And Madam's voice was shrill also, with a croak in it — which comes of too many cigarettes. M. Reneau kicked off his shoes, and tipped his chair against the cool

side of the house; putting in now and then deep-toned repetitions: "Insolent, beggarly beast!" Ha! he loved 'Torine for that saying.

So, sitting bare-footed and comfortable in the pleasant July twilight they scored Ernest Lefebre while he, wretched and lonesome, ate his boiled beans in the hot little room back of the store.

Hien! But be she 'Cajan or be she anything else, a girl's emotions must sooner or later resolve themselves into the question of clothes. Sad, or glad, or mad, the vital issue is what dress shall she wear. Victorine wore her prettiest dress to church next Sunday. For why? Ha! the prettier the girl, the more cutting the snub. But, though the girl was pretty, very pretty, with flashing eyes and crimson cheeks, no snub was given. Lefebre was not at church. And next Sunday she wore her prettiest again — but no Adnast. "Ha, le poltron!" If he was afraid to come to the snub, the snub was not afraid to go to him. She, Victorine, would go down to the store! Three days later she said to her mother that she desired that afternoon to "mek visit" with her aunt, and her mother said "Bien." But after she had adjusted her sun-bonnet carefully, very carefully, over her curls, and put the turn of the road between her back and "mama's" eyes, Victorine turned into a cow-path that was a short cut to the big road. She came out into the road just behind two women who were walking with nervous haste and so deep in their talk that neither noticed the nearness of the sheep magnate's daughter. Victorine's eyes laughed as they took in the sorry shapes and shabby attire of the women before her:

"La figure des mauvais jours," she murmured. Then, as their talk became intelligible, her lip curled with deeper derision. That they should be so silly as to think they could sell figs to-day, when "tout le monde" knew that the "fig man" had made his last rounds a week ago.

Tenez! The women ahead had, apparently, no foreshadowing of the great disappointment in store for them. With eager zest they told each other how they had arisen before day to gather the figs lest the birds "eat some." And again and again they weighed their baskets in their hands, guessing at the weight.

"Say he come ten pounds? Ten pound at four cents. Das mek forty cents. I get my lil gal white dress, yas. Adnast got *nice* stuff dere. T'irty-two cents buy him! Dat leave eight cents for buy riban. Huit sous!" she repeated gleefully.

The other woman weighed her basket anxiously: "I don't know, me, if he mek ten pounds. What you t'ink?"

"I t'ink yas, me," her companion assured genially. "He go ten pounds. *Mebbe more!*"

Victorine looked at the two baskets and again smiled derisively. The combined weight was not ten pounds. She knew all about "fig money." Then she caught sight of the scarred old hands that trembled with eagerness as they passed the baskets back and forth, and the smile left her lips.

"Pauvre diables," she said softly, and as she followed on she saw them in fancy trudging home with their unsold figs. The baskets would weigh more than ten pounds then.

'Torine knew the two women as the rich know the poor — by the fame of their misfortunes. One had a drunken husband, the other an idiot son. Their lives were divided between house-work and field-work, and held little that could be called happiness. Yet they seemed happy now. The four miles were as nothing to the feet that had known no rest since earliest dawn. How they laughed and chatted over their prospective purchases. The one with the idiot son was going to buy a lining for a long-hoarded quilt;

"Das t'ree years I had das quilt and ain't line her yet," she laughed. How small a sorrow is when it is past.

The other woman laughed also.

"What color you going line her wit'?"

"Ah, mere du Dieu! I *don't* know, me. Sometime I t'ink I mek her *red*, sometime I t'ink I mek her *yellow*. What you t'ink?"

With eager sympathy the first woman lent her soul to the decision, telling over with hair-splitting justice the respective virtues of the rival colors. Holy Virgin, which should it be! But at the sight of the store an inspiration came to her.

"Voila! Why don't you mek her *half* red and *half* yellow. Comme ça?"

"Bon, bon, bon!" cried the other in shrill approval. Then dignified silence came upon them. They shook the dust from their skirts; they settled their sunbonnets; they entered the store.

Victorine had not the heart to see the end of it. She sat down on the bench outside. Ah, if there was only something she could do.

But she knew there was nothing. One may not give charity to a 'Cajan. Presently they would come out, stolid and silent; they would tramp the long, long four miles home, and there eat their figs as best they could, saying nothing of their sorrow. In her vehement pity for them, Victorine sat forgetful of her own mission until a volley of adjectives, exclamations, and peals of excited laughter startled her into comprehension: *Adnast had bought their figs.*" He was selling them the precious white stuff at eight cents a yard, and the gay strips of red and yellow lining. He was throwing in bits of bright ribbon, and tiny bags of candy for the children as lagniappe. What a time it was. How polite Adnast was to these reckless customers who were spending their all with him. How merry they made over his kindly jests. Such a scene of joy — Victorine, watching with wet lids, could have cried for very happiness because of the gladness and glow in those toil-worn faces. Ah, heaven! but it was all over at last, and they came out hugging their precious bundles. Laughing, exulting: "And *we* t'ink dey weigh just ten pounds!"

"Mere du Dieu, how much had those figs weighed?" Victorine went in quickly.

"Bon jour, M. Adnast."

Ernest was putting away his goods. He swung around sharply at that voice. The blood ran into his face.

"Bon jour, Mademoiselle Victorine," he stammered.

The time for the snub was at hand. Victorine smiled sweetly. She offered shy fingers to him across the counter. She would like to look at that lawn. Ernest Lefebre's hand shook so he could scarcely unfold the flimsy stuff, but Victorine did not seem to notice. She spoke of the figs.

"I hear me the factory stop buy the fig last wik," she remarked.

"Yas," said Ernest. Then eagerly, "You got any you want sell?"

"No, I ain't got any, me. You been sick?"

"Non, je vous remercie. I ain't been sick."

"You ain't been to our house since so long I think, me, mebbe you sick. But mebbe das just you don't want to come."

"I been wanting come mighty bad," Ernest interrupted earnestly.

Victorine laughed gaily.

"Why don't you come, den?"

"I come to-night? Your papa won't say not'ing *to you.*"

"My papa say what *I* say," announced the spoiled beauty.

Ernest leaned over the counter, his fingers caught hers. "And you? You going say yes?" he pleaded, trembling.

Victorine started back. She had underestimated the force of the tension she thought to release. "Arretz!" she ejaculated. Then she laughed. "I don't like your lawn, me. I think I buy some feeg."

"I 'm going ask your papa to-night if I can come see you," he whispered.

Victorine shrugged her shoulders.

"Si tu bon semble. You going sell me some feeg?"

"You don't care?"

"No, I don't care, me. I *want* buy some."

"'Torine," he pleaded. There was a heavy step on the gallery. An ox-driver to buy tobacco. 'Torine's fingers fluttered from Adnast's close clasp. She gave him one quick, sweet glance, and slipped away, pulling her sunbonnet over her face, leaving Adnast in heaven. The snub? Ha! but the sheep magnate would see to that!

Would he? Ah, Victorine had a story to tell, and she told it — as they sat in the twilight — told it with all the poetry and pathos of her race. Madam wiped her eyes on her apron, monsieur cleared his throat.

"And Adnast, he buy dere feeg?"

"Yas," said Victorine.

"Das just about *one dollar* he lose," said the sheep magnate slowly.

Madam spoke up:

"Das Adnast Lefebre, he 's one good man, *yas!*"

Victorine remarked demurely: "He 's got is store pent yellow *wit'* red. Il est bien joli."

In the flare of his little tin-lamp, the sheep magnate rose to greet his guest.

"Ha! Adnast, you mek me mad das day. Mad, yas! I say *no!* I ain't going spik wit' him again, me. Mais my lil gal — " his eyes lighted with tenderness, "she say *yas,*" he laughed kindly at the look on the boy's face. "She say *yas*, sho!" His great hand shook the boy's shoulder. "So *me*, I say yas, too." He put it indulgently into French: "Je dis oui, aussi. Ha! das all right. 'Torine, she 's out yonder." But as the boy hurried out, the sheep magnate raised his voice: "Mebbe you want buy some more feeg, Ha?" He received no answer.

For the second time Ernest Lefebre had sinned the sin of inattention.

THE HINGE

BY

MARY STEWART CUTTING

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE STORIES OF COURTSHIP," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

MRS. RANNEY is going away to-morrow with the children to visit her mother; did you hear that? It will be a nice change for her, she 's alone so much, with Mr. Ranney nearly every evening at the Rowing Club at that old hotel. Goodness knows how late he 'll stay out after she 's gone! I should n't think she 'd like it *at all.*"

The four women who were neighbors on the Ridge were coming back from a meeting of the Vittoria Colonna Club, picking their way in gala attire over the puddles left by a shower, with the aid of the two parallel see-sawing boards that made the suburban sidewalk. Mrs. Stone, who had spoken, was tall and large-featured; she wore a startlingly wide, high-plumed hat that seemed to have no connection with her head, rearing into strange shapes with the wind that blew from the sea.

"Perhaps she 's glad to have him out of the house," suggested the fair, prettily garbed little Mrs. Spicer, who talked very fast. "Not that he 's dissipated at all, I don't mean that, but I think he 's one of those horrid domineering men you 'd hate to have around. I don't believe he ever gives her a

'CLASP HIM TO HER BREAST''

cent of money — *he* is always so well-dressed, but she has n't had a new thing since she came here a year ago. I 'd like to see Ernest Spicer treat me that way!"

"Mrs. Ranney says she likes him to take a walk after dinner; that he 's used to it," interpolated the handsome, brown-eyed Mrs. Laurence, with a characteristic lift of her white chin. "He often asks her to go with him."

"Oh, yes, so she says!" Mrs. Stone made a clutch for her hat. "Of course she *acts* satisfied; you can't tell anything by that. She 's a dear little woman, but I don't believe there 's much to her; he 's a great deal above her as far as brains go, that 's evident. Keep over this side, Mrs. Spicer, that maple is just dripping. But there 's very little warmth or cordiality in Mrs. Ranney as far as I can see; she does n't respond as you 'd think she would. I ran over the other day when she happened to be out, and Ann let me see her preserve-closet. When I spoke to her the next day about the number of jars she had, she almost made me feel as if I had been intrusive. Some people have that unvarying manner, always pleasant, but nothing more. It wears on *me*, I know, and I should n't wonder if it did on Mr. Ranney; I think he feels a lack in her."

"Oh, it 's such a great subject!" said little Mrs. Spicer with earnest volubility, "it 's such a great subject, that of being attractive to one's husband. Miss Liftus spoke so feelingly about it the other day at the Club, she says that women are so engrossed in their own affairs that they neglect to adapt themselves to the husband's life; she thinks intelligent co-operation in business matters should be the key-note. It 's a lovely idea; I know a woman who is in her husband's office, and they enjoy it so much, but — " Mrs. Spicer paused wistfully — "it 's very hard to help a man when he 's in stocks, like Ernest Spicer; I *cannot* seem to remember quite what it is when he 's on a margin; I 've had it explained to me so many times I 'm ashamed to ask him any more; I seem to understand it just for a minute, and then it goes. I don't know what's the reason, but Ernest never wants to talk about business with me."

"Don't you think husbands are very different?" asked Mrs. Budd with a slow distinctness, as if she were reading from a primer; her large, unwavering blue eyes pinned your butterfly attention fast in spite of involuntary writhings. "I know my husband and Mr. Ranney are very different, they like such different things for breakfast. I am very particular about Mr. Budd's meals, and he depends so much on his breakfast. He always begins on —— "

"Well, I 'll tell you one thing," interrupted Mrs. Stone impatiently, she knew Mr. Budd's *menu* by heart. "You can adapt and adapt and they 'll never know it, but they do know when they 're comfortable. Nobody can say that Mr. Stone is n't comfortable in his own house. When I see a man like Mr. Ranney leaving his home every evening you may be sure there 's a screw loose somewhere. That little woman is making a great mistake, but it 's the kind of thing you 'd find it difficult to speak about."

"Oh, I would n't speak about it for the world!" cried Mrs. Laurence in horror. "As Mrs. Budd says very truly, people are so different." Yet she found herself wondering afterwards. She was sure that the Ranneys were fond of each other in a way, though she would n't have cared for the way. On what hinge hung Mr. Ranney's neglect of his wife? A lack in her, as Mrs. Stone had said, selfishness on his part — coldness on hers? Mrs. Laurence herself did n't need to discuss her attraction for Mr. Laurence — in their case it was something inherent, not an accident of adjustment; it interpenetrated every condition of life. She had put a blue bow in her hair when she dressed, because she had a theory that a woman should look her nicest for her husband, but as a matter of fact she knew that Will thought her beautiful in anything she wore.

Mrs. Ranney always looked nice, there could be no two opinions on that. She was a slight, very young woman, with a heart-shaped, childish face, that wore an expression of gentle, matronly dignity, repelling to familiarity. She had serious, flower-blue eyes, and quantities of waving, chestnut-brown hair coiled back so tightly from a broad, low forehead that you hardly realized at first that when it was let down it formed a beautiful, shimmering cloak around her that nearly touched the floor. Her whole personality was intensely feminine. In any demand of the day her simple gowns became her, yet were never too fine for the work her busy fingers found to do, for Mrs. Ranney was a housewife and a sewer of garments; she even helped vegetables as well as flowers to grow with a quiet inborn capability that

"'They say there's a storm brewing up the coast, where my wife's gone'"

showed in whatever she undertook. She was known to be tender-hearted; the suffering of others seemed to hurt her very flesh. When that little bruiser, Herbert Ranney, fell and bumped his head, Mrs. Ranney would fly white and breathless from the house, and clasp him to her breast in a wild effort to fight off this thing that was attacking her child. She could n't *stand* it—that a child should suffer.

Yet she had, at unexpected moments, a roguish sense of humor that set her serious blue eyes dancing mischievously; when she got laughing, as had happened, half inaudibly, so that she was helpless to stop herself, she was as provocatively charming as a lovely child. Her husband had been once heard to state that he had never expected to marry, having lived until the age of thirty-six contentedly a bachelor, but that when he met "that rascal there," she bowled him over on the spot. It certainly was a fact that, though she was so hard to get acquainted with, every man admired Mrs. Ranney.

Women, as a rule, did not care much for Mr. Ranney, perhaps, because he used toward them a gallant deference so evidently given them as a sex that it piqued by ignoring any personal claim to his attention. In appearance he was large and heavily built, smooth-shaven, with fine intellectual features. and hair and brows of blue black; his square chin was almost aggressively assertive. A man of semi-nautical tastes he had at times almost a quarter-deck manner alike to barking dogs, poaching cows, and trivial or unauthorized approach from his fellows. With the men who were his friends he was reputed to be a charming companion, witty, genial, and whole-hearted; the wives took the fact on hearsay, with some suspicion. Mrs. Laurence felt a distinct sense of resentment as, sitting on her piazza after dinner, she saw him coming up the steps, natty and immaculate in his blue flannels, pipe in hand — he was actually going to leave his wife alone on the eve of her departure. He doffed the peaked, gold-banded cap of his boating club.

"Good evening, Mrs. Laurence. Is Laurence anywhere around?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, he's never far off when I 'm here," returned Mrs. Laurence

incautiously, with what she felt was almost too much meaning for politeness; she saw Mr. Ranney's left eyebrow go up a little with quizzical effect; it made her feel hot. "Your wife leaves to-morrow, I believe. How is she to-night after all her packing?"

"Mrs. Ranney is quite well, I think," said Mr. Ranney in a tone that in spite of its apparent politeness placed a wedge between himself and his personal affairs, though Mrs. Laurence still persevered

"You will miss her dreadfully after she goes."

"Oh, Minda will look after me," said Mr. Ranney coolly. Minda was a capable old colored woman who worked for the neighborhood. "Hello, Laurence!" His voice changed to one of good fellowship. "Want to walk down with me and take a look at Harker's boat?"

"No, I think I 'd better not," said Mr. Laurence lingeringly, his long figure coming into view in the semi-darkness of the summer evening. He really did not care to go, "the boys" bored him; an uncut magazine, with his wife for audience had been pleasantly ahead of him after the work of the day; yet such is the power of attraction from man to man, so much greater than that from woman to woman, that he almost felt as if he wanted to be Ranney's companion if Ranney wanted him. It was the Call of the Wild. Past experience warned him clear of those mistakenly jocular words, "my wife won't let me" — he put his hand caressingly on the back of her chair as he said: "I don't think I 'll leave Anna this evening, we 're finishing a serial together."

"Oh, very well," responded Mr. Ranney He put on his cap as he went down the steps

"She and Will had loved within five minutes by the watch"

again, lit his pipe, and walked off with that air of jaunty and masterful freedom that in its way was an offense to the marital traditions of the street; it subtly discredited his wife, it seemed to undermine the generous, dual obligations of a home. And to-night——

"*Pig!*" said Mrs. Laurence, with an indignation that hurled the adjective after him like a stone. "If you did n't consider me any more than that, Will — Wait a moment." She ran impulsively over to the next house, quickly forestalling the invitation she saw on Mrs. Ranney's lips, as the latter came to the door in her white gown, a book in her hand.

"No, I thank you, I can't come in — Mr. Laurence is waiting for me at home. How tired you look! *Won't* you come over and sit with us a while? We 'd love so much to have you — and I 'll make some lemonade. We feel that we won't see anything of you for so long."

"Oh, thank you!" said Mrs. Ranney. She looked surprised. "You 're very kind, but I think I 'll stay here and rest, if you don't mind; I thought I 'd just read a little before I went to bed; you see I have everything packed, and we don't go until after lunch to-morrow." She seemed to cast around for something more to say. "I read a good deal in the evenings when Mr. Ranney is out; I have n't any time during the day."

"It takes a great deal of time to keep up with the magazines," sympathized Mrs. Laurence.

"I don't know much about the magazines — Mr. Ranney does n't care for them. I 've been reading the Bible through this year, I always intended to when I had a chance," said Mrs. Ranney simply. "I found it very interesting. Mr. Ranney thinks a good deal of Homer, too; I 've just finished the 'Odyssey.' *Won't* you come in?"

"No, no, I can't," returned Mrs. Laurence hastily. "Is that the 'Iliad' you have there?"

"No," said Mrs. Ranney. Her eyes gleamed dancingly with sudden mischief, she leaned forward with roguish defiance. "I 'll tell you what this is — it 's the 'Thompson Street Poker Club!'" She relapsed into one of her lovely, helpless fits of half-inaudible laughter in which Mrs. Laurence joined perforce, and the two women held on to each other for mutual support, in feminine fashion.

"Imagination pictured the husband"

Mrs. Ranney went away the next day at one o'clock, trim and pretty in her blue traveling suit; the women who flocked to bid her good-by were profuse in offers of caring for Mr. Ranney, but she only thanked them with gentle unresponsiveness, and said that Minda would look after him quite well.

It was strange what a difference her departure seemed to make at once in the aspect of the little house; a shadow had fallen over it, a visible grayness of desolation touched it, mistlike; the embowering vines drooped like the adjuncts of a cemetery; there was a curious deadness about the very hang of the curtains, one could see from without, and the half-lowered shades. The very fact of the front doors being closed set the seal of strangeness upon it. A spirit, so vitally sweet, so informing that even inanimate objects reflected it, had departed and left only the cold and empty shell behind, not alone to the intimate heart, but to even the casual observer.

"Really, I hate to look over there," confided Mrs. Spicer to Mrs. Stone. "Minda came into our kitchen a while ago, she said she could hardly stay in the place, she felt just as if Mrs. Ranney and the children were dead. I 'm sorry she felt that way. I had the most peculiar feeling myself when I saw her go. Forebodings are so — Well, of course, you don't believe in them, but you don't like them. I 've just taken some of my nerve tonic. I can hardly blame Mr. Ranney if he stays out till all hours now."

The watching neighborhood could hardly believe it when eight o'clock struck — half-past eight — and no Mr. Ranney walked jauntily down the street, immaculately attired, with his gold-banded yachting cap on

the side of his head. He was known to have come home to his dinner, and afterwards the smoke of his pipe had risen from the veranda. Laurence, urged thereto by his wife, lounged finally up to the doorstep to find Ranney sitting there in a disreputable pongee coat, with an old, gray felt basin on his head, smoking, with his shoulders hunched forward and his eyes fixed somberly before him. He only nodded at Laurence 's greeting, and made room on the steps beside him.

"There 's a chair up there, if you want it."

"No, this does well enough," said Laurence. "How is the election going on?"

"The election?" Mr. Ranney 's eyes sought for a connecting clue. "Oh, yes, of course, the Club election. I don't know how it 's getting on, I don't care a hang how it goes. Did you see the weather report to-night, Laurence? They say there 's a storm brewing up the coast, where my wife 's gone. Those steamers are nothing but rotten old tubs; it 's only a question when they 'll go to Davy Jones if a storm hits them. The 'Peerless' foundered three years back, you remember. When I think of that girl and her two babies out there to-night in that old 'Patriot,' with nothing but a plank between them and the bottom — I tell you I 'll be glad to get a wire to-morrow night and know they 're all right. I 've gone all to pieces thinking of it; lost my nerve completely."

"Could n't they have gone by rail?" asked Mr. Laurence practically.

"Oh, yes, they could, but — they 'd have to stop off on the way, and then — Well, I *wanted* her to, but she thought it took too much money."

"But if you insisted on her taking it?"

"Insisted on her taking it! Why, man alive, she has it all, that 's the trouble; I hand all the funds over to that rascal, else we 'd never have a penny. Oh, there 's always plenty for me when I want it, but she won't spend it on herself. I can't make her. But I 'll get even with her some day, you see if I don't. I 'll plunge her into extravagance. What 's that shutter slamming for? I tell you I don't like the way the wind is rising. When I think of that girl and her two babies —— "

"Why don't you come over on our piazza and sit awhile?" suggested the visitor; to keep rolling over and over on a wheel of marital sympathy embarrassed him.

"No, I thank you, I rather think I 'll turn in early," said Ranney, rising as the other had done. Mr. Laurence hurried home to his wife, childishly eager to startle her with his piece of news. Ranney was going to bed at nine-of-the-clock.

"Well, I 'm glad he 's missed her for one evening," she retorted viciously. "It won't last, though."

But the next night when she happened to stroll over to the dividing fence in the half gloom, she discerned a figure sitting on the steps. He rose and came slowly forward, as she spoke, removing the old felt basin from his head perfunctorily.

"It looks very lonely over here without Mrs. Ranney and the children," she said.

"Yes, it does," answered Mr. Ranney. He knocked his pipe ruminatively on the top rail. "I did n't realize before what a helpless being a man is without his wife; I never can remember where she keeps the clean towels."

"I suppose she felt that she needed the change," suggested Mrs. Laurence, a little stiffly.

"Oh, I persuaded her to go. She did n't want to leave me, but a girl has to see her family sometimes; it 's only right." He took a long breath. "It 's only *right*. When the letter came I said she ought to go, I said: 'Jean, *I* can get along; your place this summer is with your father and mother.' She 's only been home once since I took her away — her family don't like it very much. I had a hard time to get the scamp — regular stern-chase; but a man thinks a good bit more of a girl when he has to work to get her."

"Yes, indeed," responded Mrs. Laurence, though she did n't think so at all — she adored the dear knowledge that she and Will had loved within five minutes by the watch. And to marry a woman and never care like this until she was gone! The thought gave her a shiver, as she confided later to her own husband, with her hand in his. Suppose Mr. Ranney's appreciation of his little lonely wife had come too late?

Hereafter, night after night, the wondering Ridge beheld the deserted husband, disreputably attired, sitting upon his piazza steps or pacing up and down the narrow walk, keeping guard like a faithful dog who has been left to watch. Every evening, some man, urged thereto by his wife, strolled over to keep him company, though the rambling conversation always harked back to Mrs.

"HALF A DOZEN HANDS WERE REACHED OUT TO CARRY THE SLEEPING CHILDREN"

Ranney through every masculine theme. The street grew to feel a distinct proprietorship that gave a sense of daily responsibility, and it grew even stronger, when, as time went on, he became gradually taciturn and moody, with a manner that said plainly that he preferred his own company to that of any friends, however well meaning.

"Well, I 'm glad Mrs. Ranney is coming home next week," said Mrs. Spicer feelingly, as she and Mrs. Laurence stopped on a street corner in the village for a heart-to-heart talk. "I don't know what would become of that poor man if she stayed away much longer. How much we will have to tell her!"

"Minda says he hardly eats a thing," says Mrs. Laurence.

"He ate a little of the pudding I sent over last night. His devotion is really beautiful, but I don't quite like his state of mind, it makes me anxious, and his appearance is so —" Mrs. Spicer paused uncomfortably. "I wish he 'd shave! Ernest Spicer says he hates to be seen on the street with him."

"Well, she 'll be home soon," said Mrs. Laurence.

That was a fearsome night indeed, and one long to be remembered, the night before Mrs. Ranney was expected home. A wild September gale sent the deluge of rain aslant through the darkness, swirling it over lawns and among the trees into a river-torrent that carried all before it. It was a shrieking gale that tore up the houses with maniac fingers, wresting off shutters and chimney tops, dragging down trees in its giant fury, howling and whining between the shrieks like a forest of spectral wolves rushing ever faster and faster upon their prey. The rain beat in through window-casing and foundation, front doors flew open wide at the hand of the tempest. The steeple of the church came crashing down; the orphan asylum was unroofed; the affrighted fancy soared into realms of terror with the far-clanging sound of the fire-bell, caught and lost again amid the clamor of the storm.

No one slept on the Ridge that night; mothers sat by the bedside of their little children, fathers patroled the house to see that timbers held, and the fire was kept low. There was not a household near the Ranneys' in which some member had not said awesomely to another:

"And she is out on the ocean!" Imagination pictured the husband (as indeed Minda described him afterwards), walking up and down, up and down, up and down, with savage, miserable eyes, all night long, desperately fighting with agonized thoughts.

But, with the first sullen rays of the morning light he was gone. The tempest had abated into a fog-filled, engulfing rain, that washed all the landscape into a dirty yellow. The street on the Ridge was flooded from end to end, so that a canoe might paddle down it; but the women who lived on the same side of the way ventured with rain-coats and overshoes into each others' houses to compare notes of the night, and to commune tearfully on the news of the morning papers. It was rumored that the "Patriot" had foundered with all on board. "That girl with her two babies" — suppose she could never know. All that day men and women stood in line by the offices of the Nor-Coast Steamship Company, waiting, waiting, waiting for the word that meant life, or the losing of it. The "extras" with scare-lines about the "Patriot" with letters a foot long, were thrust before the eyes, or called in the ears of that waiting throng that thinned and fluctuated and filled up again. The extras even reached the Ridge. But at five o'clock Mr. Laurence brought home word that the "Patriot's" passengers had been transferred from the sinking steamer to the ship of another line, and were expected in by seven.

It was something after ten when the travelers arrived in one of the station cabs. The dwellers in the different houses had been excitedly on the lookout ever since dinner, congregating in Mrs. Laurence's drawing-room, the women overflowing with excited sentiment, and the men, excited too, discussing the different aspects of the disaster. Minda had been overwhelmed with offers of help, and numberless dishes sent over to her for the refreshment of the wayfarers — jellies, creamed chicken, biscuit and layer cake, and many instructions given.

"Be sure and have the coffee just ready to put on," Mrs. Stone had directed, in the very kitchen itself. "Mr. Ranney will feel the need of it as well as Mrs. Ranney after all the strain he has been through; and be sure and keep the two kettles boiling. I have sent for my rubber water-bags, as well as Mrs. Spicer's, so that in case of chill or collapse we may have enough. One cannot tell what the effect of all that terrible exposure may

have been. People have had their arms and legs frozen off in a shipwreck," said Mrs. Stone, with a slight confusion as to the time of year.

The house was alight and welcoming as the carriage, its lamps leering mistily through the fog, lurched to a halt in the splashing flood by the curb; half a dozen hands were reached out to carry the sleeping children, and the luggage, and help the travelers.

"Why, how kind of you all to be here!" said Mrs. Ranney's sweet, low voice, in gentle surprise. She looked younger than one remembered as they all crowded into the little drawing-room; though her beautiful hair was slightly disheveled under her hat, and her face was pale, her brow was as serene as ever.

"Oh, we 're *so* glad to have you back again," cried Mrs. Spicer, with hysterical inflection, embracing the new-comer. "I don't know what Mr. Ranney would have *done* if you 'd stayed away another day!"

"Oh, no trouble about *me*," disclaimed Mr. Ranney loftily. He deposited a bundle of shawls in the center of the room as he spoke and took them up again restlessly. "Where do you want these put, Jean? — I told Mrs. Ranney that I could have got along without her just as well as not for another two weeks, but she wanted to get home."

"Yes, I thought I 'd better," assented Mrs. Ranney.

"You 've been through so *much*" said Mrs. Laurence pitifully. Her hand and Mrs. Ranney's gripped, unseen. "To be in that storm on that sinking ship, with those two babies — I can't begin to tell you how we 've felt about it; how anxious — " her voice broke.

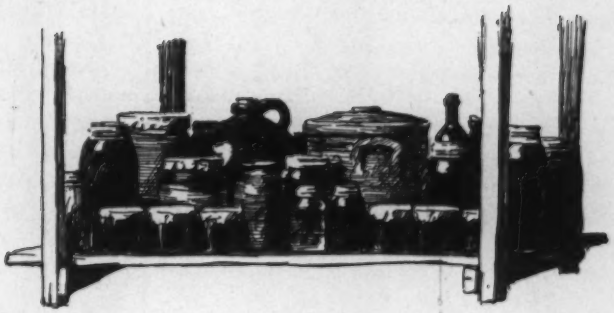
"Now, now, now, a little blow like that amounts to nothing," said Mr. Ranney, with irritating contemptuousness. He had the offensive quarter-deck manner. "The passengers were transferred from one steamer to another simply for convenience in transportation. There was not the slightest danger at any time; nothing in the *world* to be excited about!"

"No indeed," corroborated Mrs. Ranney. She followed the group of women who hovered toward the kitchen a moment later, her large, flower-blue eyes bent earnestly upon them. "What is it you were just saying, Mrs. Spicer? No, I don't think you 'd better undress the children. I 'll just let them sleep as they are, after slipping off their shoes; they 're so tired. Mr. Ranney and Minda will carry them up-stairs. Please, Mrs. Stone, don't get any coffee for us — it 's just as *kind* — I appreciate all the trouble you 've taken, but we had dinner at the Astor House before we came out; we could n't eat a thing now. And would you mind not saying anything more about the voyage? My husband does n't like to talk about it. I think a good night's rest is what we all need."

"Well, it 's evident they 've no more use for *us*," said Mrs. Stone with a sigh of acquiescence as the sympathizers stood once more without the portals; the position was felt to be symbolic, yet after the first bewildered drop from exaltation there was only a faint offense left. Mrs. Stone voiced the general sentiment as she continued:

"There 's one thing certain, Mr. Ranney will never forget these last six weeks; I don't care how he *talks*, he can't keep his eyes off her face. He has found out what his wife is, at last."

So deep was this feeling of certainty, that almost an electric, shuddering wave of horror passed over the Ridge the next evening when Mr. Ranney, natty and immaculate, his gold-banded yachting cap on the side of his head, pipe in hand, swung jauntily out of his front gate into the broad, white moonlight that lay along the street. Only Mrs. Laurence, from the contradictory evidence of her own deep love, had a sudden, sweet, half-smile-and-tearful divination, that he had n't had the heart for freedom before, with his wife away. Her dear presence now was so pervasive that the whole town seemed like home to him because she was in it.



THE COUNTY FAIR

A REMINISCENCE OF "BACK HOME"

BY

EUGENE WOOD

AUTHOR OF "THE OLD RED SCHOOL-HOUSE," "CIRCUS DAY," ETC.*

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST

WHETHER or not the name had an influence on the weather, I don't know. Perhaps it did rain some years, but, as I remember, County Fair time seems to have had a sky perfectly-cloudless, with its blue only a little dulled around the edges where it came close to the ground and the dust settled on it. Things far off were sort of hazy, but that might have been the result of the bonfires of leaves we had been having evenings after supper. In Fair weather, when the sun had been up long enough to get a really good start, it was right warm, but in the shade it was cool, and nights and mornings there was a chill in the air that threatened worse things to come.

The harvest is past, the summer is ended. Down cellar the swing-shelf is cram-jam full of jelly-glasses, and jars of fruit. Out on the hen-house roof are drying what, when the soap-box wagon was first built, promised barrels and barrels of nuts to be brought up with the pitcher of cider for our comforting in the long winter evenings, but what turns out, when the shucks are off, to be a poor, pitiful half-peck, daily depleted by the urgent necessity of finding out if they are dry enough yet. Folks are picking apples, and Koontz's cider-mill is in full operation. (Do you know any place where a fellow can get some nice long straws?) Out in the fields are champagne-colored pyramids, each with a pale-gold heap of corn beside it, and the good black earth is dotted with orange blobs that promise pumpkin-pies for Thanksgiving Day. No. Let me look again. Those are n't pie-pumpkins; those are cow-pumpkins, and if you want to see something kind of pitiful, I 'll show you Abe Bethard chopping up one of those yellow globes — with what do you suppose? With the cavalry saber his daddy used at Gettysburg.

The harvest is past, the summer is ended. As a result of all the good feeding and the outdoor air we have had for three or four months past, the strawberry shortcake, and cherry-pies, and green peas, and new potatoes, and string beans, and roasting-ears, and all such garden-stuff, and the fresh eggs, broken into the skillet before Speckle gets done cackling, and the cockerels we pick off the roost Saturday evenings (you see, we 're thinning 'em out; no sense in keeping all of 'em over winter) — as a result, I say, of all this good eating, and the outdoor life, and the necessity of stirring around a little lively these days we feel pretty good. And yet we get kind of low in our minds, too. The harvest is past, the summer is ended. It 's gone, the good playtime when we did n't have to go to

* "Back Home," a volume of Eugene Wood's stories, will be published about October 1st, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

"Out on the hen-house roof are drying what, when the soap-box wagon was first built, promised barrels and barrels of nuts"

school, when the only foot-covering we wore was a rag around one big toe or the other; the days when we could stay in swimming all day long except meal-times; the days of Sabbath-school picnics and excursions to the Soldiers' Home — it 's gone. The harvest is past, the summer is ended. The green and leafy things have heard the word, and most of them are taking it pretty seriously, judging by their looks. But the maples and some more of them, particularly the maples, with dare-devil recklessness have resolved, as it were, to die with their boots on, and flame out in such violent and unbelievable colors that we feel obliged to take testimony in certain outrageous cases and file away the exhibits in the Family Bible, where nobody will bother them. The harvest is past, the summer is ended. Rainy days, you can see how played-out and forlorn the whole world looks. But at Fair time, when the sun shines bright, it looks right cheerful.

It seems to me the Fair lasted three days. One of them was a holiday from school. I know; and, unless I 'm wrong, it was n't on the first day, because then they were getting the things in, and it was n't on the last day, because then they were taking the things out, so it must have been on the middle day, when everybody went. Charley Wells had both the depot 'buses out with "COUNTY FAIR" painted on muslin hung on the sides. The Cornet Band rode all round town in one, and so on over to the "scene of the festivities" as the *Weekly Examiner* very aptly put it, and then both 'buses stood out in front of the American House, waiting for passengers, with Dinny Enright calling out: "This sway t' the Fair Groun's! Going RIGHT over!" Only he always waited till he got a good load before he turned a wheel. (Dinny's foreman at the chair factory now. Did you know that? Doing fine. Gets $15 a week, and has n't drunk a drop for nearly two years.)

Everybody goes the middle day of the Fair, everybody that you ever did know or hear tell of. You 'll be going along, kind of half listening to the man selling Temperance Bitters, and denouncing the other bitters because they have "al-cue-hawl" in them, and "al-cue-hawl will make you drunk," (which is perfectly true), and kind of half listening to the man with the electric machine, declaring: "Ground is the first conductor; water is the second conductor," and you 'll be thinking how slippery the grass is to walk on, when a face in the crowd will, as it were, sting your memory. "I ought to know that man," says you to yourself. "Now, who the mischief is he? Barker? No, 'tis n't Barker, Barkdull? No. Funny I can't think of his name. Begins with 'B' I 'm pretty certain." And you trail along after him, as if you were a detective, sort of keeping out of his sight, and yet every once in a while getting a good look at him. "Mmmmmm!" says you,

"What *is* that fellow's name? Why, sure, McConica." And you walk up to him and stick out your hand while he 's gassing with somebody, and there 's that smile on your face that says: "I know you but you don't know me," and he takes it in a limp sort of fashion, and starts to say: "You have the advantage of — " when, all of a sudden, he grabs your hand as if he were going to jerk your arm out of its socket and beat you over the head with the bloody end, and shouts out: "Why, HELLO, Billy! Well, suffering Cyrus and all hands round! Hold still a second and let me look at you. Gosh darn your hide, where you been for so long? I thought you 'd clean evaporated off the face the earth. Why, how AIR you? How 's everything? *That 's* good. Let me make you acquainted with my wife. Molly, this is Mr. — " But she says: "Now don't you tell me what his name is. Let me think. . . . Why, Willie Smith! Well, of all things! Why, how you 've changed! Honest, I would n't have knowed you. Do you mind the time we went sleigh-ridin' the whole posse of us, and got upset down there by Hanks's place?" And there you started on "D' you mind?", and "Don't you recollect?", and you talk about the old schooldays, and who 's married, and who 's moved out to Kansas, and who 's got the Elias Hoover place now, and how Ella Trimble — You know Ella Diefenbaugh, old Jake Diefenbaugh's daughter, the one that lisped. Course you do. Well, she married Ed Trimble, and he died along in the early part of the summer. Typhoid. Was getting well, but he took a relapse and went off like that! And now she 's left with three little ones, and they guess poor Ella has a pretty hard time making out. And this old schoolmate that you start to tell a funny story about is dead, and the freckle-faced boy, with the buck teeth, that put the rabbit in the teacher's desk, he 's dead, too, and the boy that used to cry in school when they read:

Give me three grains of corn, mother,
Only three grains of corn;
To save what little life I have, mother,
Till the coming of the morn.

well, he studied law with old Judge Rodehaver, and got to be Prosecuting Attorney; but he took to drinking — politics, you know — and now he 's just gone to the dogs. Smart as a steel-trap, and bright as a dollar. Oh, a terrible pity! A terrible pity. And as you hear the fate of one after another of the happy companions of your childhood, and the sadness of life comes over you, they start to tell something that makes you laugh again. I tell you. Did you ever see one of these concave glasses, such as the artists use when they want to get an idea of how a picture looks all together as a whole, and not as an assemblage of parts? Well, what the concave glass is to a picture, so such talk is to life. It sort of draws it all together, and you see it as a whole, its sunshine and its shadow, its laughter and its tears, its work and its play, its past and its present. But not its future. The Good Man has mercifully hidden that from us.

"chopping up one of those yellow globes — with what do you suppose?"

It does a body good to get such a talk once in a while.

And there are the young fellows and the girls. This young gentleman in the rimless eye-glasses, who is now beginning to "go out among 'em" — the last time you saw him was in meeting, when Elder Drown was preaching, and my gentleman stood up in the seat and shouted shrilly: "'Tain't at all, man. 'Tain't at all!" And this sweet girl-graduate — the last time you saw her was just after Becky Daly, in the vain effort to "peacify" the squalling young one, had given her a fresh egg to play with. I kind o' like

the looks of the younger generation of girls. But I don't know about the young fellows. They look to me like a trifling lot. Nothing like what they were in our young days. I don't see but what us old codgers had better hold on a while longer to the County Clerk's office, and the Sheriff's office, and the Probate Judgeship, and the presidency of the National Bank. It would n't be safe to trust the destinies of the country in the hands of such heedless young whiffets. Engaged to be married! Oh, get out! What? Those babies?

I kept awake most of the time the man was lecturing on: "The Republic: Will it Endure?" but I don't remember that he said anything in it about the crops. (We can't go 'round meeting the folks all day. We really must give a glance at the exhibition.) And I am one of those who hold to the belief that while the farmers can raise ears of corn as long as from your elbow to your finger-tips, as big round as a rolling-pin, and set with grains as regular and even as an eight-dollar set of artificial teeth; as long as they grow potatoes the size of your foot, and such pretty oats, and wheat, and turnips, and squashes, and onions, and apples and all kinds of truck, and raise them not only in increasing size but increasing quantities to the acre — I feel as if the Republic would last the year out anyway. Not that I have any notion that mere material prosperity will make and keep us a free people, but it goes to show that the farmers are not plodding along, doing as their fathers did before them, but that they are reading and studying, and taking advantage of modern methods. There are two ways of increasing your income. One is by enlarging your out-put, and the other is by enlarging your share of the proceeds from the sale of that out-put. The Grand Dukes will not always run this country. The farmers saved the Union once by dying for it; they will save it again by living for it.

"the only foot-covering we wore"

The scientific fellows tell us that we have not nearly reached the maximum of yield to the acre of crops that are harvested once a year, but in regard to the crops that are harvested twice a day it looks to me as if we were doing fairly well. Nowadays we hardly know what is meant by the expression, "Spring poor." It is a sinister phrase, and tells a story of the old, cruel days when farmers begrudged their cattle the little bite they ate in winter time, so that when the grass came again the poor creatures would fall over trying to crop it. They were so starved and weak that, as the saying went, they had to lean up against the fence to breathe. They don't do that way now, as one look at the fine, sleek cows will show you. A cow these days is a different sort of a being, her coat like satin and her udder generous, compared with the wild-eyed things with burrs in their tails, and their flanks crusted with filth, their udders the size of a kid glove, and yielding such a little dab of milk and for such a short period. Hear the dairyman boast now of the miraculous yearly yields in pounds of butter and milk, and when they say: "You 've got to treat a cow as if she were a lady," it sounds like good sense.

Pigs are naturally so untidy about their persons, and have such shocking table-manners that it seems difficult to treat a sow like a lady, but that one in the pen yonder, with her litter of sucking pigs, seems very interesting. Come, let 's have a look. Are n't the little pigs dear things? I 'd like to climb in and take one of them up to pet it; do you s'pose she 'd mind it if I did? I can see decided improvement in the modern pig over old Mose Batcheller's. If you remember, his were what were known as "razorbacks." They could go like the wind, and the fence was not made that could stop them. If they could n't root under it, they could turn themselves sidewise and slide through between the rails. It was told me that, failing all else, they could give their tails a swing — you remember the big balls of mud they used to have on their tails' ends — they could swing their tails after the manner of an athlete throwing the hammer, and fly over the top of the tallest stake-and-rider fence ever put up. I don't know whether this is the strict truth or not, but it is what was told me as a little boy, and I don't think people would wilfully deceive an innocent child.

The pigs nowadays are n't as smart as that, but they cut up better at hog-killing time. They are n't quite so trim; indeed, they are nothing but cylinders of meat, whittled to a point at the front end, and set on four pegs, but as you lean on the top-rail of the pen,

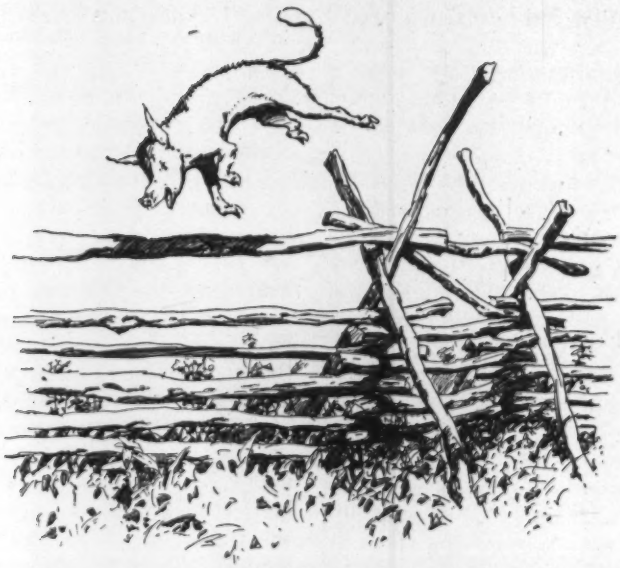
out at the County Fair and look down upon them, you can picture in your mind, without much effort, ham, and side-meat, and bacon, and spare-ribs, and smoked shoulder, and head-cheese, and liver-wurst, and sausages, and glistening white lard for crullers and pie-crust — Yes, I think pigs are right interesting. I know they 've got Scripture for it, the folks that think it is wrong to eat pork, but somehow I feel sorry for them; they miss such a lot, not only in the eating line, but other ways. They are always being persecuted, and harassed, and picked at. Whereas the pork-fed man, it seems to me, sort of hankers to be picked at. It gives him a good chance to slap somebody slonch-ways. He feels better after he has seen his persecutors go away with a cut lip, and fingering of their teeth to see if they 're all there.

"'al-cue-hawl will make you drunk'"

You 'll just have to take me gently but firmly by the sleeve and lead me past the next exhibit, the noisy one, where there 's so much cackling and crowing. I give you fair warning that if you get me started talking about chickens, the County Fair will have to wait till some other time. I don't know much about ducks, and geese, and guinea-hens, and pea-fowl, and turkeys, but chickens — Why, say. We had a hen once (Plymouth Rock she was; we called her Henrietta), and honestly, that hen knew more than some folks. One time she . . . All right. I 'll hush. Let 's go in here.

I don't remember whether the pies, and cakes, and canned fruit, and such are in Pomona Hall or the Fine Arts Hall. Fine Arts Hall I think. They ought to be. I speak to be one of the judges that give out the premiums in this department. I 'd be generous and let somebody else do the judging of the cakes, because I don't care much for cake. Oh, I can manage to choke it down somehow, but I have n't the expert knowledge, practical and scientific, that I have in the matter of pie. I 'd bear my share of the work when it came to the other things, jellies and preserves, and pies, but not cake. I 'd know just exactly how to go at it in the matter of jellies. I 'd take a glass of currant, and hold it up to the light to note its crimson glory. And I 'd lift off the waxed paper top and peer in, and maybe give the jelly a shake. And then I 'd take a spoon and taste, closing my eyes so as to appear to deliberate—they 'd roll up in an ecstacy anyhow — and I 'd smack my lips, and say: "M m m m m!" very thoughtfully, and set the glass back, and write down in my book my judgment which would invariably be: "First Prize." Because if there is anything on top of this green earth that I think is just about right, it is currant jelly. Grape jelly is nice, and crab-apple jelly has its good points, and quince jelly is very delicate, but there is something about currant jelly that seems to touch the spot. Quince preserves are good if there is enough apple with the quince, and watermelon preserves are a great favorite, not because they are so much better tasting, but because the lucent golden cubes in the spicy syrup appeals so to the eye. But if you want to know what I think is really good eating in the preserve line, you just watch my motions when I come to the tomato preserves, these little fig tomatoes, and see how quick the red card is put on them. Yes, indeed. It 's been a long time, has n't it, since you had any tomato preserves, you that have n't been "back home" lately?

It 's no great trick to put up other fruit so that it will keep, but I 'd look the canned tomatoes over pretty carefully, and if I saw that one lady had not only put them up so that they did n't look foamy, but had also succeeded with green corn, and that other poser, string beans, I 'd give her first premium, because I 'd know she was a first-rate



"fly over the top of the tallest stake-and-rider fence ever put up"

housekeeper, and a careful woman, and one that deserved encouragement.

But I 'd save myself for the pies. I can tell a rich, short, flaky crust, and I can tell the kind that is as brown as a dried apple, and tough as the same, on the top, and sad and livery on the bottom. And I know about fillings, how thick they ought to be, and how they ought to be seasoned, and all. Particularly pumpkin pies, because I had early advantages that way that very few other boys had. I was allowed to scrape the crock that had held the pumpkin for the pies. So that 's how I know as much as I do.

I suppose, however, when all is said and done, that there is no pie that can quite come up to an apple pie. You take nice, short crust that 's been worked up with ice-water, and line the tin with it, and fill it heaping with sliced, tart apples — not sauce. Mercy, no ! — and sweeten them just right, and put on a lump of butter, and some all-spice, and perhaps a clove, and a little lemon peel, and then put on the cover, and trim off the edge, and pinch it up in scallops, and draw a couple of leaves in the top with a sharp knife, and have the oven just right, and set it in there, and I tell you that when ma opens the oven-door to see how the pie is coming on, there distils through the house such a perfume that you cry out in a choking voice : "Say ! Ain't dinner 'most ready ?"

But I fully recognize that fact that very often our judgment is warped by feeling, and I am inclined to believe that even the undoubted merit of the apple pie would not prevail against a vinegar pie, if such should be presented to me for my decision. A vinegar pie ? Well, it has a top and bottom crust, the same as any other pie, but its filling is made of vinegar, diluted with water to the proper degree of sub-acidity, sweetened with molasses, thickened with flour, and all baked as any other pie. You smile at its crude simplicity, and wonder why I should favor it. To you it does n't tell the story that it does to me. It does n't take you back in imagination to "the airly days," when folks came over the mountains in covered wagons, and settled in the Western Reserve, leaving behind them all the civilization of their day, and its comforts ; parting from relatives and friends, knowing full well that in this life they never more should look upon their faces — leaving everything behind to make a new home in the western wilds.

It was a land of promise that they came to. The virgin soil bore riotously. There were fruit-trees in the forest that Johnny Appleseed had planted on his journeyings. The young husband could stand in his door-yard and kill wild turkeys with his rifle. They fed to loathing on venison, and squirrels, and all manner of game, and once in a great while they had the luxury of salt pork. They were well nourished, but sometimes they pined for that which was more than mere food. They hungered for that which should be to the

meal's victuals what the flower is to the plant.

"I woosh't — I woosh't was so we could hev pie," sighed one such. (Let us call him Uriah Kinney. I think that sounds as if it were his name.)

"Land's sakes!" snapped his wife, exasperated that he should be thinking of the same thing that she was. "Land's sakes! Haow d'ye s'pose I kin make a pie when I hain't got e'er a thing to make it aout o'? You gimme suthinn to make it aout o', an' you see haow quick——"

"I ain't a-faultinn ye, Mary Ann," interposed Uriah gently, "I know haow 'tis. I was on'y tellin ye. I git — I git a kind o' hum'sick sometimes. 'Pears like as if I sh'd feel more resigned-like. . . . Don't ye cry, Mary Ann. I know, I know. You feel julluk I do 'baout back home, an' all luk that."

O woman! When the heft of thy intellect is thrown against a problem, something has got to give. Not long after, Uriah sits down to dinner, and can hardly ask a blessing, he has to swallow so. A pie is on the table!

"Gosh, Mary Ann, but this is good!" says he, holding out his hand for the third piece. "This is lickinn good!" And he celebrates her achievement far and wide.

"My Mary Ann med me a pie t'other day, was the all-firedest best pie I ever et."

"Med you *what?*"

"Med me a pie."

"Pie? Whutch talkinn 'baout? Can't git nummore pies naow. Frut's all gin aout."

"I golly, she med it just the same. Smartest woman y'ever see." The man dribbled at the mouth.

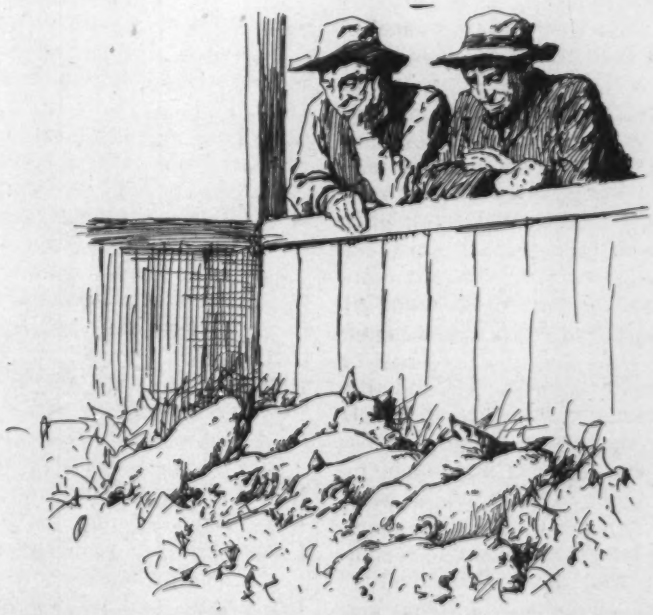
"What sh' make it aout o'?"

"Vinegar an' worter, I think she said. I d' know's I ever et anythinn I relished julluk that. My Mary Ann, tell yew! she's 'baout's smart 's they make 'em."

I wish I knew who she really was whom I have called Mary Ann Kinney, she that made the first vinegar pie. I wish I knew where her grave is that I might lay upon it a bunch of flowers, such as she knew and liked — sweet-william, and phlox, and larkspur, and wild columbine. It could n't make it up to her for all the hardships she underwent when she was bringing up a family in that wild, western country, and especially that fall when they all had the "fever 'n' ager" so bad, Uriah and the twins chilling one day, and Hiram and Sophronia Jane the next, and she just as miserable as any of them, but keeping up somehow, God only knows how. It could n't make it up to her, but as I laid the pretty posies against the leaning headstone on which is written:

A Loving Wife, a Mother Dear,
A Faithful Friend Lies Buried here,

I believe she 'd get word of it somehow,



"Yes, I think pigs are right interesting"

and understand what I was trying to say by it.

I 'll ask to be let off the committee that judges the rest of the exhibits in the Fine Arts Hall, the quilts and the Battenberg and the crocheting, and such. I know the Log-Cabin pattern, and the Mexican-Feather pattern, and I think I could make out to tell the Hen-and-Chickens pattern of quilts, but that 's as much as ever. And as to the real, hand-painted views of fruit-cake, and grapes and apples on a red table-cloth, I am one of those that can't make allowances for the fact that she only took two terms. I call to mind one picture that Miss Alvalou Ashbaker made of her pap, old "Coonrod" Ashbaker. The Lord knows he was a "humbly critter," but he was n't as "humbly" as she made him out to be, with his eyes bugging out of his head as if he was choking on a fishbone. And, instead of her dressing him up in his Sunday clothes, I wish I may never see the back of my neck if that girl did n't paint him in a red-and-black, barred flannel shirt, with porcelain buttons on it! And his hair looked as if the calf had been at it. Would n't you think somebody would have told her? And that is n't all. *She got the premium!*

"I 'd smack my lips and say: 'Mmmmm!' very thoughtfully"

Neither am I prepared to pass judgment on the fancy penmanship displayed by Professor Swope, framed elegantly in black walnut and gilt, depicting a bounding deer, all made out of hair-line, shaded spirals done with his facile pen. (No wonder a deer can jump so, with all those springs inside him.) Professor Swope writes visiting cards for you, wonderful birds done in flourishes and holding ribbons in their bills. He puts your name on the ribbon place. Neatest and tastiest thing you can imagine. I like to watch him do it, but it makes me feel unhappy, somehow. I never was much of a scribe, and it 's too late for me to learn now.

I don't feel so downcast when I examine the specimens of writing done by the children of District No. 34. I can just see the young ones working at home on these things, with their tongues stuck out of one corner of their mouths.

Rome was not built in a day
Rome was not built in a day
Rome was not built in a day

and so on, bearing down hard on the down-stroke of the curve in the capital 'R,' and clubbing the end of the little 't.' And in the higher grades, they toil over "An Original Social Letter," describing to an imaginary correspondent a visit to Crystal Lake, or the Magnetic Springs. I can hear them mourn: "What shall I say next?" and "Ma, make Effie play some place else, won't you? She jist joggles the table like everything. Now, see what you done Now I got to write it all over again. No, I cain't 'scratch it out.' How 'd it look to the County Fair all scratched out? Plague take it all!"

The same hands have done maps of North and South America, and red and blue ink pictures of the circulation of the blood. It does beat all how smart the young ones are nowadays. I could no more draw off a picture of the circulation of the blood — get it right, I mean — why, I would n't attempt it.

I am kind of mixed up in my recollection of the hall right next to the Fine Arts. You know it had two doors in each end. Sometimes I can see the central space, between the doors, roped off and devoted to sewing-machines with persons demonstrating that they ran as light as a feather, and how it was no trouble at all to tuck and gather, and fell; to organs, which struck me with amaze because by some witchcraft (octave coupler, I think they called it) the man could play on keys that he didn't touch, and pianos, whereon young ladies were prevailed to perform "Silvery Waves" — that 's a lovely piece, I think, don't you? — and

Listen to the mocking-bird, TEE-dle-eedle-DONG
Listen to the mocking-bird, teedle-eedle-EE-dle DONG
The mocking-bird still singing o'er her grave, tooma-tooral-oo-ral-LEE.

And then again I can see that central, roped-off space given over to reckless deviltry, sheer, impudent, brazen-faced, bold, discipline-defying er — er — wickedness. I had heard that people did such things, but this was the first time I had ever caught a glimpse of such carryings-on in the broad open daylight, right before everybody. I stood there and watched them for hours, expecting every minute to see fire fall from heaven on them and burn up every son and daughter of Belial. But it did n't.

I seem to recollect that it was a hot day, and that, tucked away where not a breath of air could get to them, there were three fellows in their shirt-sleeves, one playing on an organ, one on a yellow clarinet, and one on a fiddle. Every chance he could get, the fiddler would say to the organist : "Gimme A, please," and saw away trying to get into some sort of tune, but the catgut was never twisted that would hold to pitch with the perspiration dribbling down his fingers in little rills. The clarinet man looked as if he wanted to cry, and he had to twitter his eyelids all the time to keep the sweat from blinding him ; and, every once in a while, his soggy reed would let go of a squawk that sounded like a scared chicken. But the organ groaned on unrelentingly, and the tune did n't matter so much as the rhythm which was kept up as regular as a clock, whack ! whack ! whack ! whack ! And there were two or three other fellows with badges on that went around shouting : "Select your podners for the next quadrille ! One more couple wanted right over here !"

Dancing! M-hm.

The fiddler "called-off" and chanted to the tune, with his mouth on one side : "Sul-lootch podners ! First couple forward and back. Side couples the same. Doe see do-o-o-o. Al-lee-man LEFT ! Bal-lunce ALL ! Sa-weeng the corners !" I don't know whether I get the proper order of these commands or not, or whether my memory serves me as to their effect, but it seems to me that at "Bal-lunce ALL !" the ladies demurely teetered, first on one foot and then on the other, like a frozen-toed rooster, while the gents fairly tore themselves apart with grape-vine twists and fancy steps, and slapped the dust out of the cracks in the floor. When it came to "Sa-WEENG your podners !" the room billowed with flying skirts and the ladies squealed like anything. It made you a little dizzy to watch them do "Graaan' right and left," and you could understand how those folks felt — there were always one or two in each set — who had to be hauled this way and that, not sure whether they were having a good time or not, but hoping they were, their faces set in a sickly grin, while their foreheads wrinkled into a puzzled : "How 's that ? I did n't quite catch that last remark" expression. I don't know if it affected you in the same way that it did me, but after I had stood there for a time and watched those young men and women thus wasting the precious moments that dropped like priceless pearls into the ocean of eternity, and were lost irrevocably, young men and women giving themselves up to present enjoyment without one serious thought in their minds as to who was going to wash the supper dishes, or what would happen if the house took fire while they were away — I say I do not know how the sight of such reckless frivolity affected you, but I know that after so long a time my face would

"then put on the cover, and trim off the edge, and pinch it up in scallops"

get all cramped up from wearing a grin, and I 'd have to go out and look at the reapers and binders to rest myself so I could come back and look some more.

There are two things that you simply have to do at the County Fair, or you are n't right sure you 've been. One is to drink a glass of sweet cider just from the press (which, I may say in passing, is an over-rated luxury. Cider has to be just the least bit "frisky" to be good. I don't mean hard, but "frisky." You know), and the other is

to buy a whip, if it is only the little, toy, fifteen-cent kind. On the next soap-box to the old fellow that comes every year to sell pictorial Bibles and red, plush-covered albums, the old fellow in the green slippers that talks as if he were just ready to drop off to sleep — on the next soap-box to him is the man that sells the whips. You can buy one for a dollar, two for a dollar, or four for a dollar, but not one for fifty cents, or one for a quarter. Don't ask me why, for I don't know. I am just stating the facts. It can't be done, for I 've seen it tried, and if you keep up the attempt too long, the whipman will lose all patience with your unreasonableness, and tell you to go 'long about your business if you 've got any, and not bother the life and soul out of him, because he won't sell anything but a dollar's worth of whips, and that 's all there is about it !

He sells other things, handsaws, and pencils, and mouth-harps, and two knives for a quarter, of such pure steel that he whittles shavings off a wire nail with 'em, and is particular to hand you the very identical knife he did it with. He has jewelry, though I don't suppose you could cut a wire nail with it. You might, at that. To him approaches a boy.

"Got 'ny collar-buttons ?"

"Well, now, I 'll just look and see. Here's a beautiful, rolled-plate, gold watch-chain, with an elegant jewel charm. Lovely blue jewel." He dangles the chain and its rich glass pendant, and it certainly does look fine." That 'd cost you $2.50 at the store. How 'd that strike you ?"

"Hpm. I want a collar-button."

"Well, now, you hold on a minute. Lemme look again. Ah, here 's a package 'at orta have some in it. Yes, sir, here 's four of 'em, enough to last you a lifetime ; front, back, and both sleeves, the kind that flips and don't tear the buttonholes. Well, by ginger ! Now, how 'd that git in here, I want to know ? That gold ring. Well, I don't care. It 'll have to go with the collar-buttons. Tell you what I 'll do with you : I 'll let you have this elegant, solid-gold rolled-plate watch-chain and jewel, this elegant, solid-gold ring to git married with — Hay ? how about it ? — and these four collar-buttons for — for — twenty-five cents, or a quarter of a dollar."

That boy never took that quarter out of his breeches pocket. It just jumped out of itself.

But I see that you are getting the fidgets. You 're hoping that I 'll come to the horse-racing pretty soon. You want to have it all

"'I woosh't — I woosh't was so we could hev pie,' sighed one such"

brought back to you, the big, big race-track which, as you remember it now, must have been about the next size smaller than the earth's orbit around the sun. You want me to tell about the old farmer with the bunch of timothy whiskers under his chin that gets his old, jingling wagon on the track just before a heat is to be trotted, and all the people yell at him: "Take him out!" You want me to tell how the trotters looked walking around in their dusters, with the eye-holes bound with red braid, and how the drivers of the sulkies sat with the tails of their horses tucked under one leg. Well, I 'm not going to do anything of the kind, and if you don't like it, you can go to the box-office and demand your money back. I hope you 'll get it.

"OLD 'COONROD' ASHBAKER"

"The Lord knows he was a 'humbly critter'"

First place, I don't know anything about racing, and consequently I don't believe it 's a good thing for the country. All I know is, that some horses can go faster than others, but which are the fastest ones I can't tell by the looks, though I have tried several times. . . . I did *not* walk back. I bought a round-trip ticket. They will tell you that these events at the County Fair tend to improve the breed of horses. So they do — of fast horses. But fast horses are no good. They can't any of them go as fast as a nickel trolley-car when it gets out where there are n't any houses. And they not only are no good, they 're a positive harm. You know and I know that just as soon as a man gets cracked after fast horses, it 's good-by John with him.

In the next place, I would n 't mind it if it was only interesting to me. But it is n't. It bores me to death. You sit there and sit there trying to keep awake while the drivers jockey and jockey, scheming to get the advantage of the other fellow, and the bell rings so many times for them to come back after you think: "They 're off this time, sure," that you get sick of hearing it. And when they do get away, why, who can tell which horse is in the lead? On the far side of the track they don't appear to do anything but poke along, and once in a while some fool horse will "break" and that 's annoying. And then when they come into the stretch, the other folks that see you with the field-glasses, keep nudging you and asking: "Who 's ahead, mister? Hay? Who 's ahead?" And it 's ruinous to the voice to yell: "Go it! Go it! GO IT, ye devil, you!" with your throat all clenched that way and your face as red as a turkey-gobbler's. And that second when they are going under the wire, and the horse you rather like is about a nose behind the other one that you despise! — Oh, tedious, very tedious. Ho hum, Harry! If I was n't engaged, I would n't marry. Did you think to put a saucer of milk out for the kitty before you locked up the house?

No. Horse-racing bores me to death, and as I am one of the charter members of the Anti-Other-Folks'-Enjoyment Society, organized to stop people from amusing themselves in ways that we don't care for, you can readily see that it is a matter of principle with me to ignore horse-racing, and not to give it so much encouragement as would come from mentioning it.

If you 're so interested in improving the breed of horses by competitive contests, what 's the matter with that one where the prize is $5 for the team that can haul the heaviest load on a stone-boat, straight pulling? Pile on enough stones to build a house, pretty near, and the owner of the team, a young fellow with a face like Keats, goes: "Ck! Ck! Ck! Geet . . . ep . . . thah . . . BILL! Geet ep, Doll-ay!" and cracks his whip, and kisses with his mouth, and the horses dance and tug, and jump around and strain till the stone-boat slides on the grass, and then men climb on until the load gets so heavy that

the team can't budge it. Then another team tries, and so on, the competitors jawing and jowering at each other with: "Ah, that ain't fair! That ain't fair! They started it sideways."

"That don't make no difference."

"Yes, it does, too, make a difference. Straight ahead four inches. That 's the rule."

"Well, did n't they go straight ahead four inches? What 's a matter with ye?"

"I 'll darn soon show ye what 's the matter with me, you come any o' your shenannigan around here."

"Mighty ready to accuse other folks o' shenannigan, ain't ye? For half a cent I 'd paste you in the snoot."

"Now, boys! Now, boys! None o' that."

Lots more excitement than a horse-race. Lots more improving to the mind, and beneficial to the country.

And if you hanker after the human element of skill, what 's the matter with the contest where the women see who can hitch up a horse the quickest? Did n't you have your favorite picked out from the start? I did. She was about thirteen years old, dressed in an organdie, and I think she had light blue ribbons flying from her hat, light blue or pink, I forget which. Her pa helped her unharness, and you could tell by the way he looked at her that he thought she was about the smartest young one for her age in her neighborhood. (You ought to hear her play "General Grant's Grand March" on the organ he bought for her, a fine organ with twenty-four stops and two full sets of reeds, and a mirror in the top, and places to set bouquets and all.) There was a woman in the contest that seemed, by her actions, to think that the others were just wasting their time competing with her; but when they got the word "Go!" (Old Nate Wells was the judge; he sold out the livery-stable business to Charley, you recollect) her horse backed in wrong, and she got the harness all twisty-ways, and everything went bewitched. And was n't she provoked, though? Served her right, I say. A little woman beside her was the first to jump into her buggy, and drive off with a strong inhalation of breath, and that nipping together of the lips that says: "A-a-ah! I tell ye!" The little girl that we picked out was hopping around like a scared cockroach, and her pa seemed to be saying: "Now, keep cool! Keep cool! Don't get flustered," but when another woman drove off, I know she almost cried she felt so bad. But she was third, and when she and her pa drove around the ring, the people clapped her lots more than the other two. I guess they must have picked her for a favorite, the same as you and I did. Bless her heart! I hope she got a good man when she grew up.

"'Hay? how about it? — and these four collar-buttons for — for — twenty-five cents, or a quarter of a dollar'"

. . . . . .

Around back of the Old Settlers' Cabin, where they have the relics, the spinning-wheel, the flax-hackle, and the

"'Go it! Go it! GO IT! ye devil, you!'"

bunch of dusty tow that nobody knows how to spin in these degenerate days; the old flint-lock rifle, and the powder-horn; the tinder-box, and the blue plate, "more 'n a hundred years old;" the dog-irons, tongs, poker, and turkey-wing of an ancient fireplace — around back of the Old Settlers' Cabin all the early part of the day a bunch of dirty canvas has been dangling from a rope stretched between two trees. It was fenced off from the curious, but after dinner a stranger in fringy trousers and a black singlet went around picking out big, strong, adventurous young fellows to stand around the wooden ring fastened to the bottom of the bunch of canvas which went over the smoke-pipe of a sort of underground furnace in which a roaring fire had been built. As the hot air filled the great bag, it was the task of these helpers to shake out the wrinkles and to hold it down. Older and wiser ones forbade their young ones to go near it. Supposing it should explode; what then? But we have always wanted to fly away up in the air, and what did we come to the Fair for, if not for excitement? The balloon swells out amazingly fast. The man in the singlet tosses kerosene into the furnace from a tin cup, and you can see the tall flames leap upward from the flue into the balloon. It grows tight as a drum.

"Watch your horses!" he calls out. There is a pause. . . . "Let go all!" The mighty shape shoots up twenty feet or so, and the man in the singlet darts to the corner to cut a lone detaining rope. As he runs he sheds his fringy trousers.

"Good-by, everybody!" he cries out, and the sinister possibilities in that phrase are overlooked in the surprise at seeing him lurch upward through the air, all glorious in black tights and yellow breech-clout. Up and up he soars above the tree-tops, and the wind gently wafts him along, a pendant to a dusky globe hanging in the sky. He is just a speck now swaying to and fro. The globe plunges upward; the pendant drops like a shot. There is a rustling sound. It is the intake of the breath of horror from ten thousand pairs of lungs. Look! Look! The edges of the parachute ruffle, and then it blossoms out like an opening flower. It bounces on the air a little, and rocking gently sinks like thistle-down behind the woods.

It is all over. The Fair is over. Let 's go home. Is n't it wonderful though, what men can do? You 'll see; they 'll be flying like birds, one of these days. That 's what we little boys think, but we overhear old Nate Wells say to Tom Slaymaker, as we pass them: "Well, I d' know. I d' know 's these here b'loon ascensions is worth the money they cost the 'Sociation. I seen so many of 'em, they don't interest me nummore. 'Less, o' course, sumpun should happen to the feller."

KANSAS AND THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY

A NARRATIVE OF TO-DAY

BY

IDA M. TARBELL

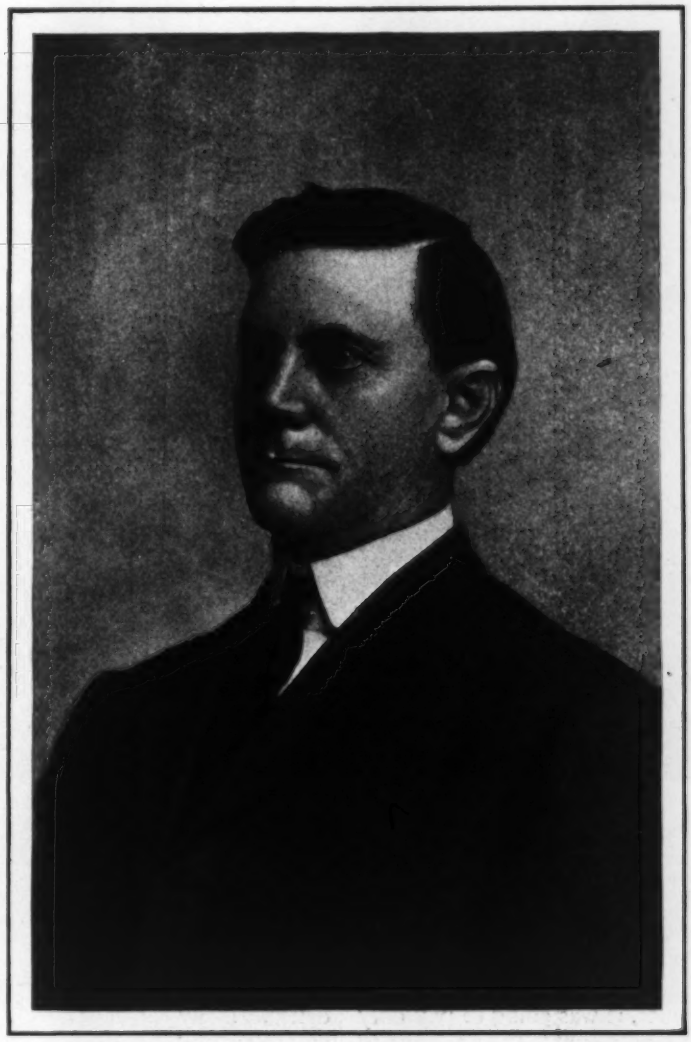
AUTHOR OF "JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER: A CHARACTER STUDY," ETC.

PART II—WHAT KANSAS DID TO THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY

THE Kansas oil producers faced a staggering task in the spring of 1904, when they first came to a full realization of the fact that they were entirely in the grip of the Standard Oil Company. Scattered, new to the business, without large capital, they faced the serene experienced solidarity of the greatest and richest business on earth. What could they do? What can a few hundred cattle-raisers do to-day, if convinced the packers are getting an unfair percentage of the profits? What can a lumberman of Missouri do to-day, if he wishes to find an independent market? What can a Colorado coal owner do, if he is outside the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company? What can scattered tobacco growers, iron miners, copper miners, do? What, but yield to the rulings of the trusts which, through the complacency, the cowardliness and the greed of the railroads have corralled these various industries.

But they are young in Kansas and they have never yet found an opponent big enough to paralyze their efforts, and they have had worthy foes — even Nature herself has fought them with plagues of grasshoppers, with drought and flood, and they have won out. These Kansans have learned not to be afraid. They were not afraid now. As a matter of fact when the producers formed their first association in the spring of 1904, they were armed more strongly for a fight than any body of oil men who ever united before. They understood all the moves in the Standard's game and they knew all the ways devised in the past of checkmating them. There had been plenty of ways for them to get this information. The country was thick with Eastern operators — men who for over thirty years had followed the oil business — men who had fought the South (or Southern) Improvement Company in 1872 and had won; men who had joined the producers' movement of 1880, and had been defeated; men who had picked up courage in 1887 and gone again into the crusade which resulted years later in the Pure Oil Company. A few of them were still full of fight and fury when the Standard was named, though more were cynically indifferent: "You can't fight the Standard; you 've got to take what they give you," they said; but whatever their temper, these men all were ready to talk, and from their lips the Kansas producers heard varying versions of how the different coups had been made and what measures the oil men had devised to neutralize their effect. The country, too, was full of Eastern drillers, salesmen, clerks. A great body of ready talkers who poured into the listening ears of the Kansans their versions of all the famous raids. The Kansans read as well, and many of them rapidly familiarized themselves with the literature on the subject, from the impassioned arraignment of a Lloyd to the dry-as-dust testimony of a congressional investigation.

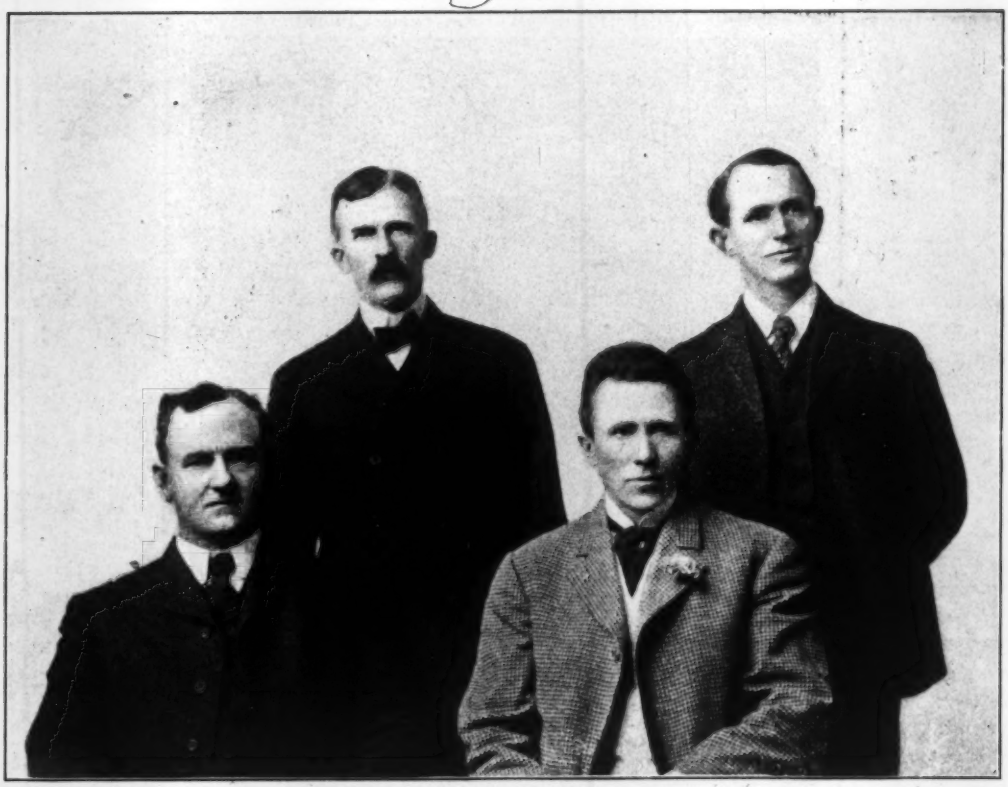
Thus, they were beginning to understand the game theoretically very well when, in May, 1904, a group of Standard magnates



GOVERNOR HOCH OF KANSAS

Under whose leadership the fight against the Standard Oil Company in the legislature was inaugurated and carried to a finish.

visited the field. It would amaze those gentlemen to know how much they did to "queer" themselves with many a Kansas producer in their brief visit. The party came quietly, but in visiting the towns or in driving out to see distant oil properties, they met many of the producers to whom they dropped various comments which served anything but the purpose they had in view. One was, "Keep out of all this producers' agitation. It is the work of the ignorant and the jealous. It never does any good, for you can't beat the Standard. Almost every man in this company has, at one time or another, fought the Standard Oil Company, but we have all had to give up and come in, and we have all prospered. The Standard Oil Company is the only thing in the business." Another remark was, "You can afford to produce this oil for fifty cents a barrel." The visitors gone, the producers pondered these remarks as they drove from well to well, discussed them as they met. What did they mean — what, if not that the Standard Oil Company wanted it understood that *it* controlled the Kansas-Territory oil field; what, if not that it decided what price should be paid for oil. The conclusion was that the



THE "BIG FOUR" OF THE KANSAS OIL WAR

1. W. E. West, President of the Oil Producers' Association. 2. J. M. Parker, Secretary of the Oil Producers' Association. 3. Senator F. Dumont Smith, author of the anti-discrimination and the commmon carrier bills. 4. Senator W. J. Fitzpatrick, author of the maximum freight-rate bill and leader in the oil fight in the legislature.

producing end of the business was fully and entirely in the Standard's power, and that now, when the field was sufficiently developed to insure its needs, it was going to pay only such a price as would enable the producer to keep up his territory with a small profit — that the value of the oil in the world's market had nothing to do with the price to be paid.

"You can afford to produce this oil at fifty cents a barrel," the Standard gentlemen told the Kansas producers in May, 1904. South Neodesha was selling then at $1.13. Two months later it had fallen to eighty-eight cents, and this cut was twelve cents greater than the cut in the Eastern oil by which South Neodesha formerly had been gaged. They were on the way to fifty cents fast enough. Every cent of decline now only strengthened the conviction that unless something was done, and done speedily, the end of the matter would be that the Standard Oil Company would own the oil fields, as well as all exits from them. By the end of July the excitement and indignation this conviction had aroused was intense. Mass-meetings were held in Chanute and Independence. Many violent speeches were made, and an extravagant proposition was launched to organize a company with a capitalization of $50,000,000 modeled after the Pure Oil Company of the Eastern field, which should handle production, transportation, manufacturing, and marketing, and *run the Standard out of the state*.

The excitement spread from the oil fields rapidly until all over Kansas, men and women were talking oil. It was the theme of every gathering — even of women's clubs; and naturally enough, for almost everybody was financially interested. A few months after the excitement first broke out, the Topeka *Capital* estimated the number of Kansans who had invested in oil as about 31,000. There were, said the *Capital*, 400 companies averaging 500 stock-holders apiece, 20,000 in all; 5,000 individual operators, and 6,000 landowners who had given leases. It was a

big enough body to make a lot of trouble if dissatisfied. There was no question but that hundreds of these investors had indulged in roseate dreams of quick wealth, that slow, hard, economical struggling had no place in their notions of the oil business. As one of them picturesquely described it: "When Kansas struck oil, she thought she had the world by the tail, and when she found she had n't she howled in disappointment."

But there was another and larger element of dissatisfied Kansans, and those were the retail buyers of refined oil. In summer in Kansas, with oil and gasoline stoves taking the place of coal and wood stoves, with automobiles and various machines using gasoline, the cost is a large item and it was only too patent that while crude oil had fallen nearly a fourth in two months, the price of its products remained stationary. Consumers began to realize that while for years Kansas had been producing crude oil, it had been paying more for its product than many states into which refined had to be introduced from a long distance.* By fall all Kansas was seething with indignation. It had familiarized itself with the career of the Standard for thirty years in the East; it was convinced that what was intended in Kansas was a duplication. As a matter of fact the Standard Oil Company was up against its own record.

At this juncture the popular wrath met a political campaign, and things began to

PHILIP PITT CAMPBELL

Member of Congress from the Third Kansas district. In February last, Mr. Campbell asked Congress to instruct the Department of Commerce and Labor to investigate the relation of the Standard Oil Company to the Kansas oil field. His motion was adopted without a dissenting voice and the investigation is now under way.

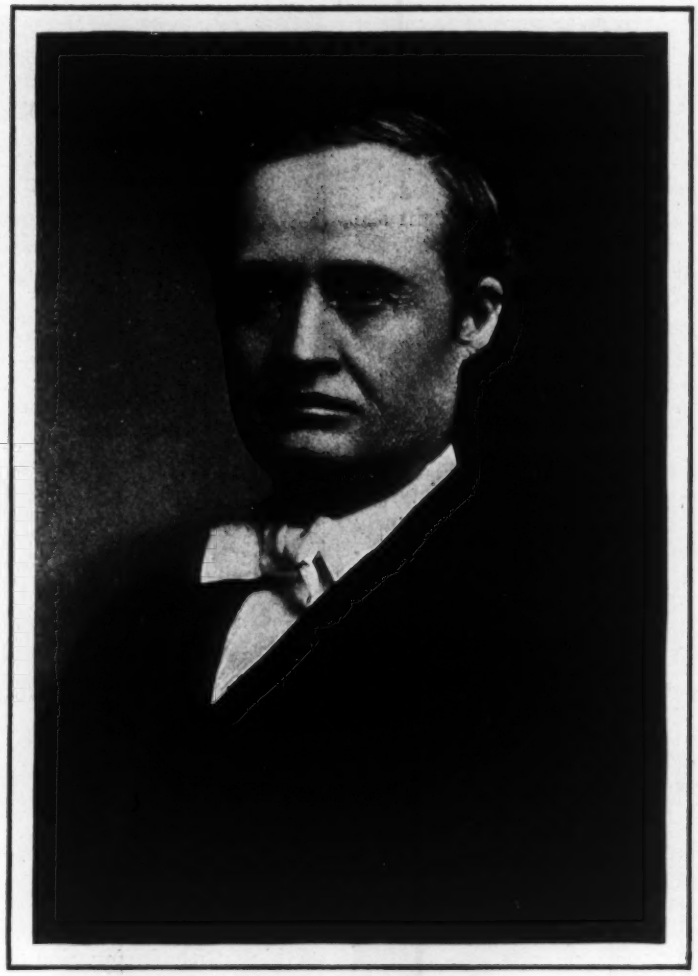
CHARLES FREDERICK SCOTT

Congressman-at-large from Kansas. Author of a bill making interstate pipe lines common carriers, subject to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

* According to the tables of prices compiled for the Industrial Commission in February, 1901, the average wholesale price of refined oil, including freight, in Kansas, was 12.57 cents per gallon. Compare this with:

Connecticut, where the average was	9.73
Delaware, " " " "	9.16
Illinois, " " " "	9.20
Maine, " " " "	10.18
Maryland, " " " "	8.39
Massachusetts, " " " "	9.90
Michigan, " " " "	8.92
Minnesota, " " " "	10.15
New Jersey, " " " "	8.45
New York, " " " "	8.71
Vermont, " " " "	9.84
Virginia, " " " "	9.09

Now Kansas, in 1901, produced 180,000 barrels of oil; nearly enough to supply all her needs. None of the other above named states produce any oil, and several of them are many hundreds of miles from oil fields.



W. R. STUBBS

Speaker of the House of the Kansas legislature during the oil war of 1905. Opponent of the refinery bill.

happen. The campaign with which the oil excitement collided was one of the most interesting Kansas has seen for a number of years. It had begun in a revolt of a portion of the dominant party, the Republican, from the long-established machine. The "boss-busters" as the leaders of the movement were called, had proved themselves unusually adroit, fearless and energetic. They had put up a popular ticket, had offered a program of reforms and economies aimed at all of Kansas's pet abominations, and they were conducting a vigorous and highly interesting campaign. The "boss-busters" movement was at the white-hot point when the Kansas oil fields began to feel the heavy hand of the Standard Oil Company. Fortunately for the oil men the candidate for governor, Edward Hoch, was a man who by birth, temperament, and education, sympathized entirely with their contention. Mr. Hoch, now fifty-five years of age, has been a resident of Kansas since 1871. He is a Kentuckian by birth, and his father, a native of Germany, was one of three men of Danville, Kentucky, who in 1861 voted for Abraham Lincoln. Young Hoch grew up there in an atmosphere of revolt against wrong — an atmosphere devoted to ideals, too, for his father as the governor himself puts it, was "at once the richest and the poorest man I ever knew — a man who read every good book he could get hold of, who rejoiced in the good fortune and sympathized in the hard fortune of his neighbors, loved his family and died at eighty-four,

penniless but wise, contented and interested to the last." When twenty-one years old, young Hoch, a printer by trade, came to Kansas. In 1872 he settled in Marion, where he had bought the Marion *Record*, giving for it his note for $1000 at two per cent a month. At the time of the purchase he had ten dollars in his pocket! The day after his editorship began, the grasshoppers struck Kansas and bankrupted the inhabitants. There were neither subscriptions nor advertisements to be had for many months for the Marion *Record*; but somehow Editor Hoch like his neighbors pulled through, and to-day the *Record* is not only a fine little property, but one of the Kansas sheets of which everybody takes notice. But while editing the *Record*, Mr. Hoch, a zealous Republican, was always at work for his party. He became in the course of twenty years campaigning one of the best known and best liked speakers in the state — everybody knew him, and everybody called him "Ed" — "Ed Hoch" just as they say "Bill White" in Kansas, or "Ed Howe" for their two leading authors. It is part of the blessed friendliness and intimacy of the great state which somehow makes a visitor feel as if it was all one big family connected by telephones. Mr. Hoch in the course of this twenty years had served two terms in the state legislature, and in 1902 he had been a candidate for state-printer. There was a strong feeling throughout the state that the office, an elective one, paying largely, was exactly what he ought to have, but he was defeated through the machinations of the ring, it was claimed. The people of the entire state were thoroughly aroused over the treatment of their favorite, and when the "boss-busters" put him up in 1904 as candidate for governor, he proved the most popular nominee Kansas had had for many a year. His popularity was strengthened everywhere by the confidence the people had that he would do something to curb the Standard Oil Company.

Mr. Hoch plunged at once into the fight against the corporation and before the campaign was over he was championing a novel plan for meeting the Standard and restoring competition. This plan, which seems to have been suggested at different points early in the year (and which, as far as the writer has been able to trace it, was first publicly suggested in the campaign by Colonel E. C. Little, of Abilene), was for a refinery in the state penitentiary. The suggestion was not so far afield of the practices and experiences of the state of Kansas as an outsider might think. As a matter of fact Kansas had made one successful experiment in the same line. This experiment was a twine plant established a few years ago by the state in the penitentiary at Leavenworth, for the purpose of proving that twine, enormous quantities of which are used by Kansas wheat growers, could be manufactured and sold at a decent profit — much cheaper than the twine trust was selling it. The result of the venture had been materially to lessen the cost of twine to the consumer just as the similar experiment in Minnesota, copied by Kansas, claims to have done. Moreover, according to the report of the warden of the penitentiary, the twine plant had out of its earnings in three years paid for the original cost of the plant and had a balance of over $24,000 on hand.* With such an example before their eyes it was not strange that many of the Kansans, excited and indignant as they were, looked with favor on the idea of a state refinery as a practical measure for curbing the Standard; or that when Mr. Hoch himself began to advocate it, it came to seem a quick and sure remedy for all their wrongs.

Mr. Hoch was elected and, in the interval between his election and the taking of office, the idea of a state refinery grew in popularity. It was not in the Oil Regions, however, that the demand for the venture was strongest. The chief demand for it came from the outside; from the consumers of oil, not from the producers and would-be shippers and refiners. For the first time in the history of the oil business, the consumers as a body were taking part in an oil fight. The consumer believed that the price of refined oil would only drop in Kansas when the Standard had a competitor, and they demanded that the legislature give them one.

The men in the oil field realized that a state refinery, though it might relieve the Kansas consumers, would go but a little way toward relieving them. They saw that they needed first of all either competing transportation, such as they might have if they could compel the railroads again to do their duty, or free transportation through the pipe line, such as they would have if they could force the Standard pipes to do the work of a common carrier. It was fundamentally a transportation question, just as it has always been

* See Fourteenth Biennial Report of Kansas State Penitentiary, p. 23.

in the oil business. The more intelligent men saw this, meant to wrestle with it from this standpoint, and looked with more or less alarm on the idea of a state refinery as a distraction which might prevent the passage of more basic legislation.

Such was the state of mind when Mr. Hoch took office and on January 10th issued his message. It contained the following paragraph:

"Our oil interests are in jeopardy. I am a firm believer in the competitive system, and entertain with caution any proposition tending to the centralization of governmental power over commercial enterprises which should, as far as possible, be left to individual ownership and control. I have been a student of these subjects for years, and am grounded in the philosophy of the competitive system in contradistinction to the socialistic idea of governmental absorption of business enterprises. The competitive system is essential, in my judgment, to healthy industrial growth, while socialism is a soporific which would put the industrial world to sleep. But, while profoundly imbued with this conviction, I refuse to be blinded by a theory, however sound, or confused by misleading terms. If an arrogant and almost omnipotent monopoly is to control in any business circle, the competitive system is slaughtered in the house of its friends, for monopoly is but one form of socialism masquerading under the name of competition. Monopoly destroys competition, and that is all socialism does, considered from an industrial standpoint. Rather, therefore, than permit the great monopolies to rob us of the benefits of the vast reservoirs of oil which have been stored by the Creator beneath our soil, I am inclined to waive my objection to the socialistic phase of this subject and recommend the establishment of an oil refinery of our own in our state for the preservation of our wealth and the protection of our people. A respected correspondent, objecting to this proposition, says that 'Every Kansan has always wished that our corn might be converted into beef and pork before it was shipped, but no one thinks it would be a good idea for the state to go into the business of feeding corn in order to bring about that result.' This is a plausible but not a sound argument. The cases are not analogous. If a trust should become able universally to control the price of corn, and should do it to the continual detriment of its producers, then the cases would be similar, and I apprehend my friend can now see the fallacy of his argument. Our producers are now compelled to sell their crude oil entirely too cheap, while the consumers of the final product are compelled to pay too much for it. Thus are we being ground beneath the upper and nether millstones of monopoly, and the people are rightfully demanding relief."

This passage went to a legislature not ten per cent of which probably, at that moment, believed in a state refinery!

The oil producers' association of Chautauqua County saw the chance this message gave to have something done at once, and ten days later issued a call to all producers and every one interested in the situation to meet on January 19th at Topeka. The interest in the call extended all over the state, and the prospect of the gathering acted as a strong stimulus to the refinery idea. The demand for a refinery seemed indeed to grow hourly, and men who had come to Topeka laughing at the notion as one easily to be put down by flinging the adjective populistic at it, saw with dismay that the adjective had no terror for the state, that it had accepted Governor Hoch's argument and was going to fight for the panacea. The two most important converts to the bill in this period were undoubtedly Mr. H. E. West, the president of the Chautauqua County Oil Producers' Association, who had issued the call for the meeting on the 19th, and Senator W. J. Fitzpatrick who was to lead the fight for legislative relief. Senator Fitzpatrick and Mr. West were old friends in business and in politics, and before the coming of the session had confided to each other their opinion that the state refinery would not afford the remedy needed, was too socialistic to be wise, and that they could not support it. But each was pledged to work for the oil interests; Mr. West among the producers and Senator Fitzpatrick in Topeka, and each saw in the few days following the issuing of the message that a mighty effort would probably be made to force the measure. How could they take advantage of this popular enthusiasm to get what the oil business really needed. Senator Fitzpatrick settled down in the state law-library to study the question. If we consent to a refinery, he decided, everybody will see that we must have laws to protect it — laws compelling the Standard pipe lines to give us oil — laws giving us fair transportation on the railroads; laws opening the market to us and preventing underselling simply for predatory purposes. The state refinery will thus become a means of demonstrating to the state what is really needed, and, if put into operation, it will become an experiment station enabling us to test how far the laws are being enforced; and he decided to support the measure. Mr. West on his side was working out alone a similar argument. On the 19th, the two men met for the first time in some weeks to discuss the program of the producers in the fight which they had come to Topeka to carry on. Each expected that their ways must divide on the refinery, but

to their joy they found each had been converted!

The producers at once inaugurated their movement — organizing a permanent association — appointing an able executive committee — calling for funds. The resolutions they sent to the legislature show how clearly they had analyzed the situation, and how perfectly they understood the elements of the Standard's monopolistic power, and how well they had planned to break it. See what they asked for: a state refinery — a law making all pipes carrying oil common carriers — a law forbidding the sale of products in one portion of the state lower than in another (all items of cost considered) — just and reasonable transportation by railroad and pipe line. Any one who knows the history of the oil business knows that there never could have been a Standard Oil Company such as we have to-day if those laws — the state refinery aside — had been enacted and enforced in the states of Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia and Indiana in the early years of the business. Any one who knows the oil business knows, too, that great as is the Standard Oil Company's ability and knowledge, and immense as is the momentum of thirty years of practical monopoly, it will be forced to divide a larger and larger share of the oil trade with others just so soon as such laws are universal in this country.

The program the oil men had outlined was rapidly put before the Kansas Senate. First Senator Porter who came from the oil regions, introduced a bill to provide for a branch penitentiary and oil refinery at Peru, Chautauqua County. Senator F. Dumont Smith from the extreme western part of the state, followed with a bill making pipe lines common carriers, compelling them to receive and deliver oil in something the way the railroad is obliged to receive and deliver commodities, and limiting their charges. Along with this bill Senator Smith put in one forbidding discrimination in selling between different sections for the purpose of destroying competition. These bills were followed by Senator Fitzpatrick's bill fixing maximum freight-rates on crude oil and its products — forbidding rebates and fixing penalties therefor. Now, while it was the last three laws which were of vital importance in cutting the knot the Standard had tied around the oil industry, it was to the first that the popular heart was committed. But in spite of Kansas's enthusiasm, the refinery bill was not to have smooth sailing. As has been said, a large majority of the legislature came to Topeka opposed to a refinery. They found a vigorous, able and popular leader of their views in W. R. Stubbs, the speaker of the House. Mr. Stubbs was one of the chiefs of the "boss-busters." A man of wealth and influence, with a big contracting business on hand — he had never been in politics until the movement for a Republican house-cleaning broke out in 1903. Honest and fearless, he despised with all his sturdy nature the petty grafting which dishonored the party and robbed the state, and he had gone in to put through a stiff program of reform and economy. He had done this at a sacrifice of material interests, for it meant turning his big business "over to the boys." It meant work, too, eighteen hours a day or more, but he was ready for it, reveling in it really. And here was a bill which threatened to carry the whole state away in a burst of passion, to obscure real needs, to block imperative legislation. Mr. Stubbs did not hesitate from the first to express his views:

"The bill to establish an oil refinery under the guise of a branch penitentiary is a subterfuge to evade the constitution that I do not believe will deceive the courts," he said, in an interview after the legislation had all been adopted. "It has a veneer of hypocrisy and is a sham. If the people want to override the constitution, why not have waited and submitted a constitutional amendment and have come out in the open with the threat that the state would go into the oil business?

"We have passed other laws that will result in protecting the consumer and the producer. They are safe and are molded on principles of just legislation. There is the anti-discrimination bill. That protects the independent refiner. It will not be possible for the Standard Oil to go into Emporia, and sell oil for nine cents in order to drive out a rival when it sells oil for twenty-two cents in other parts of the state.

"Then there is the maximum freight-rate bill, which provides railroad reforms that will enable the producer to ship his oil for fuel purposes. It will protect him from being gouged as he has been in the past, and will afford a market for the crude material. It is a hard smash at the oil trust.

"Kansas has started to hew out a gigantic path for trust reform, but the state refinery bill — that was a step in the wrong direction. It was the outcome of hatred and was not passed in sober judgment."

There were many men to rally around him in both the House and the Senate; men of whose integrity and good sense nobody doubted. And he had with him a small number of quiet and determined men in nearly every Kansas town. These men saw exactly what the Standard Oil Company had

done that was dangerous. One of them told the writer a story to illustrate his feeling about the situation. "A few years ago down in our county, a number of Easterners fenced in an eighty-acre lot and drove in a lot of jack-rabbits. Then they began to shoot the jack-rabbits. They thought that was sport. We soon convinced them it was n't. The Standard Oil Company seems to have done about the same thing with the Kansas oil producers. They corralled us by railroads and pipe lines, and they call that business. We hope to convince them it is not." And that was all the quiet man would say on the situation!

Men of this kind were everywhere opposed to the refinery while upholding the other legislation and being as determined as the most violent to break the Standard's hold. But Mr. Stubbs and his conservative followers were so much dry grass in the path of the fire that was sweeping the state. The executive committee of oil men in Topeka, led by their president, H. E. West, and their secretary, J. M. Parker, two men of extraordinary coolness, keenness and vigor, had started a campaign which had literally set the state on fire. They had flooded every cross-road with literature setting forth their complaints and their desires and appealing to the people individually to see that their representatives supported the oil bills. So cleverly did they work both the state press — almost universally in support of the refinery — and the mails that they soon had, apparently, every man and woman in Kansas feeling a personal responsibility for the measures. And responsibility is never held lightly in Kansas! It means you do something there. In this case it meant, thanks to the producers' suggestions, petitions and personal appeals. The mail of every legislator at Topeka was flooded with prayers to vote for the refinery! If he was outspoken in his opposition, he received double treatment! The more obstinately Mr. Stubbs, and the conservatives talked, the bigger grew the mail-bag.

The Standard, in the meantime, was helping the cause prodigiously. It did not, of course, fear the refinery. It could well have afforded, in the writer's judgment, to have let that bill go through undisturbed, and would have done so, if it had not been for the bills which accompanied it. These bills blocked their machine at every point. Let the pipe line be made a common carrier, and they must deliver oil — let the maximum freight bill be passed and the little independent could ship — let the anti-discrimination bill pass and the markets were open. This legislation, if enforced, meant the restoration of free trade in Kansas, and the Standard knew it and knew it must fight. Its lobbyists appeared in Topeka. Its Kansas branch being a creation of the state, and it being the investor of millions of dollars in the state, it certainly had the right to express its opinion on any legislation proposed. But it made the mistake of not coming out openly and frankly with its views. Its representatives skulked, were hard to see. A rumor rose that they were using money. There was never the least evidence of this as far as the writer could find out, but here, as at every other point, their record was against them! Why should they not do in Kansas what it was firmly believed they had always done in other states. The oil men, who had reached that acute stage of contest where a suspicion is as good as a fact, spread broadcast the warning that the Standard's agent had received two bags of gold by express! The papers took up the matter. Speaker Stubbs acted promptly. He did a thing which it would be a blessing to the country if every state speaker would copy when evil rumors are rife. He appointed at once what they called in the beautiful Kansas vernacular, a "smelling committee," or "boodle committee", with orders to investigate not only the Standard Oil lobby, but every lobby, railroads and all, at Topeka, and do it at once — and spare no one. The Grand Jury was in session. Every man in Topeka knew the Speaker could n't be fooled with, and such an exodus of lobbyists was never seen. The Standard agents disappeared immediately. "There was n't money enough at 26 Broadway to stop that refinery bill," one of them is reported to have said publicly. The "smelling committee" was never able to find a single subject for examination!

Then they tried other tactics — tactics which amazed their best friends. The price of refined oil was suddenly dropped from two to four cents all over the state! The drop, far from conciliating anybody, was regarded as an admission that they had been holding prices too high, a proof to the consumer that he ought to have had cheaper refined oil and gasoline long ago, and that the only way to keep it, now that it had come, was by keeping up the agitation!

Early in February, the Standard made another false move. It stopped work on all pipe lines and storage tanks throughout the field, calling in the crews and ordering them home. Bartlesville, Cleveland, Independence, Chanute, each oil center filled up suddenly with a crowd of disgusted, swearing workmen who had come, most of them, from the East expecting a full winter and spring job, and who were now ordered to shut down. Work was to be suspended on account of the unfriendly legislation impending. It had impaired their credit. They could n't get money to go on! On February 15th, the Standard Oil Company declared a fifteen per cent quarterly dividend. Kansas hooted in derision and the Emporia *Gazette* offered to take up a subscription! This stopping of work, followed as it was soon by a boycott of Kansas oil, that is a refusal to take it except in cases of contract, served the oil bills as, perhaps, nothing else would have done. The idea that the Standard was *punishing* Kansas turned much of even the most conservative sentiment to the support of the measures. "Scare Kansas! Well, we 'll see about that!" The people all over the state broke forth with a fresh deluge of protests and petitions. "We are not busy just now," wrote a western Kansas anti-horse-thief association to the legislature, "and we are at your service in this war."

The boycott awakened public sentiment outside of the state. It was a "baby act," said the press. The whole country was sympathetic. One of the Kansas members of Congress, Philip P. Campbell, saw that the moment was ripe for Federal action, and asked for an investigation of the boycott. It was granted without a dissenting voice, and about the same time Congressman Scott introduced a bill for making interstate pipe lines common carriers, and putting them under the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission; a measure of vital importance and of undoubted justice.

At this moment of great popular excitement, the refinery bill was brought to the Kansas House. The opposition to it as a socialistic measure was still strong. Not only arguments against it on this ground were tried, but there was much biting ridicule, the most telling of which was a series of bills proposing a state brewery, a state packing-house and state factories of various kinds. "Josh bills" they called them! The Standard boycott had frightened scores of operators who now began pleading with the legislature to go slow. There are at least twenty petitions from the oil fields on file in Topeka, begging Speaker Stubbs to block the proposed bills. But the state was for it as never before, and when, on February 16th, it was brought up, Topeka was filled with a claque of hundreds; members who had held out until the day of the vote, succumbed at the last moment, many of them, with apologies: "My head is against this bill," said one, "but my heart is for it." "It 's a fool bill," said another, "but I 'll vote for anything the Standard Oil Company opposes" — "I don't believe in this bill, but if I don't vote for it my constituents will hang me and I yield to their will;" said another. Representative Lupfer, an old-time Populist, in casting his vote said: "I represent the remains of the Populist party which was decently interred some time ago. I am a voice from the grave. The day of our resurrection is here. I extend to the Republican party an invitation into our fold. If you don't come into our fold I think we can come into yours." The bill passed the House with only sixteen or eighteen dissenting voices — voices of men of such integrity that no one suspected them of being bribed. There was not a weak-kneed member that did not vote aye — regardless of his own principles, lest he be suspected of having sold himself to the Standard.

The same week that saw the passage of the refinery bill saw that of the other oil bills. It was a body of laws admirably adapted to cut the knots which held the oil trade, but legislation however admirable does nothing of itself. Like a New Year's resolution it must be applied, and there was little or nothing in Kansas at that moment to which to apply the new laws. Before they would count there must be independent refiners, shippers, and pipe lines in the state. The oil men of Kansas had a longer and more trying task before them at the close of the legislature in February, 1905, than at the opening, for they had to prove that they had the patience, the ability, the skill to bring independent capital to Kansas and to build up from the bottom a machine which would be large enough and sound enough to compete efficiently with the Standard. Having acquired such a machine they must learn to operate it — must prove they could do business in competition with the greatest business concern on earth. The state had done all it could for them. Popular sympathy

had expressed itself in the full. It was up to them now.

The task was gigantic, slow, and painful, and the discouragements which assailed the leaders at the moment that they retired from Topeka flushed with victory, were almost overwhelming. They came back to find the whole oil country of Kansas suffering from a partial boycott and the fear of a complete one. Work had been resumed partially on the pipe lines and tanks of Indian Territory, but everything had stopped in Kansas. In some places lines were being taken up, and in March the writer saw half-built storage tanks at Humboldt being taken down and the iron shipped away. Indeed at every railway station it was a common sight to see pipes and iron plates brought in one day shipped out the next. All over the district wells were shut down because the tanks were full, and the Standard was refusing to run. Many a man, too, was being told his oil was below the quality required (30°), and the Standard would not take it any longer. The writer saw the run tickets of wells which showed a gravity of 32° for the oil in December before the order paying for oil according to gravity was issued, now showing but 28° or 29°! The reason given for the refusal of all oil below 30° was that it was too poor for refining. As this oil had been accepted for months, by the Standard and used in mixture at the Neodesha refinery, the excuse was felt to be weak. The rumor went out that the entire Kansas field was to be cut on account of quality. Now, while in the field the producers were being told their oil was too poor to be used, here is what the manager of the sales department of the Standard Oil Company of Kansas City wrote to a Kansas dealer who wanted an old and popular kind of oil, known as Eocene:

> We beg to advise that we have discontinued the brand of oil known as Eocene Oil, for the simple reason that Eocene Oil is a brand of oil that is manufactured from Eastern crude, but with refineries at Kansas City and Neodesha, Kansas, and with Kansas crude, which is far superior to Eastern crude in every respect, we are in position to manufacture a better grade of burning oil, and at the same time at a less cost, as we are able to save the freight charges that we have been compelled to pay on shipments from the East. Our price to you on Ideal is 11½ cents per gallon in barrels, f. o. b. Kansas City, and we guarantee this oil to give your trade as good satisfaction as Eocene, in fact, the oil will please your trade much better than Eocene. We would kindly ask that you take this oil and put it out to your trade with the same guarantee, and at the same price you have been charging for Eocene, and you will not have a single complaint from the oil. With the small percentage of sulphur in the Kansas crude, the refined oil we are manufacturing at Kansas City and Neodesha is almost entirely free from sulphur, and consequently the oil gives a better, brighter, and more lasting light than the Eastern oils, which contain a large percentage of sulphur.

By the great majority the boycott of Kansas oil was considered as the direct result of the winter's agitation; and a large party of malcontents, more interested in immediate results than in a final restoration of competition, had sprung up. The producers, as has happened sooner or later in every oil fight, were already beginning to scatter. With many it was discouragement — "We have nothing but a boycott for our pains," they said; and "we can never build up anything to compete with the Standard. There 's nothing to do but submit. They are the only thing in the business." Another body who had become lukewarm were those whose plans had been bitterly disappointed by the stoppage of business. Everybody who had been making money in oil through 1904 had planned for something — this man to build a new house or repair an old one — this man to take a trip East or West — all these happy schemes were blasted. If they had kept out of the agitation, they would at least be getting something for their oil. They might have made enough to have gone to the Portland Exposition. Was it worth while to forego so much pleasure for the sake of a principle! There was also no small number of shrewd gentlemen who realized that if the oil they now had was to find a market, it must be through the Standard lines, and they played their game accordingly, sneering at the uprising as the work of demagogues, doing their utmost to conciliate the Standard's representatives. "Of course they are pirates," argued one of these wise men to the writer, "but I 'm not kicking while I am in their power." My dad used to say, "Boy, when you get your paw in a b'ar's mouth don't you go to kickin' and rarin' and hollerin'; you stand still and say softlike, 'So b'ar, so b'ar,' till you get your paw out, then you kin holler if you want to." There were not a few of the Kansas oil producers, and practically all of those in Indian Territory, who at that moment were standing still and repeating "So b'ar, so b'ar."

All this dissatisfaction was fostered, no doubt, by the small but able and honest body of conservative operators who from the first had opposed agitation. The Standard is taking our oil, paying us promptly. It is a sure, regular customer, the only big buyer. Competition might give us more money, but it would introduce an irregular market. Let well enough alone. These men believed what they said, and they had large influence, particularly after the excitement had subsided.

The Standard ably aided the discouragement by explaining the agitation. It was not the result of anything they had done. The too rapid development of production, against which they had protested, had naturally forced down prices. The fall in prices has caused a cessation of the dividends of multitudes of stock companies and the failure of others. These failures had made the stock-holders, scattered all over the state, bitter; and, seeking a scapegoat, they had fixed on the Standard Oil Company. There is no doubt that many stock oil companies whose properties were very slender and whose promises were very big, did entice hundreds of Kansans into investments during 1903 and 1904, particularly. The whole state stacked something on oil. But at least these companies were frankly what they seemed — gambles. Certainly they were much more obviously so than the Amalgamated Copper Company, for instance, which used the name of the Standard's greatest bank, and some of the most prominent names in that concern, to draw savings from the men who had for years followed the lead of that crowd in investments. It is hardly convincing for any Standard Oil Company defender to show righteous indignation over a stock deal, however piratical, until the most unholy Amalgamated Copper deal has been explained.

At the same time the Standard pointed out the enormous amount of money they were investing, and explained the efficiency of their machine. They also showed how impossible it was for them to handle all the oil being produced until they could complete their trunk pipe line. In all this they were right. They had made a great investment. They were giving a great service. They could not be expected to take care of all the oil at that moment. These facts skilfully pointed out obscured in many minds the real causes of complaints as contained in the first of these two articles. At the same time the public mind became greatly muddled over the question of over-production of oil. A long and elaborate statistical article showing the world's great production was put out by Mr. Boyle, the Standard's chief press agent, in the Kansas papers, and paid for at highest rates — a plum of no small importance to the little Kansas papers. The imposing figures made the Kansas production look small indeed. If there was so much oil running to waste in the world, why did the Standard Oil Company come to Kansas? The inference was that their presence was purely and simply out of the benevolence of their hearts! That the bulk of the great increase in oil was either too poor in quality to be used for refining, or too inconveniently situated to be available, that the Standard since 1901 had been pushing in every direction in search of a new supply of good oil, that in 1904 it used over 100,000,000 gallons of Russian oil, took up all the oil territory it could get in Galicia and Roumania and was erecting refineries in both those countries, these facts Mr. Boyle did not mention!

Between the natural revulsion of feeling after a great excitement, uncertainty about the best course to pursue, the disquieting effect of the arguments of disgusted conservatives and the plausible explanations of the Standard, the radical men were for the time being in a trying and chilly atmosphere.

But they had not gone into the fight to leave it, they were not "rabbits" as the Kansas vernacular has it. They set to work with grim determination to find out what could be done. That competition was restored within the state was certain. The effect of the new legislation on the little refinery at Humboldt was immediate. It began to make money. Projects for independent refineries sprang up on all sides, and at least four are now (July, 1905) building. Thus it was at once sure that even if the state refinery was declared unconstitutional, as many predicted it would be, competition within the state had been restored. The refinery *has* been declared unconstitutional, but this is not a thing to deplore. It served a great purpose in the Kansas oil war. It was a rallying cry, and it was something everybody understood. It made clear, too, that for its own protection certain other legislation, in reality of far greater importance in

re-establishing competition, was necessary. It served its purpose, and should be allowed to rest in peace.

The oil men soon saw that the problem outran the boundaries of the state, that it was an interstate and an international problem, that what they needed was something more than refineries at home, that they must have markets in other states, at the seaboard, abroad; that is, that they must get Kansas oil into the world's market. Taught to believe that the only world marketer was the Standard Oil Company, they now learned that there were at least two great foreign competitors of the Standard which would be as glad to get their product for refining, as the Standard itself, if it could only be brought to the seaboard. Indeed, hardly had the legislative war closed, when offers to take 10,000 barrels of crude a day were put before the representatives of the producers, if it could be delivered at the Gulf. It took but a little time and investigation for the leaders to see that a large, sure market for all their oil, high and low grade, could be built up in various parts of the United States and in Europe, if they could secure reasonable transportation. If the railroads would do for them in other states what the laws had forced them to do in Kansas, a certain market both for crude and for the products of the independent refineries now building would be insured. To force such rates from the railroads, at least from the Santa Fé, the producers had a powerful club. Early in March the State of Kansas on the relation of Charles D. Schukers, Attorney General of Chautauqua County — one of the leading counties in the oil belt — had brought suit against the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé, a Kansas corporation, for violating the state's anti-trust laws by joining a large number of other corporations, railroads and manufacturing concerns, including the Standard Oil Company, the various packers' organizations, etc., in an association for enforcing non-competitive freight and passenger rates. The purpose and effect of this combination, the petition claimed, was to establish a monopoly in the goods affected, and the plaintiff prayed that the Santa Fé be deprived of its franchises and privileges, and a receiver be appointed to take charge of its property and close up the concern! The suit was begun while the excitement of the oil war was still hot. It was conducted with great bitterness, and the testimony brought out was exploited in the most sensational manner by the press. After a great mass of testimony was taken (the documents showing exactly what the Standard did in Kansas to cause an outbreak were nearly all brought out in the course of the examination) the case got into such a snarl that the producers decided that it would be well to suspend examination for a time until a digest of the matter on hand could be made, and a clear, safe course for pushing the case be decided on. No quicker had the examination been suspended than the representatives of the Santa Fé sought the oil men. The change that had come over their spirit was highly instructive. A meeker, more chastened body of railroad men is rarely seen. For once they admitted themselves the servants of the state, and all they asked was what they could do to satisfy the oil men so that they would withdraw the suits. Several meetings were held to discuss the situation. When the oil men realized that the Santa Fé was evidently sincere in its desire to compromise on a just basis, they formulated their wants :—

1. That the Santa Fé test Kansas oil as a locomotive fuel and, if it is found that it competes in quality and cost with coal, that they equip their engines in southeastern Kansas with it.

2. That the freight on fuel oil be put on the same basis as coal — that cars for its transportation be provided, and that facilities for loading and unloading be provided.

3. That the schedule of rates established by Senator Fitzpatrick's maximum rate bill be extended over their line as far east as the Mississippi, as far west as Colorado, and south to the Gulf.

4. That a special agent be appointed to devote his time to securing and looking after oil freight.

These revolutionary demands must have made the Santa Fé officials gasp. To be sure they asked nothing but what other commodities get, what all commodities should get, but it has been thirty years since oil has received any such treatment on any railroad tapping an oil field. But the situation of the Santa Fé was serious. The revelations of its cynical law-breaking in the case of the packers, of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company, of the Hutchinson Salt Company, as well as in the manipulation of oil freights, were before the public. They were anxious to conciliate, and at once conceded a part of the producers' demands. And at this writing

the concessions have been, in part at least, carried out. Oil is being moved in the state as freely as other freight; a special agent looks after it; the arrangements for testing it as a fuel are in progress; loading and unloading facilities are provided. No interstate rates, however, have as yet been granted, but neither have the producers as yet withdrawn their suit, and it is to be hoped they will not until they get all they should have and get it so well established that any failure to carry it out on the part of the railroad would be too conspicuous to be safe.

So much, then, they have done toward getting transportation by rail to possible interstate markets, but this bickering with the Santa Fé has been a light task beside the complicated and vital one of a pipe line to the Gulf with which the producers have been wrestling since, their legislative undertaking finished, they turned to working out a business machine of their own. As has been said, they were approached early in the spring by representatives of foreign independent marketing concerns, anxious like the Standard for a new supply of good oil, with an offer to take at least 10,000 barrels a day if it could be delivered at the Gulf. Having assured themselves of the good faith and solidity of the concerns from which the offer came, the producers had two tasks — to secure a pledge of the 10,000 barrels of oil, and to get the capital, some $7,000,000, to build the line to carry it. Curiously, as it may seem to those who are unfamiliar with the oil world, the former proved the more difficult task. Beyond the few men committed heart and soul to the cause of freedom and willing to pay what it cost, few could be persuaded to turn over their production. "If we do this it will be months before you can give us relief, and in the meantime the Standard will refuse to take our oil — our wells will be injured, perhaps ruined. Beside we must sell now, we need the money." "No use to try such a scheme," said others. "The Standard will certainly stop it, or buy you up and then we 'll be punished." Many of the most discouraging opponents were the Eastern oil men — men who will stake their last dollar on wild-catting, who will undergo any hardship in developing territory, but who in face of the demands of the Standard Oil Company are the most arrant cowards. To persuade men animated as these were by varying degrees of selfishness, cowardice or unintelligence took a fund of patience and tact such as few men have or having are willing to spend except on purely personal enterprises. But they hung on, tested one scheme after another, planned and re-planned, argued, exhorted, pleaded, and with what results? Why, that now (less than five months from the time that they first realized that an independent exit to the world's market was what the Kansas field must have in order to be free), they have organized a company which has secured from various operators in Kansas and Indian Territory over 11,000 barrels of daily oil production, together with 100,000 acres of oil leases. This company purposes to build a pipe line to the Gulf, and it has already negotiated a loan of $7,500,000 with which to do the work. They have also contracted with the Mellons of Pittsburg, large bankers and oil men of long experience, to refine at least 10,000 barrels a day at the Gulf, and market the same, the refiners furnishing sea transportation. This plan is at this date (July) fairly sure of realization. The oil men of Kansas are certainly playing the game with might and main.

But a long road still lies before them. It will be many months before the new company will be ready for operation. It will be a long time perhaps before the investment, meeting as it must the hard and perhaps unscrupulous competition of the Standard Oil Company, will be paying dividends. But that there is every reason to believe that it may win out, the experience of the Pure Oil Company of the Eastern fields abundantly proves. This concern started, like the Kansas company, in 1887, by the revolt of a few Pennsylvania operators against the Standard's control. They undertook to take care of their own oil — to do business independent of the Standard Oil Company. It was years before they were able to complete their machine, such was the strength of the Standard's interference, but for several years they have been doing a profitable business. On a paid-in capital of about $4,500,000 the Pure Oil Company has been able to increase its assets to some $7,500,000, paid for entirely out of its earnings. In the last two years it has invested, out of its earnings, over $2,000,000 in production, in increasing its pipe lines in West Virginia and Ohio, in building marketing stations, and in erecting a refinery costing nearly half a million dollars.

The Kansans will never meet such opposition as the Pure Oil Company suffered. Public

opinion is too keen on the subject to tolerate it. It would be interesting indeed to see what would happen in Kansas if the railroads should attempt to prevent the new pipe line going across the state, as they actually did prevent the passage of the United States pipe line through New Jersey, compelling the company to tear up its pipes and seek a new route to the sea across Pennsylvania! That the Kansas oil men will be supported by the state legislature in any legitimate effort, is sure. Never, indeed, has any body of oil men had the support of a state legislature before; in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and West Virginia, the legislature and, to a degree, the courts have always been the tool of the railroads and the Standard. Neither has there ever before been a body of people like the citizens of Kansas, willing to support independent efforts because they saw clearly that as consumers it was to their interests to do it. The absurdity of the old contention that the Standard Oil Company has made refined oil cheap has been thoroughly exploded in the minds of Kansans in the last year. They see clearly now the difference competition makes in the price of their kerosene and gasoline.

Moreover the Kansas independents have behind them a strong moral sentiment! The most impressive feature to an observer of the oil war of last spring was the deep feeling one met everywhere in Kansas that the particular methods which enable the Standard to force out competitors were wrong, morally wrong. Manipulation of freights was wrong; predatory competition was wrong, the whole peculiar machine for killing off competition was wrong. These things limited opportunity unjustly, they were not only undemocratic, they were corrupting, and they should not be practised in Kansas! Such a conviction is of course the strongest backing an undertaking can have.

The independent oil men have then a popular support altogether exceptional. Another element of strength that they have is an unusually well-defined idea of what they need. The tasks now before them are clear: to see that the laws of last winter are observed so that within the state there will be free competition; to force the railroads to treat oil as generously as they do other commodities and without discrimination; to carry their new company to a firm financial footing; that is to do business, do it as well as the Standard Oil Company does it, but do it without illegitimate competition; and, not least, if last, to throw all their influence to securing the passage by Congress of the bill their representative, Mr. Scott, introduced last winter making the great system of interstate pipe lines a common carrier and putting it under the Interstate Commerce Commission. As far as legislative work is concerned this is the most important measure which lies before the oil world of the United States to-day, and Kansas really ought to lead in the fight for it.

Will the Kansas producers stick to their task? There is certainly every reason, judging from what they have already achieved, to believe that they will. If they do, success is certain, and success is something more than a victory for their interests and for their state: it is a victory for the common cause of free opportunity in business; a national blow to that arrogant spirit of greed which, for selfish gains, aims to put a bounty of nature in chains; a demonstration that in America men need not, if they will not, be commercial slaves.

OLD DOG TRAY

BY

LLOYD OSBOURNE

AUTHOR OF "FORTY YEARS BETWEEN," "GLASS-EYED BILL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"IT 'S very disagreeable to be in a false position," she said.

"It 's one of the penalties of being engaged to three men at the same time," I returned.

"I never took engagements in the life and death way so many girls do," she went on.

"If I remember right, I was one of your early numbers myself," I said.

"I was only sixteen then, and nothing ever comes to anything at sixteen."

"You 've waited till twenty-three for that?"

"I 'm in an awfully tight place, Freddy; truly I am."

"You 'll certainly have to discard two of them."

"Oh, that part of it does n't feaze me any. One can always go off somewhere and write, you know. Call yourself names and say (from Virginia Hot Springs, or Bermuda) that the only way of avoiding a lifelong mistake is to positively cancel the past — and friends must accept this, the only notification! It is n't that, Freddy, the trouble is here," and with that she indicated the feminine heart.

"What 's the matter there?" I asked.

"The truth is, I really care for one of them," she said.

"Well, we all have to come to it sooner or later, Letty."

"Oh, it is n't quite that, either."

"How can you expect me to help you if you 're not more explicit."

"I hate to give myself away."

"Now, shut your eyes and 'fess up."

"But is n't it stupid to like the poor one best?"

"Then the other two are rich?"

"Oh, bursting!"

"What do you call poor?"

"He 's a struggling lawyer, just beginning to make headway."

"That sounds as if it were me."

"But, then, you are you, and he 's only he."

"Flattering," I remarked, "but obscure!"

"Oh, there 's worse to come," she went on. "He 's named Haggity!"

"Sounds Irish."

"Does, rather, does n't it? Specially when you precede it with Patrick and divide it in the middle with O'Shaughnessy."

"Give me a minute to pull myself together," I said.

"Then, he 's an alderman and makes political speeches."

"I thought you said he was poor."

"He 's the new kind of politician, Freddy — the modern school, you know."

"They 're often rich, too," I said.

"Oh, he 's incorruptibility personified. He 's so earnest that it hurts. He paws the air about the rottenness of municipal life, and carries the whole United States on his shoulders, besides — till you wonder it does n't crush him out flat. He 's the sort of man that stays awake nights, wondering how we shall manage to absorb the Russian Jews. He talks of them like bacon — and always calls them *the* Russian Jew, as though there was only one! And the Philippine question and Panama and the Open Door in China are as real to him as — as — that paper-cutter."

"I rather like the sound of all that, Letty. We need more people of that type. Is he anything much to look at?"

"Manly beauty is n't his long suit, but he 's a big, quiet kind of man, with rather nice eyes."

"A gentleman?"

"I would n't consider him for a moment if he was n't. But he is n't like you, you know — never flirted with anybody in his life, and would n't know what to do if he smashed a mantle-piece ornament, or kicked over a Sèvres tea-set!"

"I am afraid you 're overrating my social graces!"

"You 'd show the kind of compunction that would make them love you for it."

"I am glad you think so."

"But they 'd hate him for ever and ever."

"What 's called a rough diamond?"

"Well, roughish, anyway — but in all the essentials really splendid and worth while."

"Perhaps you 're too fond of him to be absolutely critical?"

"I? Not much! You know I 'd pick flaws in the Archangel Gabriel!"

"That 's what I want to get at. What are the things about him that you don't like?"

"Has n't a spark of humor."

"Bad! Pass on."

"The biggest feet I ever saw. Policemen feet!"

"They often go with big hearts. What else?"

"No small talk."

"I can easily forgive him that. Anything more?"

"He has big feet mentally, and often tramples on people."

"What kind of people?"

"Oh, silly people — affected people. He 's incapable of living and let-living — socially. Began by trampling on me till I had to get up and walk all over him."

"Met his match for once, did he?"

"Went over like a ninepin."

"I am not surprised if it were you that did the bowling."

"Oh, I did n't stop till I had him on his knees. I did matador, and stuck him all over with little flags, while he snorted blue fire and careered around the arena!"

"No high-spirited girl could have done otherwise."

"I just wanted to show him who was master."

"How did he like being shown?"

"Oh, he loved it — once I got him moving!"

"Does he know you 're engaged in three places?"

"Of course he does n't! None of them do! He has no imagination, and could n't make the necessary allowances."

"In your note (what I could read of it), you said you were all raveled up, and would I come and help untangle."

"I can always think better, Freddy, if I think out loud, and I can't do that without somebody to listen."

"And I 'm the somebody. Thanks!"

"You need n't say it in that hurt kind of voice. It 's a compliment, silly! You 're the only person in the whole world I dare be honest with. And when I 'm resting, *you* can think aloud, too, and we can both get in a lick."

"Then I 'm simply here to be talked *at*?"

"What did you expect — a gold watch and chain?"

"I thought I was going to have some share in deciding."

"Oh, you can *sway*, you know. You are expected to *sway*, Freddy, or try to! And you can interrupt as often as you please, and ask questions."

"A dizzy honor," I remarked.

"If you are going to be horrid and troublesome and sarcastic, you can just skip home. I can get twenty to do that by just raising the telephone. What I want is sympathy."

"The eternal feminine wail!" I said.

"And a man's point of view," she went on undisturbed. "You see, I don't want to marry the wrong person and have to live in Dakota afterwards!"

"You can always have the comfort of blaming me."

"What I want to know is: ought I to give up ten millions?"

"It 's a pretty big weight to put in the scales against true love," I said. "How old is your ten millions?"

"Oh, it 's not a question of his being old, Freddy. As far as that is concerned, it 's the other way round! He 's preposterously young!"

"How preposterously young, exactly?"

"Twenty-two and a perfect baby."

"Is he named yet?"

"Oh, you must have met him. It 's Leicester Phipps."

"You mean the old man's son?"

"He inherited the whole fortune, you know."

"And has laid it at your feet?"

"I suppose you 'll laugh at me, but I only engaged myself to him to protect the poor boy. I thought of the rows of people who were waiting to chew him up; and he was so

young and helpless and trusting, and it seemed to me a good idea to hold him up till he was fit to walk alone."

"How long have you been supporting his tottering form?"

"Nearly a year now, and though I say it myself, it has done wonders for him. I make him write to me every day, and the poor little sheep would have been somebody's mutton-chops by now if it had n't been for me! You would n't believe how people chase him. It 's a game where he 's always 'it.' One of the first things I taught him was always to telegraph (except to me, of course), so he should n't compromise himself. He 's so exuberant and good-hearted that he can't write three lines to a girl without laying himself open to a breach of promise suit! I don't mean to say that anybody could care for a child like that seriously, but I have a mothering feeling for him, and it 's always such a comfort to know you can lay your hands on ten millions if you want it."

"I envy you the sensation," I remarked.

"Well, it *is* nice," she went on, "especially as I got some of the fun in advance, you know. We 'd see the cup races from his yacht, and Cedarmere (that 's his place down South) I practically bought and fitted up myself; and he always keeps two of my kind of automobile, so when one goes wrong there 's always the other; and if stupid people turn up with introductions to papa, it 's so convenient to switch them off on him to entertain! The poor, dear boy has always been a perfect treasure — and it 's awful to make up one's mind to let him go."

"What 's the matter with keeping him?"

She shook her head.

"I could n't marry a man who looks like a plucked chicken," she said.

"Well, don't let 's scratch him out till we 're certain we don't want him," I said?

"But I am certain, Freddy. It 's all I can do to stand him for three days at a time, and even then I have to dilute him with the nicest men I know. I love him just where he is now, but if he got an inch closer I 'd scream!"

"That settles Mr. Phipps," I said. "He 'll just have to carry his little sack somewhere else."

"Oh, Freddy, it 's such a comfort to have you to talk things over with! You 've been in so many scrapes yourself that you 're a regular heart specialist."

"A lawyer has to be nowadays!"

"Such a comfort!" she repeated.

"Let 's get along to the next one," I said.

"Nigger Stapleton!"

"Now, see here, Letty," I broke out, "if you have any ideas of uplifting our down-trodden brother —— "

"Freddy, you 're too silly for anything. He 's white, really, you know, inside, but outside he 's as swarthy as leather. He 's always been nicknamed Nigger, though his real one is George Augustus Van Dyke Stapleton, and his grandmother was Spanish."

"You ought n't to blame me for the mistake."

"Poor Nigger has been punching peoples' heads all his life for that mistake."

"I should think it would save him trouble to give it up!"

"I guess his soul 's kind of dark, too," Letty went on reflectively. "You feel he 'd make such a splendid desperado if he only had the right clothes and a pistol. The matter with Nigger is that he was born out of his age, and to make it worse he 's rich, too, and only has to write checks instead of shooting peoples' heads off!"

"What sociological writers call a victim of environment."

"He 's an extraordinary person, Freddy; really and truly he is. Tall and graceful and pantherish, with that dashing look of a man who has been broken in to every kind of physical exercise. Take the handsomest vaquero out of Buffalo Bill's Show, imagine him a gentleman, well read, at home in three languages, absolutely *au fait*, and you have Nigger Stapleton!"

"Jimini," I cried, "let 's telegraph and hold him!"

"Oh, he 's held all right."

"But you seem to be putting that alderman fellow first?"

There was quite a pause, while Letty leaned forward in her chair and gazed into the fire.

"The truth is, I don't dare love that man," she said at last.

"Don't dare?"

"No!"

"But you have it in you to do so?"

"I 'd pay too terribly for it!"

"Pay? How?"

"In downright unhappiness! It would be the kind of love that is a fever and a torment to a woman: the love you sometimes see in stage tragedies, with people tearing their

souls to tatters and yelping for a precipice to throw themselves over!"

"You don't want to play Desdemona to Nigger Stapleton's Othello?"

"Oh, it is n't that at all. I could have got on nicely with Othello — any American girl could, Freddy! He had a profession, an interest in life, a place."

"Well, has n't Nigger?"

"I 'll tell you what 's wrong with him, Freddy; he 's too well off. A cheerful little mediocrity like Leicester Phipps sails through existence enjoying every dollar of his ten millions. But Nigger's money 's a curse to him. He is a man of strong character, energetic, clever, daring, and filled with a pent-up capacity. He 's peculiarly a man for whom the world is a battle-ground. He 's sent here to hustle and fight; and he can't find anybody to hustle and fight with, and somehow he lacks the imagination to let a punching-bag do instead! He has struck out in a dozen directions, and has had no trouble in making a third-class success in every one. But his large income prevents him from following them up. Why should he work for twenty dollars a week when a hundred times that comes rolling in without his lifting his little finger! He 's always checked in full tide by the words: 'What 's the use?' It makes him moody, restless, discontented. He 's absolutely the most miserable man I know. He has no place in the world; he 's nothing but a melancholy drifter; a superfluity! He 's at once too intelligent and not intelligent enough. He ought to be boarding pirate-ships, and is condemned instead to looking at the freckles on his soul! I 'd go mad if I lived with him a week."

"You never can tell," I said. "Perhaps you might mould him!"

"The trouble is he 'd mould *me*, Freddy! He 'd slowly put me out of all conceit with life, till I 'd throw myself down a well, or elope with an optimist!"

"I wonder you did n't think of all that before you got engaged to him?"

"The bothering thing is that you simply can't say no to him. You throw up your hands, wondering why you do it. If he happened along this minute in a hansom and said: 'Jump in' — I 'd jump, not because I want to, but because I could n't help it! That 's why I wrote and told you I was in such a tight place. When I 'm with him, poor Patrick fades away like the Blue Alsatian Mountains; and when I 'm with Patrick I feel I could run blocks just to avoid Nigger."

"Fascination versus true love!" I said.

"How trumpery one's feelings sound when reduced to words," she exclaimed. "I have always envied ants being able to talk with antennae (it is antennae, is n't it?) It would surely take the edge off such commonplaces!"

"It would reduce all intercourse to buttonholing, I said tartly. "Think how you 'd hate an ant that would hold on to you and would n't let go!"

"It *is* fascination," she said.

"That 's what I said when you snubbed me."

"I can't bear to be associated with the obvious, Freddy."

"There are certain commonplaces in life that the best of us cannot escape!"

"Of course, I know I could n't do anything crazier than to marry him," she went on, disregarding my remark in the greater interest of her own thoughts. "In six weeks we 'd be separated, and I 'd have to travel with a policeman to keep him from shooting me!"

"A gloomy prospect," I said. "So awkward at hotels, too, and on mail steamers — Miss Letty Hargreaves, maid and policeman!"

"You 've an awfully literal mind; I wonder I can be so fond of you."

"I suppose it 's because I 'm such an angel listener," I returned. "Such a help to a lady thinking aloud, you know."

"I am beginning to wonder if you are such a help!"

"I am beginning to wonder if you have any thinks worth thinking!"

"Of course, if you are going to get rude, I 'll ring for tea, and we 'll talk about the war instead. They seem to be raising a crop of little brown Deweys over there, don't they; only they ought to call them by numbers so we could tell them apart!"

"I don't care for any tea," I said, "and as for the war, I can get all I want at the club — and some over. Besides, I 'm not going to take my hand from the plow half-way. . . . I think we pretty well settled it against Nigger, don't you?"

"Freddy," she said, instantly getting serious again, "a woman — a woman of the world like me, you know — wants to *share* the life of the man she marries. Nigger has nothing to share; nothing but his restlessness, his moodiness, his futile revolt against

the commonplace. Metaphorically, he 's walking up and down a cage like a lion at the Zoo, and you can imagine how little ambition I have to walk up and down with him! After all, wealth is not everything in the world; it 's the badge or prize of most success, but, in a sense, it 's merely emblematic. This comes home to you with Nigger, who has so much that he has nothing left to live for. We 'd both stalk up and down our cage growling: 'What 's the use?' Love in a cottage may be silly enough, the people that have tried it seem usually to say so; but love in a pleasant little New York apartment on a few hundred a month is not to be despised — that is, with the right man — and I 've an idea, somehow, that that 's Patrick Haggity! He has come to a place where a pretty and clever woman of excellent family and connections — and honest, Freddy, you know I 'm all that — where a pretty and clever woman could do him lots of good. Apart from the social pushing (I don't mean in any horrid way — but you understand?), he needs a little toning down, a little civilizing, a warning pat occasionally before somebody goes squelch under his heavy foot! Oh, I am not saying it in any patronizing way. Patrick is worth the trouble, and under any circumstances would go far — only he 'll go farther with me to help him. His earnestness may seem a little absurd to worldlings like you and me, but I respect it — respect it tremendously. He has just the right limitations to make an enormous success of his life. You have to be a trifle thick-headed, you know, to really rise to the very top! And what he lacks in nimbleness of mind — brilliancy, if you like — he makes up for twenty-fold by his sturdy character, high principles, and cast-iron rectitude. . . . You need n't look so depressed about it! He 's a great man in embryo, and some day you 'll see statues of him in parks!"

"Oh, I 'm not doubting it," I said.

"It takes all kinds of people to make a world, Freddy."

"You must n't lead yourself astray with phrases and theories. The important thing, the only thing (when you get down to it), is whether you really and truly care for him. Now, do you?"

She nodded.

"Positively the real thing, I mean?"

She nodded again.

"Then you never really considered Leicester Phipps or Nigger Whatd'ecallum?"

"Not after I met him, no."

"In fact, they were a carry-over from your old, care-free, heart-free, don't-give-a-darn-for-anybody days?"

"Oh, Freddy, it 's all so much clearer to me now for having talked it over with you! I never drew any of these men so carefully or deliberately to myself. Somehow I could n't! The whole three were hopelessly merged together; for, of course, the money *was* a temptation, and there are whole streaks of Stapleton, a sort of somber genius, Freddy, that it seemed I simply could n't let go of."

"Well, you must."

"Of course I must!"

"You had better clear your feet as soon as you can."

"I 'll go to the Hot Springs to-morrow — or, perhaps, to the West Indies with the Lyttletons."

"Anywhere, so long as it is far enough off."

"Oh, if they all three turned up together I 'd have heart-failure!"

"And you ought to tell Patrick Haggity the truth."

"Oh, I could n't, Freddy; you simply must n't ask me to."

"That 's just where a man's advice will help you, Letty. You said you wanted my point of view, did n't you? Well, my point of view emphatically requires Haggity to be told. Remember, he 'll forgive you now, when he would n't later."

"I don't like you to say forgive."

"Well, allowances, then. If he 's all you describe, don't start by deceiving him. Make a clean breast of it. After all, it 's a compliment to like him best."

"He puts me on such a pedestal, Freddy!"

"Be honest with him, even if he has to lower it a foot. The chances are he 'll think more of you than ever."

"He 's sure to!"

"Then that 's settled, is it?"

"Ye — s."

"Honest Injun, cross-your-heart and hope-you-may-die?"

Letty performed the rite with an air of sweet submission, though she looked for the first time a shade depressed.

"How I 'd hate any other girl who was engaged to three men at once," she said plaintively. "It *is* horrid, is n't it?"

"One can live down anything," I returned.

"Still I *would* hate her, Freddy."

"Well, tell him that, too! Pile it on, you know. If you are going to grovel, you may as well grovel *good!*"

"I will."

"Now, suppose you tell me how it all happened about Patrick; I mean about your first caring for him. How did it begin?"

"I shot him in the leg!"

"Shot him in the leg?"

"Yes, indeed, I did!"

"How?"

"With my little gun, stupid!"

"Where?"

"In the kn — Oh, the Adirondacks, when we were all there, staying with the Melton Powells. . . . It 's nothing to laugh at! It was awful."

"I suppose it was," I said, restraining myself. "But it was so unusual, so out of the beaten track in such things, so refreshing, compared to the hackneyed dinners and dances, and will-you-be-at-the-Jones's-Thursday!"

"You must n't think I shot him right off," Letty went on gravely. "We were quite a big party, fifteen or twenty, and it was several days before we worked up to that, and though I could n't help taking in Mr. Haggity with the rest, there was nothing to make me feel I had met my fate. I sat next to him the first night at dinner and felt a little hurt they had n't given me one of their swagger Englishmen (they had two perfect loves — the Honorable Somethings), but I trotted out to make myself agreeable, and act as though I did n't mind. I soon found out he was in politics, and obligingly ran the talk into his own channel so as to give him a chance to shine. But he made awfully poor weather of it, and was as serious as though he was speaking to me over the coffin of his dead friend; and so, after guying him a bit about the Tammany Tiger and the average price of votes in Greater New York, I switched off on my other neighbor, and ignored him for the rest of the evening. I thought I had queered myself with him for ever (not that I cared two cents), for that kind of man is usually as vain as a peacock and never forgives anything that touches the least way on his pride. It takes a man of the world to be kicked all around the block and turn up smiling! But I had misjudged Patrick, for the next day he sneaked up to me with a pamphlet of his on 'Tenement-House Reform,' and said humbly that if it would n't bore me to death he hoped I 'd try to read it! I could n't help saying I was surprised he 'd care to bother about any one as frivolous as I was; and what do you suppose *he* said?"

"That he was surprised, too, perhaps?"

"Not a bit of it! Said the world was such a grim old place we ought to be grateful for what little gaiety and laughter there was in it!"

"Called you his Little Sunshine, in fact?"

"The identical words, though he did n't quite venture on saying I was his. And then he went on with a whole lot more about Woman's Place and Woman's Needs and Woman's Wrongs — a curious jumble of artlessness and altruism, of hard-headed sense and Quixoticism. He gave one a feeling, somehow, of always having lived amongst his intellectual inferiors. He smacked of the Y. M. C. A. and Chautauqua evening-classes. You know how I despise that kind of canned equivalent for the real thing, yet with him I was conscious of feeling a sort of pity. Mr. Haggity struck me as a man of a fine mind, inherently capable and broad and big, who, in his poor, self-made career, had been handed out more mental stones than mental bread. He had n't quite reached the place of being able to tell the difference, though he was dumbly conscious of preferring intellectual planked shad!"

"So you spread your little table and gave him some."

"Well, you know, Freddy, I really rather liked doing it. He was plainly worth a little trouble, so I just gave him a solid hour, and then sent him out to play. He was a very self-effacing man, and never came near me unless I encouraged him; but he was always around somewhere near, licking up the crumbs. After a while they nick-named him my Old Dog Tray, and one night Mr. Powell put a paper dog-collar on him and a paper chain, and led him up to me before everybody! He was so overcome, poor fellow, and blushed up to the ears, but I patted him on the head — he has such nice, wavy hair — and I whispered I was quite proud of him. Indeed I was (except for his feet) for it showed he was learning his lessons, and had risen to the heights of taking a joke. Three days before it would have killed him dead, but now he wore it all evening, and barked a few embarrassed barks just to prove how he had thrown himself into the spirit of the thing!

"It was on a Friday I shot him. That awful Friday! Della Enfield and I were practising

'HE MADE OUT IT WAS ONLY A SCRATCH, AND WENT ON SMOKING HIS CIGAR'''

at a target with a little twenty-two caliber when he came trailing along, smoking a cigar, and pretending to be quite surprised to see us. I was just about taking my shot when Della cried out to him to stand where he was. He answered, go ahead, or something like that, and strolled nearer the target. I suppose he meant it as a sort of compliment to me, you know, meaning I was such a good shot and all that; and, indeed, he had some right to think himself safe, considering he was about twenty feet this side of it — the target, I mean. So I raised my rifle, pulled the trigger, and hit him in the leg!

"When I opened my eyes, he was seated on the grass cutting the trousers off his knee with a penknife. It was wonderful how cool and nice and matter-of-fact he was about it.

"'I guess you 've fetched Old Tray,' he said, trying to smile, and in so quiet a voice I had n't a hint of what was the matter.

"'You 've shot him,' cried Della, the tears streaming down her face. Can you imagine my abject shame and misery? I ran up to him and tried to help, but he made out it was only a scratch, and went on smoking his cigar. 'Call some of the men and get a bottle of whisky,' he said after a moment, giving me a regular Old Dog Tray look, it was so generous and kind. Della flew off, while I staid by him in a perfect agony, for he was getting paler and paler, and finally wobbled over and lay his whole length on the ground. But even then he kept telling me not to mind, and made a forlorn little compliment about having been shot first by my eyes and then with my gun. Said, too, I 'd probably always remember him now, which was more than he could ever have hoped before! In fact, he acted beautifully, and almost made it out a favor I had shot him. And then they carried him back to the house in a long chair and sent for the doctor.

"He was on his back for an interminable time, with two trained nurses sent up to take care of him. I begged Mrs. Melton Powell to let me stay on, too, and I naturally made it my business to be as good to him as I possibly could. He liked being read to, for one thing, and then he had a tremendous correspondence that I took charge of, and wrote to his dictation. Conceive what an insight it gives you to write all a man's letters for him! Letters to his mother, his brother at college, his partner, his clients, political constituents and friends. Beautiful, tender letters, many of them, so much better expressed than he ever talked; and they pieced together for me the portrait of a man of singular nobility, a half-mute Milton, who needed but a few ripening years to take a high and conspicuous place.

"Your knee is a bad place to be shot in, and in his case complications set up, and for a few days it was touch and go whether they would n't have to amputate. They tried to keep this from me, of course, but I knew what was meant when they had a consultation with several great doctors from New York. I stood outside the door, trembling, while they were examining him and making up their minds. If their verdict had been against him, I guess I 'd have gone out and thrown myself into the lake! But they all went off in a special train, with three large checks, and said he might keep his old leg. I went in to see him shortly afterwards, and if there were ever two happy people in the world it was he and I. I was almost too happy to speak even, and when I took his hand that he held out to me and tried to, the words simply would n't come. He said something about Old Tray being out of the woods now, and then broke down, too, while I just fell on my knees beside the bed and cried and cried and cried. . . . and when I got up . . . we were engaged.

"On the whole, I think I was pretty lucky to shoot Old Tray!"

AMERICA: A STORY

BY

ALBERT KINROSS

ILLUSTRATED BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

PRESTON came from America, where he was a partner in a publishing business. I still see my mother's face as she greeted him. She was Irish, from the North, a Protestant of Protestants. She had — what shall I call it? — a superstitious awe, a shrewd, yes, even a calculating reverence for America; a rather simple, a sometimes embarrassing, an often amusing faith in that fabulous land. For to her it was fabulous. America! The word had one meaning. America was an Eldorado, a far-off region full of dollars; of ridiculous, unknown people who just heaped you with dollars. That was America's mission, her absurd and miraculous *raison d'être*.

So ran my mother's fable. A prosaic and no very elevating fable, you may say. But my mother came from a poor country; and, though in those years she wore silk and enjoyed the advantages of a polite suburb — we lived in London — she still clung to the old soil, and Heaven bless her for her obstinacy.

Naturally, therefore, when she learned that Preston was American and a publisher to boot, she saw him covering me with treasure. A gold-mine might have entered our little home in some such way as Preston. My mother's face showed that quite clearly. And all dinner-time she treated him as though, at any moment, he might break out and fill the place with riches. Perhaps she thought he would write out heavy checks, for no other reason than that was the way they did things in America. Porters bearing sacks of gold might appear at a signal from Preston, and leave their loads upon the dining-room carpet. Exactly what she expected I hardly know. She never formulated any method; but, in her dreams, in her hopes for my future, she always turned a disdainful back upon the British Empire, and fixed a cheerful and anticipatory eye upon America. It was her Arabia, and its "Nights" had survived the cold and penurious realities of a played-out Orient, a played-out hemisphere; in an age of grocer's books and thieving maid-servants they were remarkable, the one empurpled patch of color These new Arabian Nights of hers gleamed, starred and striped, against the fiercely precise and unromantic practices of our dethroned, nay, our inglorious, East.

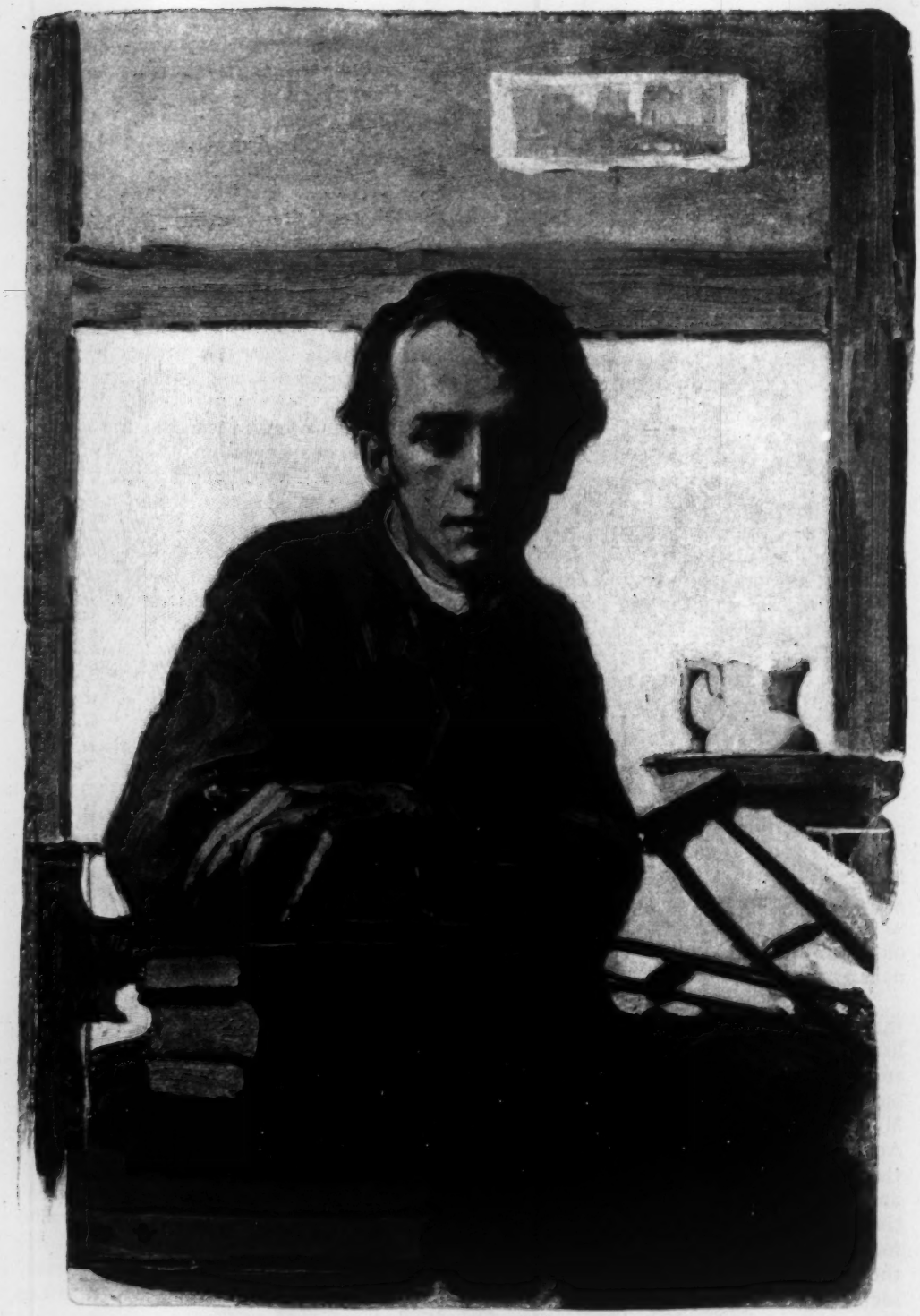
Preston, whom I had warned, to whom I had suggested some such interpretation of his coming, was a man of humor. Moreover, the situation was no novel one. "You are all like that," he had said. "All of you who have n't been to the United States; and especially your women."

He answered my mother's questions with an admirable restraint; her illusions were safe from the moment he entered — not through him should they suffer disarray! I think he rather strengthened them. "The more the merrier," he seemed to say; "they make for happiness." I have always liked Preston, and to-night I liked him better than at any time before.

"We turn to Europe, you to America. The unknown is always the land of promise, of understanding, of warm hearts — they wait for us out there." His gesture was vague — as vague as the distant countries he had designated.

Dinner was over; my mother had retired; we were seated in my study. Preston was to stay the night, so time lay before us. He was clearly in a retrospective mood, freely and frankly talkative, as only an American can be.

"We come to you for art, for all the old and sacred heroisms of the past. You gave us the Bible, Velasquez is at Madrid, Michelangelo



"HE HAD A FACE, DELICATE, SENSITIVE, YET WASTED—WASTED! AYE THERE WAS JUST THE TROUBLE"

in Rome, Shakspere at Stratford, Savonarola at Florence. That is our illusion. While you — you feel that we are — well, let us say generous. And all the time the dream is in ourselves, whether we be in Europe or America — it does n't matter which."

I nodded. There was wisdom in his words, wisdom and feeling.

He changed to sudden laughter. "And nowadays," he pealed, "you look to us for dollars."

He was in no way personal; to have taken offense at his blunt rally would have been rank foolishness, an acute confession of sordid motive, of hurt cupidity, of a deficient understanding, a lame intelligence. His "dollars" were a symbol; they stood for an emotion, a serenity, the satisfaction of some vast and unstilled appetite.

"We will be poor as you some day," he pursued; "when our cities are old, when our artists have flourished, when our literature is made. Meanwhile, we have to buy these things; and — and," he said, "they are priceless. We had needs be rich," he added, "— we had needs be rich to buy all that!"

I drew nearer to this man, an artist in his way.

"Why — why on earth, Preston, are you a publisher?" I asked.

"Because of you" — again the vague and desultory gesture. He swept back to my question. "I might have been 'an author,' is that what you wish to imply? Most — most 'authors' are — are lice," he added abruptly, . . . "lice! I prefer to be a publisher."

"In a new country, perhaps — " I began.

"You always call us new," he said; "it is the same all over Europe — that and our dollars."

He spoke largely, penetratingly, and from knowledge. I had first met him in Vienna, where, a Bostonian fresh from Harvard, he was attached to the American Embassy. He had grown tired of doing nothing in particular, had traveled for five years, and then, with the amazing elasticity of his nation, had gone to New York and established a publishing business.

"I suppose we are new," he had resumed. "New in a sense." He laughed again. "There is hope for us still — that 's what you mean? — while you are hopeless. You know that to-morrow will bring forth to-day — we are less sure. That is all. And as for the dollars" — he sat bolt upright — "dollars are perishable goods. . . . But there is another view — a totally opposite view. I learned it from an Englishman. He died in my arms — just like the hero of a what-you-may-call-it — a romance. I will tell you the story, and you must put it to paper.

And this is how I came to write "America."

"Figure to yourself," said Preston, "a book; in form a novel, in reality a poem, lyrical, general, smiling like the sun in early morning, say in spring. Have you ever traveled from Turin to Paris late in April, or early in May? You leave at night. You wake at sunrise; and all morning you have before you the tenderest landscape in the world: tall, delicate trees, a sky whose color, whose warmth, is a caress, water to match, and the green is the first green of the year. It is all primitive, untouched; its beauty calls for tears; you hear soft, happy music. Keats has that savor in his poetry, Puvis de Chavannes in certain frescoes. And I had found a novel, gay, and clear, and virginal as what I have attempted to describe. . . . It came to me in the ordinary course of business, and from a moderately obscure publisher in London. Would I undertake an American edition, he asked? Really, he wanted to sell me a set of plates. With this were two other novels he had floated — barbarous, trashy, full of stupid violence, sound, fury — you know the brand; it is remarkably popular on both sides of the Atlantic, the coarsest drug that literature has so far produced. These I tossed aside, but Davenant's book I kept. Opened skeptically, almost contemptuously, the first page had quickened me. I read it in my office. You know New York and the room in East Sixteenth Street. The book extinguished New York — and New York takes some extinguishing," said Preston. "The office simply disappeared. I saw an orchard in blossom, the song of birds came from a distant wood, a tiny river ran in between, crossing rich meadows, and all was golden in May sunlight. Two lovers were sitting by the river, and they were as cloudless as the day. *Mon Dieu*, how young we were! For, by Gad, I had joined them; I *was* those lovers; I was in it all! I had forgotten East Sixteenth Street and New York.

"I ignored the publisher and his plates, and went direct to Davenant. It was easy enough to find an address — your "Literary Year-Book" is full of addresses. I introduced myself as an admirer of his book. I would be in London next June, I wrote, and would, if he permitted it, have the pleasure of calling on him. Could I have his next novel? . . . I ran to four pages. I enlarged on the virtues of our traveling salesmen; on our exceptional facilities for advertising and making known; I mentioned leading English authors whose works we had produced, the many thousands of copies we had sold. I was going to start him with this book, but what I particularly longed for and coveted was his next. . . . I was humble; I was persuasive; every now and again I steadied myself upon his book. It was less a letter than a tribute I sent him — a tribute to his genius.

"He answered me cordially, intimately, on unheaded note-paper; modestly enough, but unsurprised, as though my letter were something that all along he had awaited. Yes, I must come and see him. Of his next book he said nothing. No doubt he was reserving that for our interview. But I was not mistaken in him. His letter was that of the man who had written the story, naïve, unconscious, simple in a way, fine, too, in a way — the letter of a man swayed and mastered by a touching, an unswerving faith.

"Next June I was in London, fixed up at a big hotel, and rushed with appointments, interviews, and manuscripts. Publishers, authors, and agents came and went — you know the nature of my annual visit. I had kept a week-end for Davenant, asking him first whether he minded, and then promising myself a whole Sunday with the man.

"On the Saturday I took a car to Gunnersbury, where he lived; a flat, low-lying suburb, a main street from which branched off little rows of rabbit hutches, in each hutch a family. Davenant was not rich, it seemed; nor had he even an entire hutch to himself. He was a lodger. He received me in a back room with a bed in it. He had evidently risen to welcome me. He sat down on the bed. I took a chair. There were two, and one was empty; the other, laden with books, stood before a deal board, that, resting on roughly-cut wooden supports and the window-sill, formed an improvised writing-table. The bed, the two chairs, the deal board with its spindle shanks, these I remember vividly; the other details I have forgotten, or never noticed. There was the bed — it crowded us, it was so large and masterful and greedy of space within those narrow walls; a meager, shrinking bed if one looked down upon it, a huge and elephantine bulk if one looked up. On it lay Davenant's crutches.

"He was dressed. He had my letter in his hand — the humor of that fat and circumstantial scrawl came home to me, as, quite frankly, quite spontaneously, we indulged in a long and interested scrunity of one another; I, smart, well-groomed, well-fed, well-housed, and Davenant from his kennel in a hutch. . . . He was threadbare but neat, clean-shaven, forty years old, perhaps — it was difficult to tell; and, as for the rest of him, it was mostly eyes. He had a face, delicate, sensitive, yet wasted — wasted! Aye, there was just the trouble. . . . Thus, from the outset, I knew it was all up with Davenant. I might have spared myself this errand; I might have read him, and published him, and so an end. . . . The afternoon fell on his sunken cheeks; on the gray and deathly pallor of that eager mask, lit by those triumphant eyes. Unquenchable they seemed, virile, burning with fires of consummation; yet what had they to feed on, how maintain this light?

"His body — and now I divined the full measure of his courage, the single and arbitrary heroism of those dancing eyes — his body, too, was wasted and crippled, undone, not malformed or monstrous, simply undone. Can you imagine a man, blasted, torn limb from limb by an explosion, say of dynamite, then badly sewn together again, his head uninjured? Such was Davenant. And it says much for the singular attraction of his remarkable face that in this whole impression there was nothing repellent, nothing that made an effort of my visit, nothing to shock me with a sense of disappointment. I had expected something different, physically, externally different; but the *soul* of my imaginings was there, was there and trebly there — the soul that had demolished East Sixteenth Street, and blotted out New York.

"I had promised myself a whole Sunday with Davenant, looked forward to a welcome and invigorating break in the busy round that had me prisoner. We were to get acquainted; we were to discuss his future; we

"'IN ENGLAND, DAVENANT WAS A CRIPPLE, A BEGGAR-JOURNALIST, A PICKER-UP OF UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES'"

"'PROVIDED THEY LET HIM WRITE, HE CARED LITTLE WHETHER HE WENT PAID OR UNPAID . . . SOME OF IT MIGHT REACH AMERICA'"

were to have several meals together, preferably in the open. I had half sketched out a program as the cable-car took me onward. If I could not make friends with a man in thirty-six hours, I flattered myself, who could? And especially this man, to whom I was probably bringing encouragement, words, deeds — and even dollars! . . . Such were my meditations on the journey down. To-day we would dine together; to-morrow we would go to Richmond or Burford Bridge;

and after that Davenant was to get to work.

"The reality, as you have seen, was different. Baulked of a second book, I still determined to secure all that was left of Davenant. Why, I hardly know. An impulse, a luxury I could permit myself? The explanation lies with you, who pose as a philosopher. I am none. Perhaps, here, more than on any occasion in my life, I could give — I could give unselfishly and as unselfishly receive. An hour after my entry into Davenant's lodging, I had him safely in a cab, crutches and all, and was bearing him off to my hotel.

"He did not resist; on the contrary, his delight was manifest, childlike, exhilarating, vocal. He was the dazzling figure in this enterprise; once it had started, he, not I, took charge; it was he who led, who reveled, who commanded. And to cap it all, he showed no glimmer of astonishment; just, if you will pardon me, like your mother, who, had I set about papering her dining-room walls with bank-notes, would, in an American, have regarded such conduct as far more natural than the eating of her very excellent dinner.

"Davenant let me have my way with him; I may say we collaborated. A preliminary interview with his landlady clenched matters. He owed a trifling sum which the good woman refused to accept — from me, at any rate. He had lived there for ten years, she said, she alway knew that some day people would find him out, she and her husband had been proud to have him there, he had bestowed delicacies upon her offspring; her husband and the children would be desolate, she did not know how they would get along without him, but it was not for her to stand in his way. . . . I was amazed. Davenant, comparatively speaking, enjoyed more credit than I have ever been able to encompass. He too was startled by this sudden revelation of himself as friend and benefactor — much as a sun would be if you expressed your thanks to it for shining. . . . The children — Mrs. Peacock had called them in from their playground in the street — howled vigorously at the first alarm; now they wept bitter tears into her apron. That Davenant was 'only going for a few days,' that he was 'soon coming back again,' in no way mollified them. Their sorrow, however, declined to expectant sobs when it was discovered that we required a cab, and that all three children could go in search of one, and were expected, nay, adjured, to take a ride back in it.

"I owed Davenant a lump sum for his book. I could please myself, he said. I handed him the money there and then, and, as we waited, he hobbled off and had a final interview with Mrs. Peacock — funny how some names stick! — wherein he prevailed, and added to his legal obligations a more than substantial present. She dried her own tears as we rattled off; the children howled deplorably in our wake; the neighbors assisted discretely from their doorsteps; and there was I, fresh from implanting in that tender woman's mind a further and confirmatory instance of the great American legend — the legend of the dollars.

"My Sunday with Davenant broadened into a week, two weeks, three weeks, four. The last of these we spent at sea. I took him back with me. Instead of a day, a month; instead of his 'next book,' I acquired a whole library of Davenant. The evenings we devoted to one another, the rest of the time to business. I had no secrets from him, nor he from me. I introduced him to publishers, to my friends, to famous authors. He sat at table with us and dominated the conversation. He was brilliant, he was eager, and immensely interested — yes, that was it, ceaselessly and hugely interested. He had an appetite! The very waiters were gleaming and wonderful before him — the very lift-boys. He read the bulk of my MSS. for me, and his opinions were shrewd, his taste unerring, his advice sound and leisurely. He discovered Patten Beeton, putting some thousands into my pocket; he rejected that awful frost, 'Priscilla,' those expiring contortions of a passing humorist. He was worth his salt. I might have offered him a partnership . . . I knew it could not last. But, meanwhile, the zest of him was terrible. He worked, and laughed, and talked like five ordinary men — most of his life was lived in those four weeks.

"My stay drew to its close. Then came the question of buying him a ticket. No, he must pay for that. He insisted. It was an event with him of awful and breathless solemnity. I must stay in the cab, he said. He stumped off alone and laid down his passage money. The whole ceremonial that ensued — I could picture it. For Davenant it had all the beauty and fervor of some ecstatic and culminating piece of ritual.

Here was the crowning mystery, the holy of holies, the miracle of miracles. He came back to me brandishing that magic passport, that supreme token of initiation; the sealed contract with a steamship company that witnessed his rights to a berth in a vessel sailing for America.

"And now I come to my point, to Davenant's view of us and of my country, to the revealing and significant part that we played in his life, his touching faith in us, the sacrosanct character of the place he gave to us in this world's scheme of things. An irony, perhaps — a bitter and blasting irony! And yet, perhaps, prophetic, based on a solid truth; on the illimitable desires that sway us, on the proclaimed, and, maybe, too evident testimony of our boundless hopes, our unruffled belief in our destiny and in ourselves.

"You may have marveled at the monotonous nature of our intercourse, the busy days at the hotel and the regularity of our evenings, our extreme content with one another. London was before us, and, especially, before Davenant, new, untasted. I could have taken him to theaters, to restaurants, to all the varied and pregnant fields of entertainment that such a city offers. He preferred to stay with me; my guests, the people that dropped in on us, were part of me. And I — I preferred to stay with him. Often we were alone. Gay I had found him, laughing, with a rooted, an almost pagan joy in his bright eyes; but when our work was put away, the doors shut close on us, when we sat there alone, then came the graver hours; then he expanded, then the dignity, the force that must underlay so serene yet so tried a nature was borne home to me. . . . I had found him a man of genius, a companion such as my heart desired, comprehending, yielding to a touch, delicate as the most delicate instrument. To me he was at first music, something exquisitely harmonious, witnessing, from out the discord of his wasted frame, to an eternal and unswerving purpose. . . . What I was to him, I faltered over, I guessed, I made sure. Nothing — and you will pardon me if I offend — nothing more nor less than a Redeemer. . . . I had come to sanctify his lifelong trust. To me, or what I stood for, had all his hopes been turned. He had not suffered, he had not believed, endured, and trusted in vain. . . . I was America — promise and vindication in one; I was freedom, and Land of Heart's Desire. Can you not picture him, crippled and impotent, living all those years on that one hope?

"How it had come to him, by what accident, by what design — we will call it design — is easily explained. A word of encouragement here, a chance encounter there, a stray message from time to time, similar to, though possibly, not so far-reaching and provocative as the letter I had sent to him — and the thing was done. Ignored in England, forsaken, and contemned, out of the cold and darkness a mysterious continent, a still more mysterious people had arisen to do him honor and take charge of him. Strange whisperings and secret hopes, liberty, the whole gamut of emancipation, work blessed instead of cursed, free air and boundless horizons — what had he not seen through that luminous haze? Dollars! Here were no dollars; but a vast and giant freedom that permitted each man — each man, no matter how possessed — to speak his lines — his own good lines — and die. In England, Davenant was a cripple, a beggar-journalist, a picker-up of unconsidered trifles, stray oddments that no one would stoop to — the pay was too small, time or inclination were lacking, the patron impossible. Such work abounds in all big cities. . . . In England, Davenant lived on crumbs and kicks and halfpence; in America he was a prince, and every long, long while some word was brought to him confirming this proud title.

"From a limited and personal experience he had gradually constructed, built up, and annexed to himself, a general and axiomatic truth. In a far-off land men were prized and given their own.

"For close on twenty years this faith had burnt in him; from the day on which an essay of his, published at large, had won the attention of a Boston editor, who had straightway written out to the unknown Davenant asking for more, in handsome terms avowing the three, four strokes that gave his paper distinction and the touch. It was then that Davenant had first turned to America, his own discovery, his future faith; it was then that his great passion had first taken fire within him. 'Sweet land of liberty,' he cried aloud, 'where I am bidden to work as I can work!'

"The article that had gained him this victory had been inserted by a lingering

journal, so hopelessly in debt and forsaken of contributors that Davenant, for the nonce, had held it entirely at his mercy.

"England had been hard on him. Penniless, lacking parents or friends, he had lived much as do the sparrows of his native London. Pluckily enough, and more than pluckily, he and his crutches had tackled editorial stairs — even now I shudder at the thought of them. Thrice he and his crutches had missed the swing they managed so well, and twice the Providence that watches over drunken men and others had saved his neck. Once he had been picked up, bruised and stunned, and sent to hospital, detained, and given a fortnight at the sea — a convalescent home on the south coast. They called it 'shock'; he called it his good fortune. Those two weeks by the sea were worth the crash. God, how man plays the usurer with air and sunshine! Then he stumped out again. . . . Men will do much for bread. Davenant swung himself over giddy places, and whistled at the danger. Often he went hungry; often his clothes were wretchedness and but a covering. . . . Sick papers and sick publishers were his especial prey. He clung to desperate men, himself a desperate remedy. He clung to them till they went bankrupt, and followed them to Carey Street. He was always the leading creditor; and, provided they let him write, he cared little whether he went paid or unpaid. His choicest work had risen on those terms. Here was his opportunity; the position his own; they could take it or leave it. Some of it might reach America. . . . When he made money for them they plundered him — a broken word was but a broken word — it was easy to despoil so poor an adversary. When there was money they rode over him roughshod. . . . 'Somehow I could always find a roof,' he said, 'and in London one can always pick up a meal. We poor folk are Communists,' he added, with his eager laugh. . . . He had edited De Quincey, Landor, and Catullus at nineteen shillings a week; he had translated the 'Memoirs' of Cellini, Lessing's 'Laocoon,' and a volume of Rousseau at twenty-three. Brain and body, they had wasted him, sweated him, violated him, and profited by his misfortunes. . . . Sick papers and sick publishers, with America distant in the distant skies; such had been his lot from the day he left the University. That came with his father's death — there was no money over to help him finish his course. On the contrary, a cloud of debt, at which he hurled himself. He had hoped for a fellowship, he was a scholar of his college — now there was nothing left for him but to see it out; and seeing it out meant London and hack journalism. He had tried teaching and work in offices, but both demanded more robust health than he could show. And so, at last, life had reduced itself to a fight, to an unequal struggle — with America — distant, yet still America — as prize.

"The Boston editor first discovered that for him, a gentleman whom he was never destined to set eyes on; who broke a terrifying silence with warm words of commendation for a paper he had put together on Frans Hals, at that time scarcely recognized; assuming therefrom that the writer must be an authority covering the whole field of modern art, and bidding him name his price and subject for a second and similar composition. Davenant had jumped at the commission. This connection — the journal was a quarterly and met its obligations — lasted for several years.

"Then there were other editors to follow; from Buffalo and Indianapolis, Chicago and New York, and one in Oakland, California. Heaven knows how he had reached them. But always in the nick of time, they rescued him. One or two had come when he was not so sorely pressed. It was in the respite these had brought to him that he had written, rewritten, and written once again, the book that had so captured me. He owed that to America — and well, America, in my person, had sent him a receipt.

"Then there were readers, too, who had cheered him, sending impulsive and rather reckless letters; or a diffident invitation to honor them with a visit should he ever pass their city. Yonder he was a prince, proudly receiving homage. One man had described the home in which he hoped to welcome this coveted guest, down to its minutest details, and wife and daughter had added postscripts on their own behalf. With one or two such correspondents he was quite intimate. Some day I will show you his papers. They are amazingly and peculiarly sad — or cheerful. . . . And, all the while, London persisted in ignoring him — a chance, his own fault, perhaps. Explain it as you may, the fact remains.

"For the present, however," continued Preston, "we will leave these professional

byways. Enough, I fancy, has been said to give you an idea — and an idea is all you want — of the life from which I extricated Davenant. A more powerful patron than myself was pondering a similar errand; but, those few weeks — well, they were pretty squarely mine.

"Davenant had bought his ticket with his own money. 'All along I knew that some day I should do it,' he confessed, as we set off. 'That is all I wanted.' He breathed a vast, melodious content.

"We reached the ship and he swung himself down the gangway. He would do everything by himself; and especially would he purchase a steamer-chair — he had so often read about them or seen them drawn. In his eagerness he quite made me forget his other patron, my competitor. The interval, the three weeks we had spent on land, had been a silent yet unending battle. Davenant had set his teeth and laughed. Now, here at sea, sailing towards the long expected goal, his strength went out from him; and Death drew closer. A smiling Death — how otherwise before so stout a hero as my Davenant? And I had half-forgotten.

"But not for long. Davenant's collapse was evident from the moment the Atlantic gathered round us, from the moment he had turned his straining eyes toward the West. He could do no more. For three weeks, nay, for nigh on twenty years he had fought to this great end; and now, the victory assured, his heart had burst. All day he lay on deck watching the opening West.

"What he saw there, perhaps he made me see as well. He spoke of it. Freedom — much — little — as you may take it. A bright new land, unshackled and unconventionalized. A land where men were prized and given their own — to the workman his labor and the fruits of it; to the poet his song and the joy of it. A dream — a dream — a dream! But one that we have cherished and fought for and given our blood for and our youth. The sunsets that fronted Davenant were gay with it, the tremulous hazes of morning, the sculptured glory of those afternoons; it was the jubilant outcry of seabirds, the endless message of uplifted waves. In the green deeps he saw it, in the blue vaults above; the stars rang out with it by night, the ardent sun by day. Freedom — liberty — the promise of a broad new land, unshackled and unconventionalized, where every man was prized and given his own.

"Such was Davenant's America, our America, the America that is to be. . . . The dollars! I recognize them; but as a means, and never as an end."

Preston resumed: "It was an ill man I had on board with me, one mortally sick and wasted. The spirit lingered on; but the flesh was sinking — sinking fast. All his strength had gone in one last effort, the triumph and the flood of those three weeks. Joy kills — kills when it comes too late; and Davenant was its victim. Not that he repined, regretted — nor did I. It had to come like that. Neither of us could wish it otherwise. He knew it and I knew it. That voyage was a farewell, a deathbed — a deathbed garlanded with peace. 'I have lived enough,' said Davenant, taking my near hand. 'I wanted nothing more; and the future — the future is with you,' he said. 'I put my trust in you, and you did not forsake me.' He wandered those last days. 'For twenty years I turned my face to you. You gave me courage; your bounty was unending; your patience never wavered.' He wandered those last days. His speech was halting, full of two intentions — lucid, doubly lucid, if one read it right; wide or incoherent, if one read it coldly.

"The passengers, the ship's company, captain or cook's mate — everybody was good to him. None knew his secret there but I. I wonder if any divined it. America was nearing. Already he sailed the seas amid a foretaste of her people — young, old, and middle-aged. And, luckily, nobody disturbed him. No crude outburst or harsh action came to mar the great peace of his passing.

"The last day of the voyage he grew notably weaker. 'I give him twenty-four hours,' said Francis, our doctor. 'He may reach his friends;' and Francis shook his head.

"Davenant watched the last sunset; we heard the music of the band that played at dinner — we took ours up on deck. The stars came out — new stars they seemed to Davenant, shining in a brand-new sky and heralding a brand-new world. . . . People came up and strolled. Fragments of the concert that was being held below escaped to us; a strange voice thrilled us. Graceful women passed and gallant men, their talk of home. Some stopped for a word with Davenant. To-morrow they would be on shore again, among their friends. Still,

they were sorry the voyage was over. It had been the calmest they had ever known, hardly a troubled day. . . . Lovers stole out of the shadows and disappeared again. A scapegrace boy was caught and sent to bed. People said good-night and went below. The poker players in the smoke-room held their cards and looked for pairs and flushes. . . . The lamps went out. Davenant and I had the broad deck to ourselves — we and the stars. A far off signal flashed from time to time — land lay beyond the darkness — America.

"A pilot came on board and we heard whisperings.

"Davenant's cold fingers rested in mine; and so till the first gray shudder of dawn; and so till daybreak; and so till the sun drove through the mists and smote his eyes. He opened them. A strange coast all around — and before him, gracious, wide-armed, holding aloft her torch, clasping the charter of her rights, stood Bartholdi's gigantic statue of Liberty; sun-kissed, inviolate, and strong to guard her own. It was as he had dreamt all those long years. He rose up in his chair with one last gesture of surrender; his eyes on her, so strong, so golden, and so inviolate in that abundant sunlight. A smile moved his lips, shadowed his eyes. He fell back peacefully and lay without a word. . . . All was as he had dreamt. Freedom had advanced to meet him from the very gates!

"I turned away. A tugboat shrilled and panted hard abreast of us; black figures moved about the shore. We were no longer alone. . . . And now," said Preston, biting down the tremor in his voice: "what do you make of that?"

For answer I lit his candle and we went up to bed.

A VISIT AT THE WHITE HOUSE

BY

CHARLES WAGNER

AUTHOR OF "THE SIMPLE LIFE," "THE BETTER WAY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR HEWITT AND VIVIAN BURNETT

The President

AS far back as the end of July, the President had invited me to the White House for September 26th, "to dine and spend the night." I had often anticipated this meeting; now I was on the eve of it. I was really going to see the man whose personality had won him such warm sympathy and sincere admiration throughout the entire world; and the proximity of the interview brought me both joy and trepidation. What impression should I take away from this personal encounter? and he — what would he experience upon seeing face to face the man whom he had been pleased to honor from afar as a sower of seed and disseminator of ideas?

I re-read certain passages of his books, refreshed my remembrance of his deeds, and

recalled the contents of his kind letters — every one of which had been an event for me — that I might have in my mind a definite picture of the man I was now to meet in his home.

So disposed, I arrived at the White House, toward the end of the afternoon, on that day in late September. The presidential residence is a building of the Greek order, on simple lines, entirely white, and situated in the midst of immense lawns and gardens. Beyond is the Washington Monument, in the form of a colossal obelisk, its smooth shaft springing upward like the symbol of a great idea. The White House is entered like a private dwelling; there are no sentries; the main effect is that of simplicity. To me this entire absence of pomp was more impressive than all the majestic exhibitions of authority I have seen about the residences of sovereigns. It is, however, the testimony of many of its former inhabitants that as a home, and for comfort, the White House leaves much to be desired. But it has become a historic building, and no splendid residence, no palace, however rich and beautiful, could replace it.

A servant conducted me to my room, and toward eight o'clock I was informed that the President had asked for me.

I found him in one of the drawing-rooms of the first floor, which contains the portraits of former presidents. He came to meet me with outstretched hands, and a moment afterward we were at table, four in all, including the President, Mrs. Roosevelt, and Mrs. Roosevelt-West of New York. It was to be a little friendly dinner.

"Where are the boys?" asked the President.

"They are on their way to bed," some one answered.

"Never mind, let them come and say 'How do you do?' to Mr. Wagner."

And I see two young boys coming in, from nine to eleven years old, evidently tired out after a long run, their eyes foretelling sleep.

"I 've a very important question to ask you," I said to one of them. "Do you sleep with your hands open or shut?"

"I don't know," he replied, "as I 'm asleep."

The President laughed heartily at this answer, which was of course the only good one to make, and the little fellows hurried off to bed.

"We would rather have received you at Oyster Bay," said the President. "That is our home, where even now we pass several months every year. You would have seen three families of our relatives, too, who live near us, and all the children together, theirs and ours, a troop of seventeen."

I expressed my regret at the loss of so charming an opportunity, and the hope that some good day it might offer itself.

With my first salutation I had conveyed to the President of the United States the personal greetings with which our own president, M. Emile Loubet, had graciously charged me when I went to pay him my respects before leaving France.

Then the conversation turned upon various subjects of interest to us — the education of children and the cultivation of the public spirit; social questions; international relations and international good-will; matters of religion. We spoke French, German, and English in turn, and once, after comparing our repertoires of German poetry, we recited passages from different *Lieder*, especially from "*Vater, ich rufe dich.*"

In the matter of family sentiment I found the President full of tenderness and filial respect. When he spoke of the home, it was with emotion, almost with tears in his eyes. He called it the keystone of humanity. Here I immediately recognized the man of heart, of a fundamental human fiber wonderfully sensitive and strong. Speaking of his religious sentiments, he said: "I am very much attached to my old Dutch Reformed Church, and at the same time I belong to the Church Universal."

Where public spirit is concerned, nothing that might contribute to the strengthening of mutual good-will and the cohesion of the country's citizens, finds him indifferent. Endowed with a mind of rare penetration, to which every sort of mental finesse is familiar, his chief interest is nevertheless in practical ideas, ideas that are to the mental and spiritual life of the people at large what bread is to the life of the body. He is fond of repeating the thought that what is necessary to the health and strength of a people, is much less the existence among them of a few isolated characters of extraordinary greatness, than a good general mean of public spirit. Backbone and energy, a sense of social responsibility, a determination from the beginning to march straight ahead without permitting one's self to be turned to right or left — this

is what he appreciates most highly in a man; and he would have him add to it that broad-minded attitude toward others which betrays itself in forbearing to exercise all one's own rights, out of consideration for one's neighbor.

No one could express himself in more sympathetic fashion with regard to a people than did the President, in several instances, regarding ours. He believes that with a little more clear-sightedness the civilized nations of the present time would have a good chance of avoiding war, and of regulating their affairs in accordance with the principle that the fundamental interests of the nations are identical; and if four or five of the most powerful among them should arrive at the establishment of that amiable understanding which seems already on the way, he thinks they might even prevent others from disturbing the universal peace.

I shall always remember his saying: "Your books make me feel more clearly than ever, that fundamentally there are just the same needs for us on this side of the water as for you on the other. We are all alike at bottom, in needing to cherish the same virtues and war on the same evils. The brotherhood of nations is no empty phrase."

I would that I might fix here the physiognomy of the President, as I have seen it; his extraordinarily mobile face is rebellious toward the camera or the brush. His portraits all play him false, showing his face at rest. No one who has n't seen him can picture him as he is, for everything that he says is accompanied by its corresponding facial expression. There is one word in particular that he often uses, always with its typical play of the features — the word *exactly*. He is *alive*, and puts himself simply and wholly into every manifestation of himself.

His greeting is genial and direct; not a sign, even the slightest, of the grand personage. And this is not a mere democratic simplicity; it is a broad and hospitable human simplicity. You feel that he is a man who would find himself at home with all classes, the peer of the highest, the brother of the humblest. It brought joy to my heart to find him like this, for to be natural, without pretension, free from the petty care that some men take to bring their person into relief, is the sign of true greatness.

The President of the United States is, quite simply, a man — one of the members of the race that do most credit to our old human family. He gives the impression of concentrated force, of a spring at tension. You feel that he is ready at any moment for a supreme effort, to expend himself in any cause that demands it. Above his work-table he is pictured on a horse that is leaping an obstacle. It is the image of his fine temperament — generous, brave, daring, devoted even to the point of sacrifice. Here is a man who will never retreat before anything, unless it be evil-doing; for he is as scrupulous as he is determined and brave, a leader who obeys the inner law. This chief of a republican state, armed by its constitution with more authority than most sovereigns enjoy, has the sensitive conscience of a child. He is — to sum it up justly — an honest man. He will never be made to follow crooked paths; whatever end he chooses to pursue, you may be sure that he will move straight toward it.

Moreover, he is clear-sighted, without illusions; he knows life and men with their underhanded ways. And yet, seeing things as they are, he believes in the ultimate victory of the good; but he knows that the price of this victory is a daily struggle against the elements of destruction. He has done much, and thought much. His body, supple and warrior-like, equal to the greatest fatigue, inured to hard privation, is at his service, like a good steed perfectly responsive to its master. Even when he is quietly seated conversing with his friends, he has not the air of a man of leisure; his repose is a preliminary to action. He knows that combat is the law of life, but he will never fight any other than a good fight; and that is why this warrior is a peacemaker. Those who accuse him of imperialism do not know him. His patriotism has nothing aggressive about it; it menaces no one. If he would have America strong, it is that she may not be at the mercy of the good pleasure of others; and the people are with him in this matter. Pacific but invincible -- such is their character. In one of his addresses the President has said: "We hold that the prosperity of each nation is an aid not a hindrance to the prosperity of other nations."

To me it seems an extraordinary privilege to have been able to pass long, restful hours under his roof, in open-hearted converse with a man of his worth; and for those everywhere who interest themselves in the destinies of the whole human family to find at

the center of the life of a great people, a people whose influence makes itself felt to the ends of the earth, a character of this metal, a heart of such kindness, an intelligence so broad and so rare, may well strengthen a world-wide confidence.

Minor Souvenirs

After dinner, on this night of mild airs and of clear moonlight that fell caressingly on the stretches of lawn and trees, and threw into relief the white shaft of the Monument, the talk was prolonged on the balcony overlooking the gardens. The President introduced a caller who had just arrived, saying, "Here is one of my fellow-laborers, who has come to confer with me about affairs of the election. . . . We have some fighting to do." He had already said, in allusion to the campaign, which was then at its height: "If I am elected, I shall remain with satisfaction; if I am not, I shall quit my post with the conviction of having done my duty." After a few moments the President and the newcomer withdrew.

In the family drawing-room, where Mrs. Roosevelt had now begged us to go, the first word of the ladies was, "Let us speak French! We love your language!" And indeed they spoke it with perfect ease. The conversation turned to France, to many sides of our national life little known and very attractive — our family life and other good things of which foreigners are quite ignorant. Perceiving that my questioners were interested and pleased with what I could tell them, I said: "But I am quite ready to give you a real lecture on these subjects, just you two ladies alone, at the first favorable opportunity." "Oh, no," replied the President's wife, "for such a lecture as that we should invite a lot of people — all our Washington friends who could enjoy a lecture in French. And what would be your title?" "Simply this: '*Unknown France.*'"

And it was agreed that I should give this lecture, upon my second visit to Washington, at the end of my tour, in November. Then the conversation took an intimate turn. I was asked about the members of my family and the ages of the children. When one is far from his dear ones, he experiences a great pleasure in talking about them. Then Oyster Bay was spoken of and the President's children, and I saw a number of artistic photographs from which it was easy to get an idea of the life of charming simplicity lived in this summer home.

At breakfast next morning, the President said: "I am in the secret of what you plotted with the ladies last evening; a lecture at the White House; but are n't we to have a public lecture in Washington?"

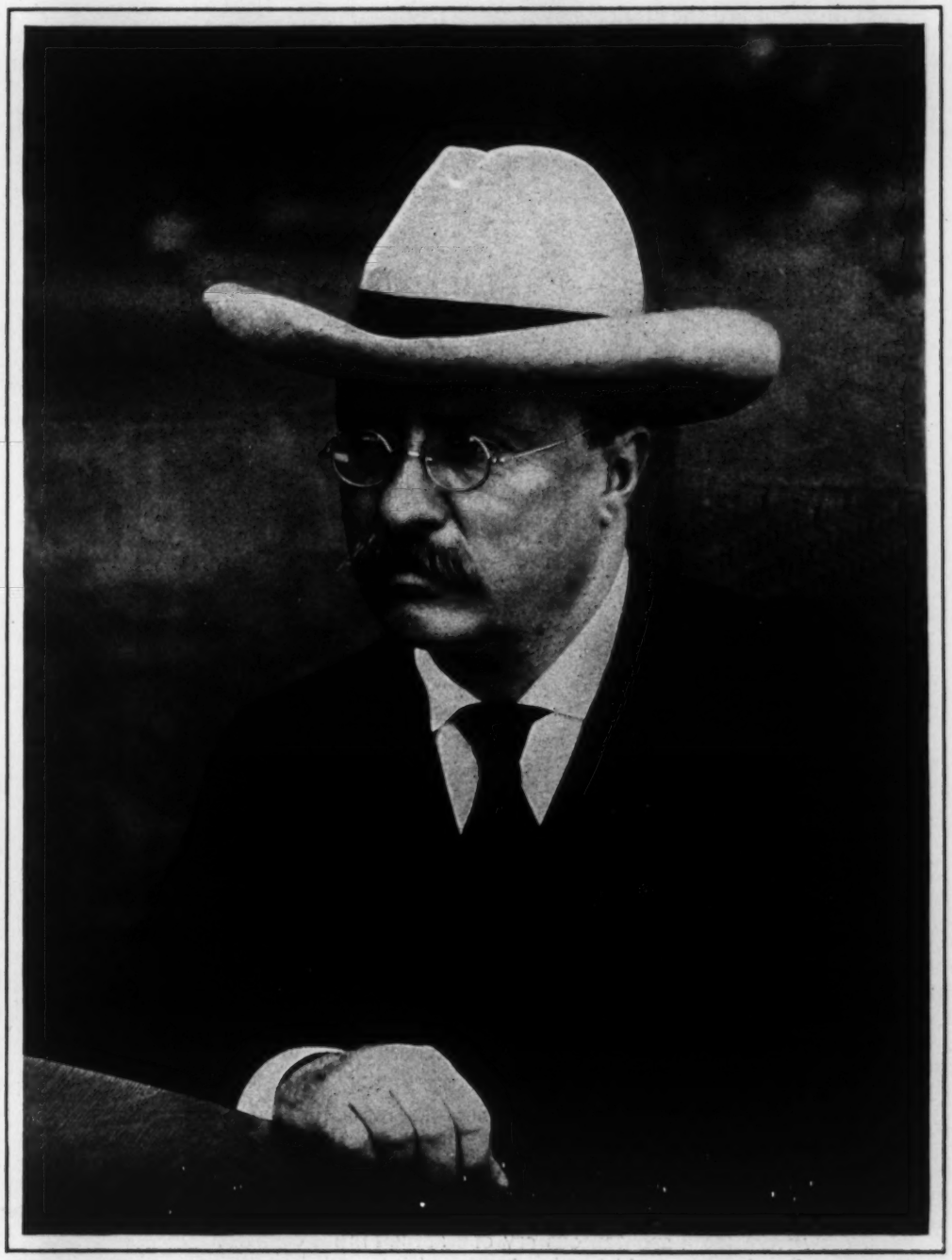
"Yes," I replied, "it is this moment being arranged. The Young Men's Christian Association has the matter in hand."

"The gentlemen will do well to choose a lecture hall that holds a large audience," said the President, "and I will go myself, to present you to the public."

After breakfast we took a walk in the gardens, where I saw the rose-bushes to which Mrs. Roosevelt herself gives some attention, and our conversation was continued. Here I encountered again the younger sons of the President, with whom I had had a word already that morning, in the hall where I had found them carving heads out of chestnuts. One of them had said, "It is you, Mr. Wagner, who wrote some droll stories to amuse children. We don't understand French, but Mamma has translated them for us." Now, bareheaded, in simple blue cotton blouses, and with books under their arms, they were on their way to the public school.

Toward nine o'clock, I left the White House, setting out with my memory full of the day there and going over and over its details. Dr. Radclyffe, pastor of the church that President Lincoln used to attend, was to take me for a drive and some sight-seeing about Washington. When he showed me the interior of his church, I noticed that its furnishings had just been renewed. The seats were almost aggressively fresh save one old one remaining among them, that seemed, in its more somber color, to stand out from the rest; it was the seat of Lincoln.

A little while after, visiting the magnificent Congressional Library, we found ourselves in the great rotunda whence the long galleries filled with books radiate in every direction, and we stopped to examine the ingenious mechanism by means of which a borrower receives his book a few minutes after asking for it. A religious silence reigned in these studious spaces filled with readers, some of whom, to cut themselves off more completely, were holding their heads between their hands, and stopping their ears with their thumbs. All at once I espied, on



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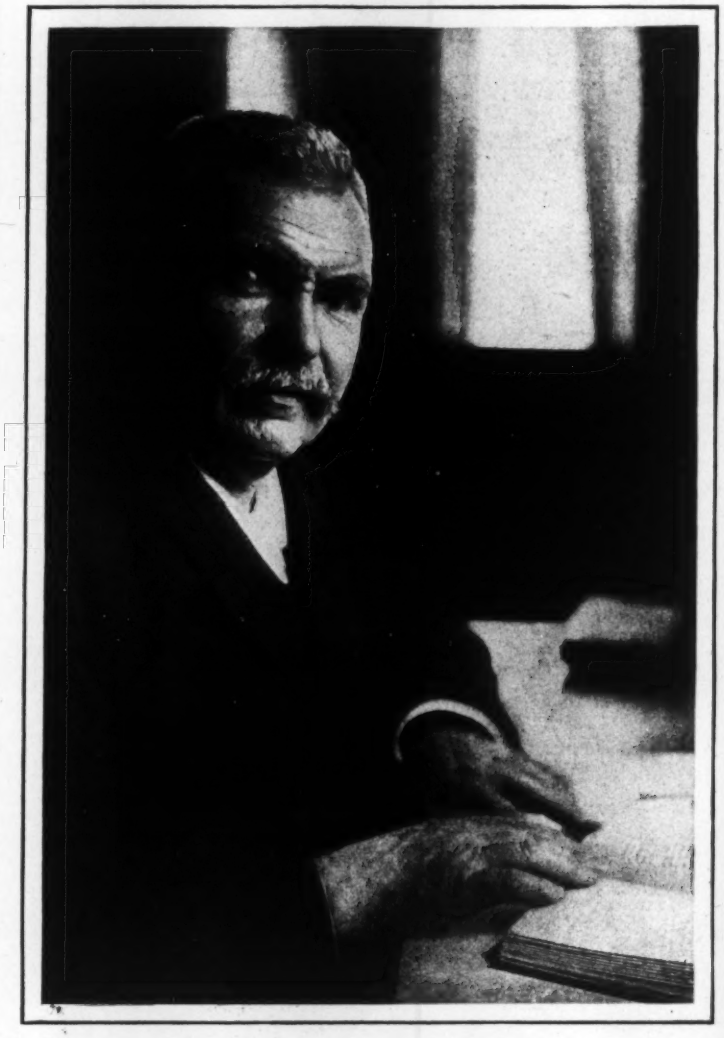
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

FROM A NEW PORTRAIT NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED

an upper balcony, a party of French savants on their way from St. Louis, and in the group I distinguished the black beard of my friend Jean Reville. The pleasure of seeing at this moment, and in so unexpected a fashion, this brilliant cluster of learned compatriots, drew from me a spontaneous cry of surprise and satisfaction, which noisy demonstration of patriotic joy created some little scandal among the readers, absorbed in mute attention to their books. I offered the *amende honorable* to the librarian, who had witnessed the violation of scholastic sanctity, and the indulgent smiles with which it was received, proved that my transgression had been forgiven.

My impression of Mr. Roosevelt was the same first and last, whether I looked on him with my own eyes, or felt his influence abroad in his country.



PASTOR CHARLES WAGNER

FROM A PRIVATE PORTRAIT STUDY BY VIVIAN BURNETT

The people love their President. There is not a royal house, even among the oldest and those most worthy of the affection of their subjects, which receives so deep and general sympathy as do the young President of the United States and his family. He is respected by all ages and all classes; you

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THE PRESIDENT WITH ARCHIE AND QUENTIN

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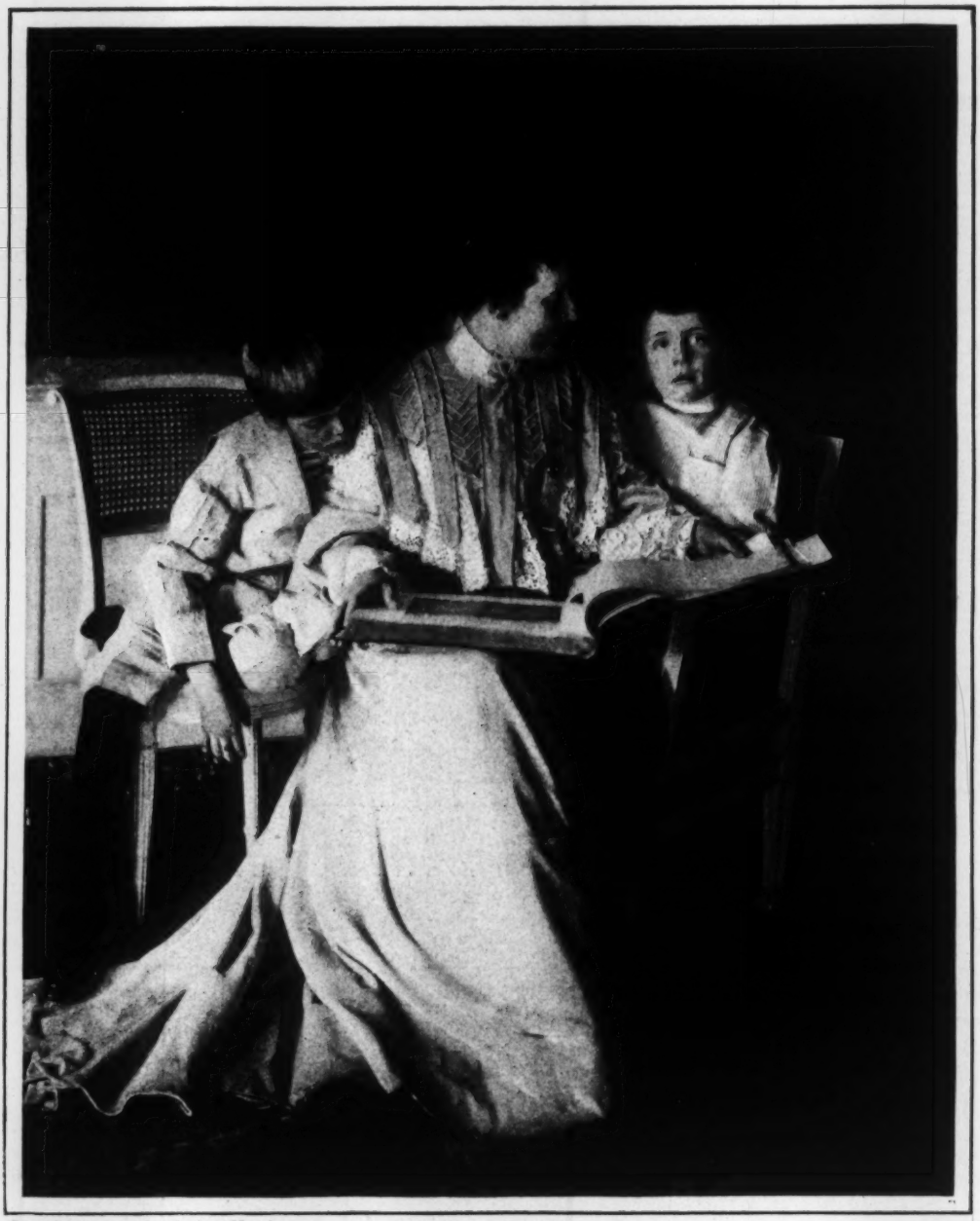
ALL OF THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY RIDE



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MRS. ROOSEVELT, ARCHIE AND QUENTIN

would think that he was the chief friend of every household. His word has an unprecedented authority throughout the country, nor is this the effect of a showy and superficial popularity, but of a calm and legitimate ascendency. In the last presidential campaign every effort made against him turned to the hurt of his enemies, and since his triumphant election the justice of his judgment and his freedom from all political rancor, has won even his antagonists. Everybody knows that he stands for the best of America, that he has something better than a political policy, that he has an ideal, and that this ideal conforms to the noblest traditions of the Republic as well as to its most weighty future interests. The country's destinies are in good hands.

OIL AND WATER

BY

HENRY C. ROWLAND

AUTHOR OF "SEA SCAMPS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES SARKA

WE were skirting the island of Margarita, which belongs to Venezuela and produces pearls of small size but excellent quality. I was smoking an after-dinner cigar with Dr. Leyden, the collector, who earns his living by supplying museums and professors of natural history with specimens from the animal, vegetable and mineral worlds.

"Did you ever notice, Doctor," he asked suddenly, "how African blood is curdled by being mixed with Anglo-Saxon?"

"I had always thought," said I, "that African blood mixes badly with any other."

"No. With Latin blood it will combine like whisky and soda, but the Anglo-Saxon plasma exerts upon it an action like that of alcohol upon albumen —" He paused and absently followed the course of a school of flying-fish that flickered suddenly from the swash alongside and skittered away across the dancing waves.

"What suggested this topic to your mind?" I asked curiously, for we had been discussing the relative naval strength of Germany and the United States.

"That island." He nodded toward Margarita as it rose, rough in outline but with the misty softness of distance, from the quiet, pink and purple sea. The sun was resting on the rim of the sky-line and its late rays bathed the lavender slopes of the mountains that rose in tumbling confusion, their summits blazing with high lights and their feet already clothed in slanting shadows.

Almost as we watched, the sun slipped under the sea; a multi-colored breeze rippled the face of the water; opalescent flashes sparkled here and there from the sails of the little Portuguese men-of-war, and then the daylight began to wane, as it seemed, in rhythmic beats.

"Odd," continued Leyden, clinging with Teuton persistence to his theory, conscious of but unaffected by his exquisite surroundings. "The popular idea is that an individual having a drop of African is more negro than white, even though the white predominates as in the case of a quadroon or octaroon. This is wrong, Doctor. The white is by far the more potent strain, but, because it is more apt to color the mind than the skin, it is not recognized as such."

"Primitive organizations are usually more virile," I began.

"It is not of the physical but of the mental that I speak!" he interrupted a bit testily. "It is an undeserved compliment to the negro and an unjust insult to the white to claim that a man having an equal amount of both strains is more black than white, but if the white strain is Anglo-Saxon or Scandinavian, then he is both white and black, and all of each; for they will mix no more than oil and water."

He was silent again, and I waited; for I knew that he would presently back his theory by an illustration.

"You know Margarita?" I asked presently, to help him to get under way.

"Better than is necessary," he replied, and was silent again. The swift tropic twilight had almost faded; the slopes of the mountains were somber with mysterious shadows; a huge cumulous cloud, still crimson about its edges, was stranded on the highest peaks, and above it a dainty crescent moon was swiftly growing brighter.

"Let us go aft," muttered Leyden. "These cattle make too much noise!"

He was quite right, for that part of the deck was infested by our fellow passengers;

"'the wench did as she was bid, favoring me with a rather bold stare'"

the Venezuelans were chattering like a band of apes ; naked babies lived and moved and had their unclean little beings where they listed ; near us a British engineer was arguing in Spanish with a German coffee-planter, and behind him an Austrian Jew who had been buying pearls in Margarita was showing his wares to the wife of a Dutch officer returning to Curaçao from a visit to relatives in Surinam, and the two were chattering away in voluble French. Our captain, a fine specimen of a Hollander, was playing chess with an Italian, and the latter was winning, having no ship on the coast and his brain unfilled with plans regarding the securing of a cargo for Havre or Amsterdam. Through

the crowd came a stolid Dutch quartermaster, picking his way along the deck to read the taffrail-log, which he did, and returned oblivious to all but the number in his head, as I could see from the moving of his lips as he muttered it over to himself.

Leyden led the way aft to the grating beside the hand steering-gear; the place where we usually held our sessions of swapping experiences. I drew out a fresh cigar and the collector lit his big porcelain pipe, an apparatus especially adapted to the needs of the *raconteur*, as one could take a puff or two and then bank the fire until the next stopping-place.

"It was several years ago," he began, "I had been sent up the Orinoco by an American university, a new one in the Middle West, to which some sausage-maker had given a fortune to build and stock a museum of natural history. The president of the university sent for me; I can never sufficiently admire the capability of that young man for his position. He took me into the museum and showed me at least a kilometer of empty shelves.

"'This place must be chock-a-block by commencement-time,' said he. 'I have four men at work in North America, two in South America, four in Europe — ' and so on, all over the face of the earth. 'I wish you to take charge of South America north of the Amazon. There is a man in the Amazon Valley chasing up the fish and reptiles, and one in Peru, out for mammals. You are to get after the birds and insects; of course, if you should happen to run across anything rare that 's not in your line, just gather it in anyway.' He glanced at some type-written memoranda. 'That ought to give us an A-1 stock of South American goods, and before we get through if we don't have Putney University bluffed off the boards, *I 'll* go to h —— ' "

Leyden paused, and I heard his china stove sputter as he laughed softly.

"It was a good outfit, that of mine; the best I have ever had. There were four large boats with a crew of five men in each. As quantity was required as well as quality, I stocked up as if for a trading expedition. You know, Doctor, natives are themselves born collectors; moreover an observant savage knows a rare thing when he sees it. I have had a large experience with aborigines and know the capriciousness of their tastes. The objects which one would expect to attract them they often positively refuse to look at, while for something else they are ready to do murder. If a man is fortunate enough to strike a popular fancy he can buy a whole tribe. And that is what I proposed to do.

"There was a friend of mine in New York, a German who had traded on the Orinoco and from him I formed some ideas in regard to trade-stuffs, for you see it was my plan to subsidize some tribe and have them doing my collecting while I stopped in camp to pack and preserve specimens. Before leaving New York, I went to one of the big wholesale 'notion' stores on Broadway, and explained my needs to the superintendent. The first thing which he showed me, as a joke I believe, was a consignment of fawn-colored opera-hats which had been made for some minstrel company which went into the hands of the receiver before the goods were delivered. They were light and folded compactly, and you know how savages delight in elaborate head-gear! I bought three dozen for twenty dollars! Then I bought two dozen harmonicas and two dozen bright jews'-harps. Of course I got the usual stock goods; fish-hooks, calico prints, aniline dyes, and, finally, the proprietor who had a keen sense of humor, presented me with a case of four dozen old-fashioned iron spectacle frames which contained no glasses. As I wear spectacles myself I decided that possibly I might set a fashion up the Orinoco, and accordingly took them along."

Leyden paused to turn the forced draught on his tobacco crucible, and in the silence I caught odd snatches of conversation in at least five different tongues: "*Tres pien marché — tres pien marché,*" came the guttural voice of the pearl-buyer. " — *Cuanto por la picinia,*" from the Venezuelans, followed by a snigger of that peculiar note that goes with an improper anecdote; a sort of falsetto giggle — every one knows the kind. Then the captain got checkmated and swore a good hearty Dutch oath that sounded strangely clean and honest and wholesome as compared to the staccato fragments on all sides.

"I had my outfit towed up as far as Ciudad Bolivar," Leyden continued. "There I found a German named Meyers who had a big trading station. He told me in confidence that he was planning to call in his loans, as far as he was able, and leave the country, as the rapacity of the new government made it impossible to carry on a profitable trade.

He was a man of about fifty, unmarried, and had lived at least half of his life on the river.

"It happened that my lieutenant, a young German-American named Lefferts, had contracted the fever on the way up the river. He was the son of an old friend of mine in New York, and I had promised to take care of him. You have had some experience in tropical malaria, Doctor. Or perhaps it is not malaria; at any rate, one dies in rather an indecent hurry, and quinine is about as efficient as so much flour. I sent the lad back on the steamer, and asked Meyers if he knew of any one with whom to replace him; a white man of course, as it is always well to have at least two white men when there are things to steal.

"When I asked the question, it seemed to me that Meyers's pale yellow face took on a more lifelike color.

"'There is a young man in my employ whom you might persuade to go,' said he. 'At present he is keeping the store. I will send for him — but I beg of you not to say a word concerning what I have mentioned in regard to my returning to Germany.'

"'Certainly not,' said I. Meyers gave an order to a servant, and a few minutes later I saw a broad-shouldered young fellow walking toward the house. Even before he came within hail his striking resemblance to Meyers told me what he was.

"Few men could have told that he was not a German born, and still fewer that African blood flowed through his veins; but my calling is one which demands close powers of observation. His hair was of a light brown, straight but utterly without luster; his blue eyes had a muddy tinge, and his skin, although fair, had that peculiar purple tint of raw meat which one sees in blonds with African corpuscles.

"Meyers explained my needs, and the young man, whose name was Frederick, listened attentively, as I did also, for as the older man talked I became conscious of an odd accent of fear in his voice. Each time that his natural son turned his eyes in his direction, Meyers would seem to recoil and his voice would grow faint and irresolute. It did not take me long to see that the trader was in mortal terror of his offspring.

"Frederick listened, as it seemed to me, a bit sulkily and once or twice gave Meyers a sidelong glance of suspicion, as if he was trying to discover some ulterior motive — which indeed was not lacking, as I very well knew that Meyers would not be there when I returned, and I more than half suspected that Meyers would have left before had it not been for Frederick.

"'What will you pay?' he asked suddenly, turning to me. I told him.

"'It is not much,' he observed in a surly voice.

"'I am not urging you to come,' I replied quietly. 'There is the proposition; take it or leave it.'

"'I will let you know in the morning,' said he, and left us with no salutation.

"When he had gone, Meyers turned to me with a weak and somewhat frightened smile.

"'I think that he will go,' said he. 'He is fond of money. Of course' — he smiled in a way that made me want to kick him — 'you understand — the — eh — my position — '

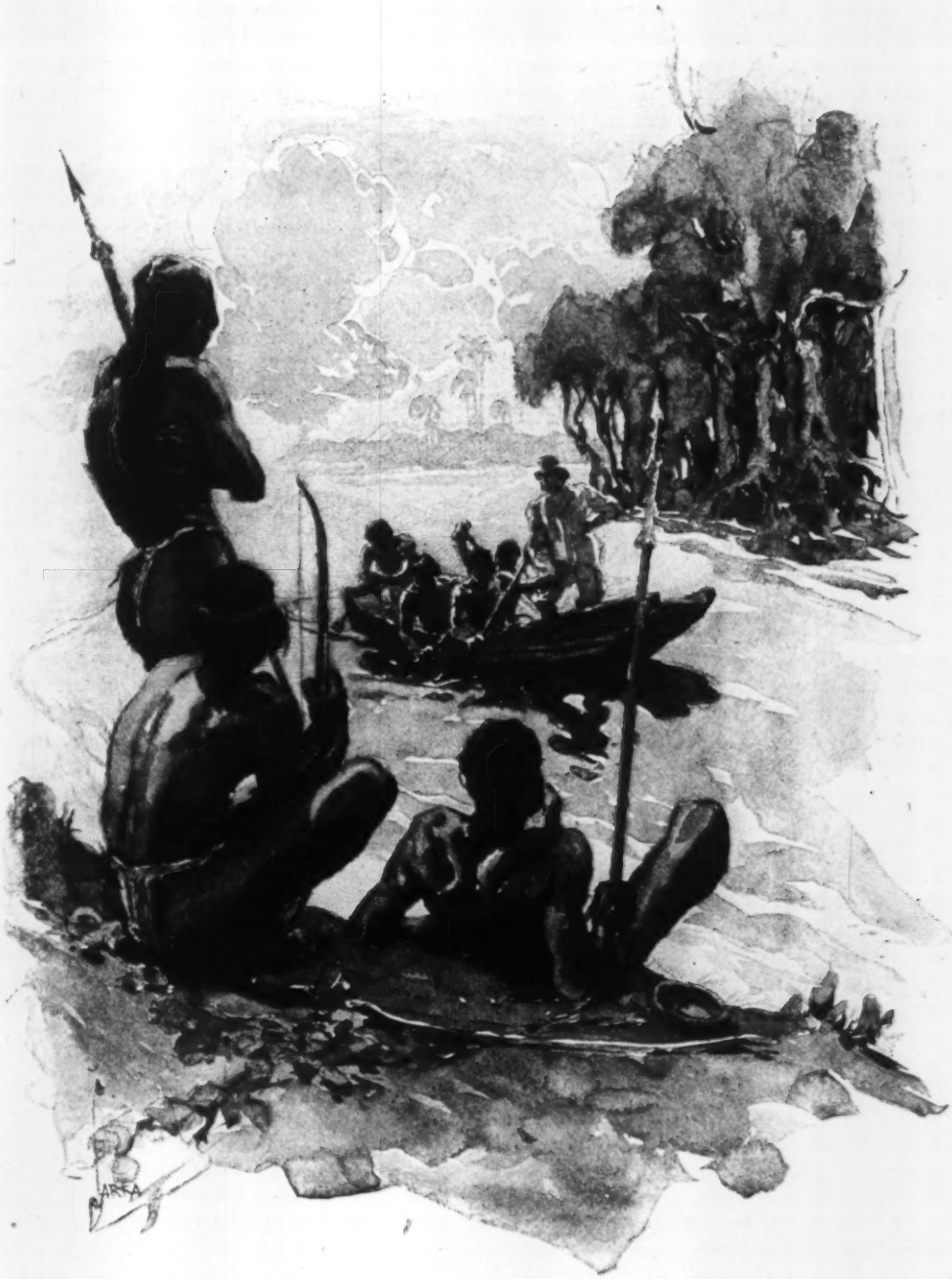
"'No' — I answered a bit brutally I fear, 'I don't. If you care enough about him to educate him as you appear to have done, why do you want to desert him?'

"He shrank as if I had struck him, and for a moment seemed on the verge of a collapse, then recovered and clapped his hands feebly. A yellow girl in an unclean pinafore which rather emphasized the nakedness beneath, flopped out of the house holding her frock partly together with one hand and asked what he wanted.

"'Schiedam and bitters — and bring a water-monkey,' he answered. Rather to my surprise the wench did as she was bid, favoring me with a rather bold stare.

"It was intensely hot — just before the afternoon shower. We were sitting on the raised veranda of Meyers's house and down below us the river oozed along, viscid and brown and sticky-looking, like molasses flowing out of a stove-in vat. The clouds were banking up black and forbidding on the other side of the stream, and occasionally a rumble of thunder reached us.

"'You do not know — do not understand,' said Meyers finally. He raised one skinny mottled hand to his red, untidy beard which was getting gray around his muzzle like an old collie, which in fact he somewhat resembled. 'Of course, you see the relationship.' His fingers massaged his lips; a frequent gesture with people of vacillating character. 'I was fond of him as a boy and flattered myself that his negro blood was in no way evident, though his mother was a mulatto — but it was only in process of incubation; it has since shown itself — not



"'A few days later we found the tribe'"

physically, but in more sinister manifestations: in the workings of his mind.' He reached for his gin-and-bitters, slopping half of it down the front of his tunic. 'My conscience demands that I should warn you.' He went on, after gulping down his gin and wiping his gray muzzle on his sleeve. 'He is intelligent, and when not crossed his disposition is cheerful and kind — when not crossed, you observe, because it is when his resentment is aroused that the black blood comes all to the surface. At such times he is a fiend incarnate — but there is no reason why in your case any such condition should arise.'

He glanced about him nervously, then hunched his chair closer to mine. 'I will tell you something that you would never guess!' said he, pushing his face toward mine until his gin-soaked bristles almost touched my cheek. 'At times' — his voice dropped to a whisper — 'at times I am actually in fear of him!'

"'Do you think that he will accept my offer?' I asked, leaning backward, for the man was getting momentarily more repugnant to me.

"B-r-r-gh!" Leyden arose suddenly and walking to the taffrail spat into the water. "I can see the fellow yet, Doctor," he said, turning to me apologetically. "He — and his unhealthy, exotic surroundings that were partly luxurious, partly rotten, like one of these beautiful carnivorous orchids with their wonderful tints and charnel-house odor! — Mauve and carmine outside, and inside full of decaying insects. Meyers was rich and he had a fine house and a beautiful garden, and European delicacies, and books, and *objets de vertu*, but his setting was poisonous! Mangroves and fever and humid heat, and whenever you went in and out of his place you would catch a glimpse of slatternly, half-naked native women poking and prying and getting out of the way. Then he would receive you in a limp, unbuttoned sort of a way — you know the type!

"He was of exceptionally good family and a man of highest education, but I fancied that he had pretty well degenerated —— "

Eight bells were struck forward, and Leyden paused to strike a match and hold it to the dial of the log. The Dutch captain came aft at the same moment and held the lighted end of his cigar against the dial. He paused to chat with us for a moment; then went forward to see if the youthful mate on the bridge was still awake, for the strain of work is terrific on the coast, and I doubt if the mates had averaged four hours sleep in the twenty-four for a week.

"Frederick finally decided to accept my offer," Leyden went on, "and the next day we left Bolivar and proceeded up the river. I explained my project to Frederick who told me that he knew of a tribe located near the head of one of the tributaries of the Orinoco, whom he had once visited on a trading expedition; and as I judged that the district should be rich in the material of which I was in search, decided to visit it.

"It was tedious, working up that everlasting stream; hot, too, for there was seldom a breeze, and sometimes it seemed to me that the dome of humidity rising from that sluggish river acted as a lens, or burning-glass to focus upon us the rays of that withering sun. My crews turned out well; a few had the fever, but what surprised me was that Frederick seemed to suffer from the heat more than any of us. Yet he was a useful man; a good driver although it seemed to me at times that he was unnecessarily abusive.

"Once we entered the tributary, the Guarico, it was much better, for there we could keep in the shade of the great forest which rose right from the banks. I had already secured quite a number of specimens, and was altogether much satisfied by the way in which things were going.

"One peculiarity of Frederick which I had several times noticed was his personal vanity, a trait which at times made him ridiculous. I had observed the covetousness with which he regarded some of my personal effects and had given him several trifles, among them a pair of bright yellow leather putteeleggins, at which his delight was that of a child. That was the African. The contraptions were too hot for me; too hot for anybody, but Frederick wore them constantly.

"I had not said much about my trading junk, thinking that he might regard me as a business rival, but one evening when we were encamped on the edge of the river I had the case of hats opened, as I had noticed the ants coming out of the crevices and wanted to see if the goods were damaged. I drew one of them out, punched it open, and was examining it when I happened to glance at Frederick, who was standing near. His eyes were fairly bulging and his loose mouth agape.

"'Why have you those hats, Doctor?' he gasped in astonishment.

"'Trading stuff,' I answered. 'Do you think that the natives will like them?'

"'The natives! But they are far too good! They are beautiful hats, such as gentlemen wear in the United States, are they not?'

"I glanced at him curiously, and saw that he was looking at that hat as a starving man might look at a loaf of bread. Really, in spite of Meyers having given him what would be equal to a good high-school education, the man was simple as a savage, and he had never been away from the Orinoco.

"'You appear to admire them,' I answered carelessly, 'perhaps you might like one yourself. They are light, and should be cool.'

"'at the first volley Frederick rolled on his back, absolutely unhurt, and bowled for mercy'"

"His eyes glistened; he could hardly thank me, he was so pleased. I overhauled the lot until I found one that fitted him, and after that he wore it constantly, to the great admiration of the native crews.

"A few days later we found the tribe, with whom I immediately opened negotiations. They were remarkably quick in learning what was required of them, and they were pleased with my goods. Especially they admired Frederick who went about clad in bright yellow puttees, moleskin trousers, a white drill tunic with a military collar, and a fawn-colored opera-hat. It seemed to me that the elegance of his attire had some good effect, for he certainly had great authority with those red Indians; more than I.

"'I SLID HIM OVER THE SIDE OF THE CANOE AND KEPT ON WITH MY PADDLING'"

"Things went on swimmingly for a while; the savages brought me in specimens of every description; my packing cases were becoming filled and it looked as if, where my part of it was concerned, Billings University might yet have Putney University 'bluffed off the boards.' The interest of the natives had begun to flag slightly, but I had refreshed it by serving out the harmonicas and jews'-harps; a step which I soon regretted as my camp became a nightmare of sound. A fortnight later, business becoming slack again, I served out the opera-hats, and whipped up their ardor still further by exhibiting the spectacle frames."

Leyden paused and chuckled into his pipe until the sparks spouted from the big china bowl like a roman-candle.

"Imagine, Doctor, such a spectacle! I had brought a lot of mosquito-netting — pink it was, and with that I had showed the savages how to make insect-nets. Such a sight! Forty or fifty Indians and bush-niggers, some naked except for a fawn-colored opera-hat and a pair of iron spectacles without the lenses; others swathed in flaming calico prints, sitting around my camp blowing into a harmonica, or a jews'-harp, or sneaking through the jungle with a shrimp-pink butterfly-net! The very crocodiles used to crawl out upon the banks and laugh! And the natives all so proud and pleased!

"Then one day a few of them came in and said that they had trapped a *maipuri* — a kind of water-tapir, over on the other bank. I took a few men and went over to superintend the skinning of the beast, and while so engaged two of the Indians came rushing in to say that a small steamer was coming up the river.

"It turned out to be a little gunboat. Shortly after we left Bolivar there had been one of the semi-annual revolutions, and the new governor of the district, knowing that I had gone up the river, had come up to see what could be made out of me. The matter might have been arranged peaceably enough had it not been for Frederick. On sighting the steamer, the fool had promptly armed the boat-crews, and when the people from the gunboat landed near the camp they were confronted by an array of twenty half-caste Caribs armed with bored-out Springfields, and about two score of Indians gorgeously equipped with opera-hats and spectacles, many of them blowing furiously into harmonicas, and all armed with bows and spears.

"Those Indians, as you know, are the most harmless people in the world, but the Caribs will fight; and from all I could learn, for I was across the river at the time, that fool of a Frederick went roaring about making frenzied orations and challenging the Venezuelans to try to land.

"They did land, and at the first volley Frederick rolled on his back, absolutely unhurt, and howled for mercy. The Caribs retreated firing, and managed to kill one of the people from the gunboat and wound three others. I started back the moment I heard the firing, but by that time my allies had been routed, and I was promptly arrested and put down below in double irons.

"They confiscated all of my specimens, stowing them away on the gunboat, took the boats in tow and down the river we went leaving the Indians and boatmen in the bush. All of my protests were vain; I had been trading without a license from the Government — which did not exist when I went up — in addition to which my people had fired upon government troops, killing a man and wounding others. No appeal to my consul would be permitted; I was no better than a pirate, etc.

"Frederick was chained up near me on the trip down, and he alternated between raving curses at our captors and whimpering like a pup when they cuffed him for it. You see, Doctor, the alien strains were always at work in that man. One minute he was white, the next black. Your French, or Spanish, or Italian half-caste would have had the cunning that is one of the compensations of the mongrel; but Frederick was in two layers, and sometimes one would be on top and sometimes the other, but they never mixed. It was even so with his personal appearance, for I noticed that when he was in charge of our men he looked the typical German; his features were aquiline, composed, dignified, and showed character. On the other hand, when he was hurt or frightened the actual color of his skin was all that proclaimed him white. His eyes would bulge until the whites were visible all of the way around, his forehead crept down, his nose would actually flatten, and his lips rolled back in the typical African manner showing their red linings and the big ivory teeth.

"Before we had reached the mouth of the the river he was moping in the usual negro way and I think that he would have died, as negroes will if their despondency lasts

too long, had we been a week longer *en voyage.*"

Leyden ceased speaking and jerked his head irritably toward the fat Italian who had been playing chess with the captain. He had fallen asleep in his chair, and being a large man his head had rolled back over the cross-bar. A shaft of light from the "*rook kamer*" fell upon the expanse of pale, flabby throat stretched tense by the weight of the pendant head, and as I glanced that way it vibrated with strangling, unwholesome noises.

"*Humbert!*" called Leyden in a soft feminine voice, then quickly turned his back. The sodden mass convoluted; the noises culminated in a strangling snort; one almost heard the vertebræ creak as the strain came upon them, then up he sat and stared about in bewilderment.

"'*sitting around my camp blowing into a harmonica, or a jews'-harp*'"

"Nothing like the sound of one's name to wake one, especially in a strange place," chuckled Leyden softly. "I saw on the passenger-list that his name was Humbert —" He walked to the taffrail and leaned upon it for a moment watching the glowing disks of phosphorescence whirled to the surface by the screw. They glowed and faded and then glowed again to merge finally into a broad band of luminous silver that formed the wake.

"They left my specimen-cases at Bolivar," he resumed, talking to the rudder apparently, "and took us around to Cumaná where they lodged us in the nasty little jail which I will show you to-morrow, if we are permitted to land. After a month of it — fever and starvation and vermin —" He scratched his shoulder with a squirm — "I itch yet when I think of it — after a month of all this, I became *ennuyé* and decided to leave." His voice grew ominously hard. "So one evening I took Frederick and we came away. Frederick was at a pretty low ebb by that time, and it took about three days skilful jockeying to coax his German blood to the top, but eventually I got it there in sufficient volume to make me think that it would remain for an hour or two — and it did! — long enough to enable him to kill one of the devilish nigger guards with his naked hands. I crushed the skull of another with a jagged piece of rock; and then we wandered down the beach, found a rotten old canoe and paddled out to sea.

"The canoe was half waterlogged, and I knew that it would not carry us very far, so I decided to try and get to Margarita and take our chances on the rest. When the day broke I could just distinguish the outlines of the island, with the usual big cloud hanging over it. We paddled all day long without seeming to get any nearer; then Frederick grew sulky all at once, and threw down his paddle with the remark that he was going to die.

"'You certainly will,' said I, 'unless you keep at work.' I had filled a water-jug that I found in the canoe before we started, but we had had nothing to eat since afternoon of the day before, and what we got then was not of a tissue-building character.

"'I am going to die,' Frederick repeated — and then, confound him, he lay down in the bottom of the canoe and *did* die!"

I grunted — for that seemed to me to be an adequate epitaph for such a person as I fancied Frederick to have been.

"I did not discover it at once," Leyden went on, "but when I did I was rather relieved, as it is harder to share one's nerve with another man than one's food. I slid him over the side of the canoe and kept on with my paddling. Really, Doctor, that day is an absolute blank. About sunset I struck some of the outlying boats of the pearl-divers and the next thing that I remember is waking up to find myself lying in a nasty little hut covered with flies. I think that it was the smell of the shell-heaps on the beach that brought me to life again. But it was odd about that man Frederick, was it not — and rather illustrates my theory — don't you think?"

"Never mind your theory," said I. "Tell me the rest of the story."

"That was rather odd, too." Leyden permitted himself a few reminiscent puffs. "The chap that rescued me was a French Jew who controlled quite a bit of the pearl-fishing industry on the island He was clever enough to guess how I came to be floating about in that hollow log, but made no comment at the time. As soon as I was able to get about again, which was in a couple of days, he asked me if I wished to work for him. I declined with thanks, whereupon he said that in that case he felt that duty would compel his handing me over to the authorities. Practically you see I was his slave, but there seemed no help for it, so, for the time being, I took command of one of his larger boats and her crew. He gave me some clothes and my food and that was all.

"In the end I got even. One day when I had landed my cargo of oysters on the beach and was about to begin opening — for you know the pearl-fishers down here open the shells instead of rotting-out as they do in the East — an old native woman who had been squatting near the edge of the pile, hobbled over to where I was standing and begged for one of the bivalves to eat. They are not bad, you know. I told her to help herself, expecting naturally that she would pick one up at her feet, but instead of that she went around to the other side of the heap and selected one there. This struck me as a bit odd; then as she hobbled off it seemed to me that she was in some haste to get away. Acting entirely upon impulse and with no distinct idea of my motive, I picked up a couple of the oysters and ran after her.

"'Here, mother,' said I, 'take these and give me that one which you have there.'

"She favored me with a look which actually reeked with malice, but as there was no help for it, handed over the oyster. As I

"'naked, except for a fawn-colored opera-hat and a pair of iron spectacles without the lenses'"

took it, I saw my employer — or jailer, to be accurate — walking down the beach from his cabin — for he always superintended the opening of the shells for very obvious reasons, and I had orders never to begin the work until his arrival. He was still some distance off, so turning my back to him I whipped out my knife and slit open the mollusk, and there, right on the very lip was the largest pearl which I have ever seen on Margarita!

"You see, Doctor, when the oysters are thrown down on the beach the heat from the sun and the hot sand often causes them to open an inch or so. This old woman, who had come down no doubt with the purpose of begging an oyster to eat, was squatting in front of this especial one, and caught sight of the pearl through the slit between the two shells."

Leyden turned to me suddenly. "What would you have done in such a case, Doctor?"

"Exactly what you did, I fancy," I answered.

"Yes," he replied slowly, "I was justified. This Frenchman was detaining me through blackmail, and forcing me to work like a dog for fear of being turned over to the Venezuelans. I kept the pearl, and a week later managed to escape to Curaçao on a schooner. There I sold my pearl for $800, and as soon as I had the money I wrote to the gentleman who had broken up my expedition, and offered him $500 for all of my effects delivered to me at Curaçao. They came on the next Dutch steamer and were handed over to me by the captain upon my payment of the money. Three weeks later they were gracing the shelves of the new museum of Billings University, and I was on my way to Mexico to collect Aztec relics for the same excellent institution."

WANDER SONG

BY

HORATIO WINSLOW

FAITH! It was dawning of yesterday,
And soft in the cool of the sheets I lay;
And I 'd clean forgot how I once went free,
When a little bird came and sang to me.

Short was the song and of scanty art,
But it brought the red blood back to my heart;
And 't was never a hymn nor a true-love ode
But the Song — the Song of the Dusty Road.

I 've bartered my sheets for a star-lit bed;
I 've traded my meat for a crust of bread;
I 've changed my book for a sapling cane,
And I 'm off to the end of the world again.

MISS ETHEL'S DRESS

BY

JEAN WEBSTER

AUTHOR OF "GERVIE ZAME, GERVIE DOOR," ETC.*

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

IT was the Fourth of July, and Annie was hurrying with her work in order to get out and celebrate. She had no particular form of celebration in view, but she had a strong feeling that holidays, especially Fourths of July, ought to be celebrated, and she was revolving in her mind several possible projects, in all of which Peter figured largely. Aside from its being the Fourth of July, it was Thursday, and Thursday was Peter's afternoon off. She put away the last of the dishes with a gay little burst of song as she glanced through the window at the beckoning outside world. It was a bright, sunshiny day with a refreshing breeze blowing from the sea. The blue waters of the bay, sparkling at the foot of the lower meadow, were dotted over with white sail-boats.

"Do you want anything more of me, Nora?" she asked.

"No, be off with you, child," said Nora, good-naturedly. "I 'll finish puttin' to rights meself," and she gathered up the dish-towels and carried them into the laundry.

Annie paused by the screen door leading onto the back veranda, and stood regarding the stables speculatively. She was wondering what would be the most diplomatic way of approaching Peter. Her speculations were suddenly interrupted by the appearance in the kitchen of Miss Ethel, with a very beruffled white muslin dress in her arms.

"Here, Annie," she said, "I want to wear this to-night, and I forgot to have Kate wash it yesterday, so you 'll have to do it. Have it ready by five o'clock, and be careful about the lace."

She threw the dress across the back of a chair and ran on out of doors to join a laughing crowd of young people about the tennis court. Annie stood in the middle of the floor, and watched her with a fast-clouding brow.

"'*Do you want anything more of me, Nora?*'"

"An' never so much as said please!" she muttered to herself. She walked over and picked up the gown. It was very elaborate with ruffles and tucks and lace insertion; its ironing meant a good two hours' work. Ironing muslin gowns on a Fourth of July was not Annie's business. She turned it about slowly and her eyes filled with tears — not of sorrow for the lost afternoon, but of anger at the injustice of demanding such work from her on such a day.

Presently Nora came in again. She paused in the doorway, her arms akimbo, and regarded Annie.

"What's that you 've got?" she inquired.

Then the floodgates of Annie's wrath were opened, and she poured out her tale.

"Don't you mind it, Annie, darlin'," said Nora, trying to comfort her. "Miss Ethel

* This is the second of a series of four comedies among the servants, all dealing with the same characters.

did n't mean nothin'. She was in a hurry likely, an' she did n't think."

"Did n't think! Why can't she wear some other dress? She 's got a whole room just full o' dresses an' she has to have that special one ironed without a minute's notice. An' Kate comin' three days in the week! It is n't me place to wash—that is n't what Mrs. Carter engaged me for—I would n't a minded so much if she 'd asked it as a favor, but she just ordered me as if washin' was me work. An' on Fourth o' July, too, an' Mrs. Carter tellin' me I could have the day off—an' all those ruffles—an' have it done by five o'clock, she says, an' goes out to play."

Annie threw the dress in a fluffy pile in the middle of the floor. "I shan't do it. I won't be ordered about that way by Miss Ethel or anybody else."

"I 'd do it for you meself, Annie, but I could n't iron that waist no mor'n a kangaroo. But you just get to work on it; it won't take you long an' you iron beautiful when you try."

"'Here, Annie, I want to wear this to-night'"

"Won't take me long? It 'll take me the whole afternoon; it 'll take me forever. I shan't touch it!"

Annie's eyes wandered out of doors again. The sunshine seemed brighter, the songs of the birds louder, the glimpse of the bay more enticing. And as she looked Peter came sauntering out from the stables—Peter in his town clothes, freshly shaven, with a new red necktie and a flower in his buttonhole. He was coming towards the kitchen.

Her lips trembled again, and she kicked the dress spitefully.

Peter appeared in the doorway. He, too, had been revolving projects for the fitting celebration of the day, and he wished tentatively to broach them to Annie. "What 's up?" he inquired, looking from Annie's flushed cheeks to Nora's troubled face.

Annie repeated the story, growing more and more aggrieved as she dwelt upon her wrongs. "An' never so much as said please!" she finished.

"That 's nothin', you must n't mind it, Annie. Miss Ethel ain't used to sayin' please." Peter was gropingly endeavoring to soothe her. "I remember times when she was a little girl she 'd be so sassy that Lor' me fingers was itchin' to shake her! But I knowed she did n't mean nothin', so I just touches me hat an' swallows it. She 's used to orderin', Annie, an' you must n't mind her."

"Well, I ain't used to takin' orders like that an' what 's more I won't. Have it done by five o'clock, she says, an' 't is half-past two now. An' all those ruffles! I hate ruffles, an' I won't touch it after the way she talked. Not if she goes down on her knees to me I won't."

"Aw, Annie," remonstrated Peter. "What 's the use o' kicking up a fuss? Miss Ethel's awful kind-hearted when she wants to be."

"Kind-hearted!" Annie sniffed. "I guess she can afford to be kind-hearted, havin' people wait on her from mornin' to night and never doin' a thing she does n't want to do. I wish she had to iron once an' she could just see how she likes it."

"She gave you a bran' new dress last week," reminded Nora.

"Yes, an' why? Cause when I was dustin' her room she happened to be trying it

on an' it did n't fit an' she threw it down on the floor an' said : 'I won't wear that thing ! You can have it, Annie.'"

"The time you burned your hand with her chafing-dish she most cried when she saw how blistered it was, an' wrapped it up herself an' brought you some stuff in a silver box to put on it."

For a moment Annie's face showed signs of relenting, but as her eyes fell on the dress again it hardened. "I don't care, she tipped the alcohol over me herself, an' she ought to be sorry. I 'd be willin' to do her a favor, but I won't be ordered around. She just pokes it at me as if I was a ironing machine. An' this the Fourth o' July, an' Mrs. Carter tellin' me I could go out. She has enough dresses to last until she's gray, an' I just won't touch it."

"You won't touch what?" asked Mrs. Carter, appearing in the doorway. She glanced from the girl's angry face to the rumpled dress upon the floor. They told their own story. "What 's the meaning of this, Annie?" she asked sharply.

"'I won't be ordered about that way by Miss Ethel or anybody else'"

Annie looked sulky. She stared at the floor a moment without answering, while Peter's and Nora's eyes anxiously scanned Mrs. Carter's face. Finally she replied :

"You said I could go out this afternoon, ma'am, an' just as I was gettin' ready, Miss Ethel came in an' said I was to wash that dress before five o'clock."

"I am sorry about your afternoon," said Mrs. Carter. "Miss Ethel did n't know about it, but you may go to-morrow instead."

"I was wantin' to go to-day," said Annie. "An' I 'm willin' enough to do me own work, ma'am, but it is n't me place to wash."

Mrs. Carter's mouth became a straight line. "Annie, I never allow my servants to dictate as to what is their work and what is not. When I engage you I expect you to do whatever you are asked. This is a very easy place ; you are allowed to go out a great deal and you have very little work to do. But when something extra comes up outside your regular work, I expect you to do it willingly, and as a matter of course. Miss Ethel has been very kind to you ; you can do her a favor in return."

"I would n't mind doin' it as a favor, but she just walks in an' orders it as if it was me place to wash."

"And I order it, also," said Mrs. Carter. "You may wash that dress and have it done by five o'clock, or else you may pack your trunk and go." She turned with a firm tread and walked out of the room.

Annie looked after her with flashing eyes. "She orders it, too, does she ? Well, I won't do it, an' I won't an' I *won't!*" She dropped down in a chair at one end of the table and hid her head in her arms.

Peter cast an anxious look at Nora ; he did not know how to deal with Annie's case. Had she been a belligerent stable-boy, he would have taken her out behind the barn and thrashed reason into her with a leather strap. He awkwardly laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Aw, Annie, wash the dress ; there 's a good girl. It won't take you very long, an' then we 'll go down t' the beach to-night to see the fireworks. Miss Ethel did n't

"'You may wash that dress and have it done by five o'clock, or else you may pack your trunk and go'"

mean nothin'. What 's the use o' makin' trouble?"

"It 's no more me place to wash than it is Simpkins's," she sobbed. "Why did n't she ask him to do it? I won't stay in a place like this where they order you around like a dog, I 'll pack me trunk, I will."

Nora and Peter regarded each other helplessly. They furtively sympathized with Annie, but they did not dare to do it openly, as sympathy only fanned the flames, and they both knew that Mrs. Carter, having pronounced her ultimatum, would stand by it. Annie must wash that dress before five o'clock, or Annie must go. At the thought of her going, Peter fetched a deep sigh, and two frowning lines appeared on his brow. She had only been there two months, but Willowbrook would never again be Willowbrook without her. Presently the silence was broken by the sound of generous footsteps flapping across the back veranda, and Ellen, the cook at Mr. Jasper's place, appeared in the doorway.

"Good afternoon to you, Nora, an' I wants to borrow a drop o' vanilla. I ardered it two days ago, an' that fool of a grocer's b'y — what 's the matter wit' Annie?" she asked, her good-natured, laughing face taking on a look of concern as she gazed upon the tableau before her.

Nora and Peter between them explained. Annie, meanwhile, paid no attention to the recital of her wrongs; only her heaving shoulders were eloquent. Ellen hearkened to the story with ready sympathy.

"Oh, an' it 's a shame, it is, an' on Fort o' July! We all has our troubles in this world." She sighed heavily, and winked at Peter and Nora as she pushed them towards the door. "Get out wit' you, the two of yez, an' leave her to me," she whispered.

Ellen reached down and picked up the dress. "'T is somethin' awful the things people will be puttin' on you if you give 'em the chance. 'T is a shame to ask any human bein' to wash a dress like that wit' all them ruffles an' lace fixin's. I think it 's bad enough to have to wash all o' Mr. Harry's shirts, but if he took to havin' lace set in 'em, I 'd be leavin' pretty quick. An' you not trained to laundry work either! I don't see how Miss Ethel had the nerve to ask it. She must be awful over-reachin'. She 'll be settin' you to play the piano next for her to dance by."

Annie raised a tear-stained face. "I could do it," she said sulkily. "I can wash as good as Kate: Miss Ethel said I could. It 's not the work I 'm mindin' if she 'd ask me decent. But she just throws it at me with never so much as please."

"I don't blame you for leavin'. I would, too!" Ellen suddenly had an inspiration, and she plumped down in a chair at the opposite end of the table. "I 'm goin' to leave meself!" she announced. "I won't be put

"Annie, meanwhile, paid no attention to the recital of her wrongs"

upon either. An' what do you think Mr. Jasper is after telephonin' out this afternoon? He 's bringin' company to dinner — three strange men I niver set eyes on before — an' he 's sint a fish home by Patrick — a blue-fish he 's after catchin'. It 's in the ice-box now an' we 're to have it for dinner, he says, an' I wit' me dinner all planned. I don't mind havin' soup, an' roast, an' salad, an' dessert, but I *won't* have soup, *an' fish*, an' roast, an' salad, an' dessert. If there was as many to do the work at our house as over here I would n't say nothin', but wit' only me an' George — an' him not so much as touchin' a thing but the silver an' the glasses — it 's too much, it is. George 'ud see me buried under a mountain o' dishes before he 'd lift a finger to help."

Ellen paused with a pathetic snivel, while she wiped her eyes on the corner of her apron. Annie raised her head and regarded her sympathetically.

"Soup, an' fish, an' roast, an' salad, an' dessert, an' three strange men into the bargain, an' all the dishes to wash, an' the fish not even cleaned. True it is that troubles never come single; they 're married an' has children. Ivery separate scale o' that blue-fish did I take off wit' me own hands, an' not a word o' thanks do I get. I slaves for those two men till me hands is worn to the bone an' not a sign do they give; but just let the meat be too done, or the bottles not cold an' then I hears quick enough. 'T is the way wit' men; they 're an ungrateful lot. You can work an' work an' they swallows it all an' never blinks. It 'ud be different if there was a woman around. I 've often wished as Mr. Harry had a wife like Miss Ethel, so smilin' an' pretty 't is a pleasure to watch her. Oh, an' I would n't mind workin' a little extra now an' then for her — but five courses an' no one but me to do the dishes! It 's goin' I am. I 'll give notice to-night."

Ellen broke down and wept into her apron, and Annie attempted some feeble consolation.

"An' I 've worked there thirteen years!" Ellen sobbed. "Since before Mrs. Jasper

"'The dishes won't be done till ten o'clock, and it 's Fort' o' Ju-l-y-y'"

died when Mr. Harry was only a b'y. 'T is the only home I 've got, an' I don't want to leave."

"Then what makes you?" Annie asked.

"Because I won't be put upon — soup, an' fish, an' roast, an' salad, an' dessert is too much to ask of any human bein'. The dishes won't be done till ten o'clock, an' it 's Fort' o' Ju-l-y-y." Ellen's voice trailed off into a wail. Her imagination was vivid. By this time she fully believed in her wrongs. They cried in unison a few minutes, Ellen murmuring brokenly: "Soup, an' fish, an' roast, an' salad, an' dessert, an' it 's all the home I 've got."

"You don't have company very often," said Annie consolingly.

"That we don't!" cried Ellen. "An' the house is so lonesome an' shut up 't is like a tomb to live in. If there was dancin' an' singin' an' laughin' the way there is over here I 'd be glad enough. Wit' Mr. Jasper an' Mr. Harry so quiet an' frownin' an' niver sayin' a word — Oh, if I had some one like Miss Ethel to do for, 't is willin' enough I 'd be to iron her dresses. That night she had her party an' I come over to help, an' you an' Pete was dancin' in the kitchen to the music, an' after the guests was served we had a table set out on the back veranda — 't is then I was wishin' I lived in a place like this. An' Miss Ethel come out when we was eatin' an' asked was we tired, an' said thank you for sittin' up so late, an' she was glad if we was havin' a good time, too."

Annie sighed, and her eyes wandered somewhat guiltily to the dress on the floor. "Mrs. Carter orders me about just as if I was a machine," she reiterated in a tone of self-defense.

"An' it 's orderin' around you 've got to learn to take in this world," said Ellen. "If you occasionally get a 'thank you' thrown in, you can think yourself lucky — it 's mor'n I get. I 've darned Mr. Harry's socks for seven years an' never a word o' notice does he take — I 'm doubtin' he even knows they 're darned. 'T is a thankless world, Annie dear. Thirteen years I 've worked for the Jaspers, an' on top o' that to ask me for soup, an' fish, an' roast, an' salad, an' dessert on a Fort o' July night!" Ellen showed signs of breaking down again.

"'I 'll stay if you will!'"

Annie hastily interposed. "Don't cry about it, Ellen; it 's too bad, it is, but Mr. Jasper likely did n't think what a lot o' trouble he was makin'. I 'll come over an' help you do the dishes."

"But you won't be here; you 're goin' yourself," Ellen blubbered.

Annie was silent.

"Thirteen years, an' 't is the only home I 've got."

"Don't go, Ellen," Annie begged.

"Soup, an' fish, an' roast, an' — "

"I 'll stay if you will!"

Ellen heaved a final shuddering sigh and wiped her eyes. "You 'll have to hurry, Annie, if you 're goin' to get that dress done by five o'clock. Come on," she cried, jumping to her feet. "I 'll help you. You take the waist an' I 'll take the skirt, an' we 'll see which one gets done first. It just needs a little rubbin' out an' we 'll iron it damp."

Five minutes later Peter and Nora, who had been sitting on the back steps waiting patiently for Ellen's diplomacy to bear

fruit, returned to the laundry. They found Ellen at one tub and Annie at another — up to her elbows in the soap suds, her cheeks still rather flushed, but a smile beginning to break through.

"Ellen's helpin' me," she said in somewhat sheepish explanation.

"An' she 's comin' over to wash the dishes for me to-night," Ellen chimed in. "We 're havin' soup, an' fish, an' roast, an' —— "

Peter clapped his hand over his mouth and Nora cast him a warning look.

"You 're goin' to the beach with Pete to see the fireworks, that 's where you 're goin' to-night. I 'll help Ellen with her dishes."

"Thank you, Nora," said Ellen. "'T is a kind heart you 've got, an' that 's mor'n I can say for Mr. Jasper for all I 've worked there thirteen years. 'T is soup, an' fish, an' roast, an' salad, an' dessert the man's after wantin' for dinner, an' no one but me to wash a kettle. If it was n't for Annie I 'd be leavin' I would." Ellen wrung the skirt out and splashed it up and down in the rinsing water. "An' now, while this dress is dryin' ready to iron, I 'll just run home an' stir up a bit pudding for dessert, if you 'll be lendin' me some vanilla, Nora dear. That fool of a grocery b'y —— "

"Oh, take your vanilla an' get along wit' you! We 've had all we wants o' your soup, an' your fish, an' the rest o' your fixin's."

Nora dived into the pantry after the bottle, and the attention of the others was distracted by a gay laugh outside the window. Annie's face clouded slightly at the sound and they all looked out.

Miss Ethel was coming across the lawn on her way to the bay. Mr. Lane, who was visiting at Willowbrook strolled at her side, dressed in boating flannels with some oars over his shoulders. A little way behind walked Mr. Harry, a second pair of oars over his shoulders and his eyes somewhat surlily bent on the ground. Miss Ethel, pretty and smiling, in her light summer gown, was talking vivaciously to Mr. Lane, apparently having forgotten that Mr. Harry existed.

"'Ellen's helpin' me'"

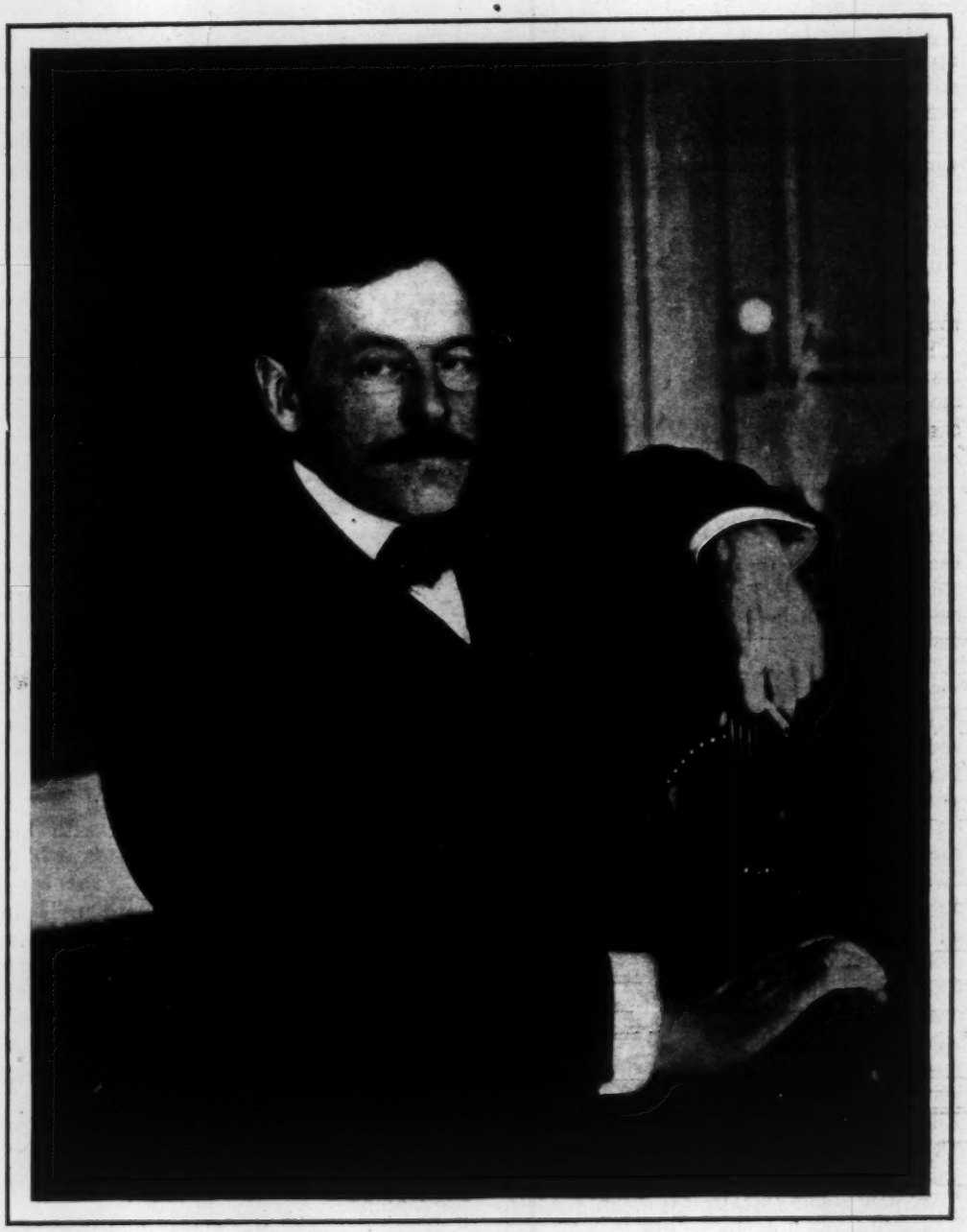
"I 'd show her pretty quick if I was Mr. Harry!" Ellen muttered vindictively.

Miss Ethel paused and shaded her eyes with her hand. "It 's awfully sunny!" she complained. "I 'm afraid I want a hat." She glanced back over her shoulder. "Harry," she called, "run back and get my hat. I think I left it on the front veranda, or maybe at the tennis court. We 'll wait for you at the landing."

For a moment Mr. Harry looked rather black at this preëmptory dismissal, but he bowed politely, and whirling about strode back to the house, while Miss Ethel and Mr. Lane went on laughing down the hill.

"And she never so much as said please!" whispered Annie.

"I 'll be darned if I 'd do it," said Peter.



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Wm Travers Jerome

EDITORIAL

THE NEW DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

THE announcement of William Travers Jerome, district attorney for the City and County of New York, of his candidacy to succeed himself, appealing directly to the people, is a very significant political event and in line with recent developments in several Western States. The Hon. Elihu Root is a man of such eminence as well as such knowledge of politics, that his words characterizing a political machine can be taken certainly at their full weight. He says in writing to Mayor Weaver of Philadelphia:

"There is the question whether your city shall continue to be governed by criminals or shall take its place on the list of American cities capable of honest self-government. To secure the right solution of this question you cannot omit any proper and lawful effort.

"I have taken very great interest in the cases, because I have acquired absolute confidence in the sincerity of your purpose, and in your pluck and persistency; and I have a strong desire that the City of Philadelphia, whose history and good name are so dear to every American, shall be relieved from the stain which a *corrupt and criminal combination, masquerading under the name of Republicans, have put upon her.*"

Mr. Jerome has shown one way of avoiding the domination of a criminal oligarchy which oftentimes controls the political machine. It is said that an American military attaché, shown where the British had made an unsuccessful frontal attack against the Boers in South Africa, remarked: "Was there no way to go around?" Mr. Jerome has not seen fit to walk under the yoke, he simply walks around it. His action is of national importance, and therefore we announce it in McClure's Magazine.

It is now three years since the magazine began the publication of a series of rather extraordinary articles, most of them describing in one city or another, in one state or another, the successful overthrow of the criminal political machine. We began by telling the extraordinary story of Joseph W. Folk, a story which is even now in its early chapters. We set forth the fight of La Follette, the situation in Chicago and the State of Illinois; and in the other cities and states we told the story of men who had succeeded in bringing about good government. Mr. Jerome's action may lead to an upward movement in New York State, just as the uprising in Philadelphia may influence the State of Pennsylvania. At the present moment the states in the great Middle West lead, but there are not lacking signs that shortly this great uplift towards righteousness in government as well as towards fairness in business, will become very general.

The magazine has had the good fortune to report somewhat fully and somewhat clearly this movement, and we shall continue to do so. It is our hope that the articles that we print will help this movement, and in coöperation with the independent newspapers in different parts of the United States, set forth such records of achievement and such doctrines as will encourage and illuminate those who are striving for the great end of honesty in government and in business.

THE MEMOIRS OF CARL SCHURZ

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

THE editors of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE have the honor to announce that (in the November number) they will begin the publication of the memoirs of the Honorable Carl Schurz. Whether considered from the point of view of the richness and variety of its material, of its literary quality, or of its idealistic spirit, they believe this work to be one of the most important and stimulating which they have ever had the privilege of offering to the public.

To begin with, there is probably no American citizen living to-day who has led so long a life full of romance and adventure, of struggles both on the battle-field and in the political arena, as Mr. Schurz. It has been a life spent in an incessant clash with error, in an ardent pursuit of high ideals and liberal principles, both in Europe and America. At nineteen he was committed to the revolution which broke out in Germany in 1848. A revolutionary attempt failing in Bonn, his own university town, he joined the forces still in arms in the Bavarian Palatinate and Baden, and fought through the short campaign which ended in the siege and surrender of Rastatt. He was in Rastatt at the time of the surrender of th town, and his escape from the city is one of the most thrilling stories of the Revoluti n of 1848. But his escape condemned him to exile. A return meant arrest, impris nment, possibly death. Yet, knowing this, he did not hesitate a few months later to undertake the rescue of one of the leaders of the Revolution — the patriot-poet Kinkel, at that time sentenced to solitary imprisonment for life. The story of this rescue and of the escape of the two from Germany to England must be classed as one of the most romantic as well as one of the boldest adventures in literature.

In 1852 Carl Schurz, like so many other German revolutionists of 1848, came to America. He arrived in New York, a man looking for a country. His first impression of social and political life — of the men of that day, most of whom he met at one time or another — his effort to understand and judge the practices of the country in the light of his own theories and ideals, form a study of the most suggestive historical interest. Like the body of German patriots who had come to America after 1848, Mr. Schurz flung himself early into the anti-slavery struggle. He was active in the opposition to the Fugitive Slave law, to the Know-Nothing movement, to the Kansas-Nebraska bill, and naturally joined the Republican party at its organization. From 1856 to 1860 Mr. Schurz was constantly on the platform advocating a resistance to the extension of slavery. His experiences in this vital period of, perhaps, our greatest intellectual and moral growth are an illuminating contribution to history not only on account of his clear exposition of principles, but particularly for their reminiscences and characterization of men, chief of whom are Lincoln, Chase, Seward and Douglas. Mr. Schurz studied Douglas closely from his first sight of the man in Washington in 1854, and his famous Cooper Union speech on him, delivered in 1860, was one of the most effective blows struck by any Republican in the campaign of that year. Of Lincoln, Mr. Schurz saw much in this period, from his first meeting with him in the Lincoln and Douglas Debates to his visit to Springfield as one of the committee which notified him of his nomination, and pictures and anecdotes of the man are scattered freely in his narrative. After the victory of the Republican party, Mr. Lincoln appointed him to a European mission — that to Spain. Here we have the dramatic situation of a man, a political exile from one great European monarchy, sent by his adopted country, a Republic, as its representative to another great European monarchy. And welcomed! Mr. Schurz's

service to the United States at this time was something more, however, than keeping the relations of the two governments friendly. He saw the need, if European sympathy was to be insured for the North, of boldly making the freedom of the slave an ultimate end of the war, and so wrote Mr. Seward; the historian, Rhodes, notes this letter as the first officially directing our government's attention to this vital matter. His letters were so impressive that Mr. Lincoln permitted him to return to America for consultation. Unwilling to enjoy the ease of diplomatic life while the war was going on, Mr. Schurz resigned his mission and entered the army in April, 1862. He took an active part in the second battle of Bull Run, at Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and Chattanooga. His reminiscences of the war are intensely human and picturesque. They abound in descriptions of war scenes, in curious psychological episodes peculiar to battle-fields, in camp stories, in comments on the general spirit and character of a volunteer army, and most valuable of all in portraits of men. Butler, Frémont, Burnside, Hooker, Sherman, Meade, Grant, and a number of men of lesser rank come in for characterization. But chiefly important in this period are the accounts of his frequent visits with Lincoln in Washington: visits generally made at the President's request.

The war over, Mr. Schurz was commissioned by President Johnson to investigate the conditions in the South, with special reference to the transition from slave labor to free labor, on which he rendered a report which attracted general attention. He then threw himself into journalism as the most direct means of advocating the measures to which he was committed. In turn he served on the *New York Tribune*—founded the *Detroit Post*, and edited the *Westliche Post of St. Louis*. With journalism he naturally combined politics, holding one important position after another. He was elected United States Senator from Missouri in 1869, presided over the convention which nominated Greeley in 1872, was appointed Secretary of the Interior in 1876 by President Hayes, took a prominent part in the Independent movement of 1884 which resulted in the election of Grover Cleveland. In these journalistic and official positions he strenuously fought for some of the most vital measures which have been before us as a people. He opposed carpet-bag rule in the South and was prominent in the long congressional debates on the subject. He was one of the first to call attention to the necessity of reforms in public service which would insure greater honesty and efficiency. He was one of the leaders in the movement which led to the organization of the National Civil Service Reform League, and for many years was its president, succeeding George William Curtis. When in the Senate in the '70's he took up the fight for a sound currency, and his speeches on the subject were of such consequence that he was made an honorary member of the New York Chamber of Commerce. He has steadily opposed the annexation of lands in the tropics from the attempt of General Grant to annex Santo Domingo. This close association with the real issues of the Republic since the close of the Civil War has brought Mr. Schurz into contact with the leading men of the time, and his narrative is packed with characterizations and interesting incidents of Sumner, Seward, Greeley, Grant, General Sherman, John Sherman, Thurlow Weed, Roscoe Conkling, Wilson, Blaine, Thurman, Bayard, Morton, Grover Cleveland, Edmunds, and numbers of other important men.

This hurried review of facts gives some idea of the varied material with which Mr. Schurz has to deal in his memoirs. To this rich material Mr. Schurz brings a rare and pure literary method and style. His command of lucid English has long been the admiration and envy of many a native-born American. Many of his orations — his life of Clay in the "American Statesmen" series, his appreciation of Abraham Lincoln, are all superior in style and treatment. His memoirs, we believe, will stand as one of the most distinguished autobiographies yet produced in America.

A great charm of the narrative is that side by side with the stirring story of war and politics there runs, unconsciously, the accompaniment of a sunny, personal life, of devotion to friends and family, of cultivation of music, art, literature, of sympathy with all good and sweet things. It is not only because Mr. Schurz's memoirs are an important literary and historical contribution that McClure's Magazine rejoices in the privilege of publishing them. It is because they so clearly emphasize those things in life which are best worth while.

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF A NEW SERIES OF ARTICLES BY RAY STANNARD BAKER

THE RAILROADS ON TRIAL

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE has in preparation a series of articles by Ray Stannard Baker which will discuss the relationship of the railroad to our life.

Charges of the utmost seriousness have been, for a long time, and are now being preferred against the men who control and operate the railroads of the country. They are at this moment upon trial, not merely because President Roosevelt has called a special session of Congress to decide whether these men have properly conducted the large interests intrusted to their care, but they are on trial before the higher court of public opinion. They are being judged with finality by the citizens of the United States, who are greater than Congress, or the legislature, or the desires of any class or party in the nation.

Power of the Men who Dominate the Railroads

Consider the place occupied by these men. They control to-day about one-sixth of the entire wealth of the United States; they operate more than a third of the railroads in the world. The total capital of all the companies is over $13,000,000,000 or ten times that of the combined banks and trust companies of the country. No other industry, save agriculture, approaches the railroad in importance. Every citizen — man, woman, and child — pays annually to the railroads a per capita tax of $23.31, while the United States government itself levies only $8.56. One million six hundred thousand workingmen are constantly hired and paid by the railroads, and the railroads kill yearly 10,000 people and wound nearly 80,000.

In order to assist the men who control transportation in giving better service to the people, the states have conveyed upon them certain peculiar and extraordinary charter rights, which make them, in essence, a sort of government in themselves. The states have created the railroad corporation for public purposes. It performs a function of the state. Its authority to exercise the right of eminent domain and to charge tolls was given primarily for the benefit of the public.

Railroad the Essential Tool of Commerce

For the railroad is not like any other industry. It produces nothing; it rather performs a service. It is the go-between of other industries; it is the essential tool of commerce. Other industries and men and cities, who must use this tool, rise to success or sink into poverty as it is handled well or ill. It is difficult, therefore, to overestimate the importance to society of the men who control the transportation interests of the country.

Having, then, been endowed with power by the sovereign — the people — and having accumulated wealth and influence, have these great men to whom the people have entrusted so much, become like the barons of old, more powerful than the sovereign himself?

Charge that Railroads Do Not Do Justice

It is charged against the men who control the railroads that, although they enjoy their power through the gift of the people for the benefit of the people, they do not observe justice toward the people. It is charged that they have secretly conspired with certain individual shippers like Rockefeller, Armour, Havemeyer, and others to do injustice toward all other shippers in the same industries; that these conspirators, employing that sort of bribery called the railroad rebate in all its various forms, have now handed

over the control of most of the great fundamental necessaries of life — beef, coal, sugar, salt, oil, iron-ore, coffee and the like — to a few men organized as "trusts," and that these men, on their part, are dealing unjustly with the people.

Charge that They Disobey the Law

It is charged, moreover, that they not only work injustice, but that they do not obey the laws of the states by whose will they exist. It is charged that they have repeatedly broken and continue, to-day, to break the laws against combinations in restraint of trade, against rebates and other devices of favoritism, against bribery by passes and many other laws. These laws they disobey not even secretly but with confessed openness.

Charge that They Have Smothered Competition and Created Monopolies

For many years it has been the accepted economic belief that the law of competition, let alone, could be depended upon to regulate all industry. It is charged that the men who control the railroads have by devices of combination and through secret community of interest largely destroyed competition between railroad companies, and that the transportation system of this country is now grouped in a few gigantic monopolies which are rapidly parceling the country among themselves. It is charged, for example, that competition in transcontinental trade has been wholly eliminated and that the entire traffic is controlled by and subject to the word of two men — Mr. Harriman and Mr. Hill. It is charged that one man dominates the destinies of Pittsburg — Mr. Cassatt. It is charged that ten men to-day control practically the entire transportation system of the nation. It is charged that they have conspired, secretly, unjustly and illegally, by virtue of their monopoly, to raise rates and impose onerous restrictions upon various industries of the country — as upon the Southern lumber producers, and the Texas cattle raisers.

Charge that They Have Corrupted Politics

Recognizing the inherent power of the state legislatures and of Congress to regulate their business, it is charged that the men who control the railroads have by bribery of various sorts corrupted elections and prostituted legislators, and that through this corruption they have secured great influence in the Congress of the United States. It is even charged that they dominate not a few state and federal judges in this country.

Charge that Instead of Doing Justice They Greedily Fill Their Own Pockets

In short, it is charged that, having been intrusted by the people with the most important work within the gift of civilized society, these men either through weakness or badness have failed at their task; that instead of justice between man and man, they have employed favoritism which has built up enormous fortunes for a few men and left many in poverty: that instead of giving honest service, they have yielded to selfishness and sought greedily to fill their own pockets.

Answer of the Railroads to the Charges

Such charges concern intimately the welfare of every citizen in the United States and the destiny of the country itself. The men who control the railroads on their part make light of the charges, calling them the work of agitators and alarmists, insisting that the great power which they now possess shall be left in their hands, declaring that present laws are sufficient, and that any change will bring disaster upon the country.

Necessity of Knowing the Exact Truth

It becomes, therefore, of the gravest importance to know the exact truth in regard to these charges — the position of the accusing citizen, and the answer of the accused railroad. What are the discriminations charged; how do the railroads corrupt politics; are their combinations monopolistic; who are the real owners of the railroads? And finally, are the present laws relating to railroads right or wrong? All these and many other questions must be answered in order that the American voter may have a clear understanding of the principles involved — moral, as well as legal — when he is called upon to decide what shall be done.

The vitality of the democracy itself rests to-day upon the popular knowledge of complex questions hitherto left almost wholly to the sociologist or economist. The requirements of American citizenship in the mere

matter of information are vastly greater than they ever were before.

Duty of the Individual Citizen

Most conscientious Americans would be glad to go to the bottom of the railroad problem and form a real decision for themselves; but in the crush of private affairs they have no time. It is common enough to hear men say:

"I ought to understand this question better, but I don't."

Mr. Baker's Investigation

The chief purpose of Mr. Baker, in the present work, is to make just such an investigation as every citizen himself would make if he could command the time. And he has brought to this investigation exactly the interest of any reader of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE — that of the American voter, who is deeply concerned in the welfare of his country. Those who have read Mr. Baker's articles on the "Labor Question," on "Lynching", and other subjects, need not be assured of his impartial spirit nor of the fresh interest of his presentation. Already a great amount of time has been spent upon the investigation; Mr. Baker has traveled extensively both East and West, talking with farmers, city workers, railroad men in every part of the service, and academic experts, all of whom are vitally interested in the present agitation. His articles, beginning in November, will contain the results of his investigations.

THE DAY OF BATTLE

BY

A. E. HOUSMAN

'FAR I hear the bugle blow
To call me where I would not go,
And the guns begin the song,
"Soldier, fly or stay for long."

'Comrade, if to turn and fly
Made a soldier never die,
Fly I would, for who would not?
'Tis sure no pleasure to be shot.

'But since the man that runs away
Lives to die another day,
And cowards' funerals, when they come,
Are not wept so well at home,

'Therefore, though the best is bad,
Stand and do the best, my lad;
Stand and fight and see your slain,
And take the bullet in your brain.'

From "A Shropshire Lad."